Two Years in Guerrilla Relief

Howard Sollenberger's Diary, Journals,

Letters and Recollections:

1938-1940

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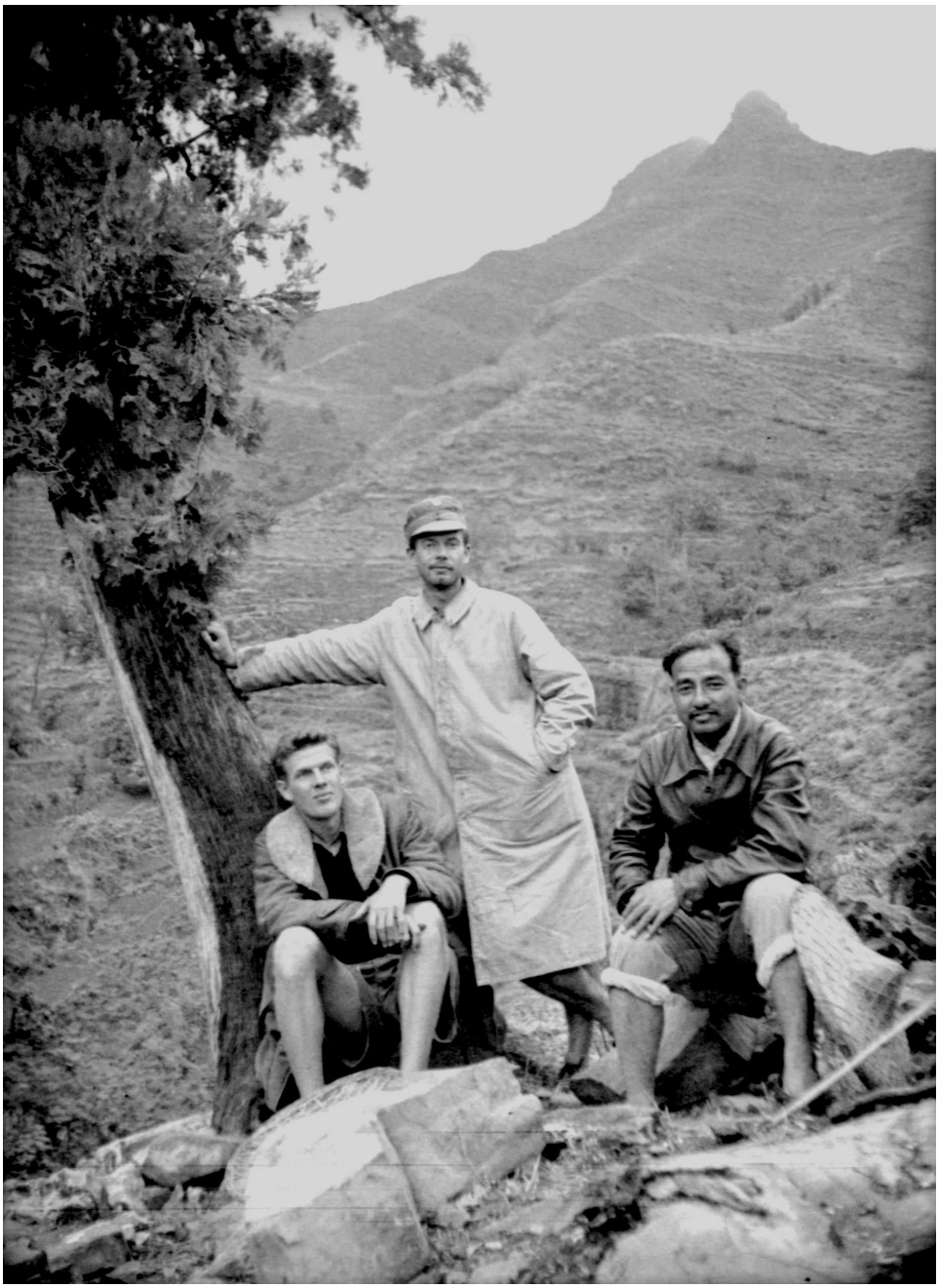

Figure 1: Louis Whitaker, Howard Sollenberger and Nieh Chih Hau strike heroic poses in South Eastern Shanxi. April, 1940.

Contents

INTRODUCTION v

OVERVIEW xi

1 Distributing Relief by Guerrilla Tactics 1

2 2nd Guerrilla Relief Expedition 21

3 3rd Guerrilla Relief Expedition, 1939 55

4 Preparing the 4th Relief Expedition 93

5 Trip To Sian 113

6 Sian Interlude 137

7 On the Road to the Yellow River 165

8 Typhus 179

9 Into Shanxi Province 209

10 The 4th Guerrilla Relief Expedition, 1940 231

11 Back to College 309

Appendices 367

Figure 2: Mothers of early Brethren missionaries to China. Howard's grandmother, Rebecca Sollenberger is third from the left, second row. This photograph, taken at Annual Meeting, gives some idea of the strict dress code of the early Brethren.

INTRODUCTION

Howard E. Sollenberger was the son of Church of the Brethren missionaries and had grown up in the mission stations that were located on the western slopes of the Tai Hang [*Great Walk*] mountains that ran between Shanxi (west-of-the-mountain) and Shandong (east-of-the-mountain) provinces (see map pg. ix). These Brethren missionaries were of Swiss-German stock who had settled in the eastern United States of America during the 18th and 19th centuries. They were mostly farmers who knew how to cope with adverse conditions and had a natural understanding of, and sympathy with, the peasant farming communities that they found in their Shanxi mission field. The Brethren first came to China in 1908 as part of the great evangelical missionary wave that was sweeping America at that time. They were part of the Anabaptist/Pietist movement and were strictly pacifistic, and believed that deeds and plain living were part of the Christian commitment and were necessary for salvation. They thus had many similarities with the Mennonites and Quakers.

Barclay and Edwin Coppoc, two brothers who took part in John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, were related to Howard on his mother's side. Both were captured, but Barclay escaped to Kansas and then Canada. He later joined the Union army and died when a troop train he was riding was wrecked in the collapse of a railway trestle that had been weakened by Southern troops. Edwin was hanged on Dec. 16, 1859, but was given a hero's burial in Winona, Ohio, when his body was returned there. Thus Howard's mixture of pacifism, sympathy for the less fortunate, and daring-do seems to have been a part of his genetic constitution.

His natural inclinations were supported by an unusually robust constitution. In high school he was very successful in athletics at North China American School (NCAS) in Tung Chow, a walled town about 20 miles East of Beijing. He set school records in the 100-yard dash and the pole vault. And he was on the school basketball, baseball and hockey teams. In his junior year, together with his friend Henry Oberholtzer, he organized an eight hundred mile bicycle tour of South East Shanxi Province. They took

Figure 3: Howard, still a high school student, is proud of his two deer. They are attached to a pack frame for transport by donkey. The peasant family in the photo all wanted their picture taken.

with them one of the young teachers from NCAS. The energetic young lads wore their teacher out and he retired early from the adventure to return to Tung Chow by train.

The Brethren missionary men had sufficient residual pioneer spirit to enjoy and be skilled at hunting in the wild Tai Hang mountains. Howard picked up this trait and was a good hunter by the time he was a teenager. Having mingled freely among the Chinese from the age of two and a half he was fluent in the dialect and slang of the local villagers. But his local dialect was overlaid by the aristocratic accents acquired during his four school years near Beijing. Thus, when he talked to villagers he could joke with them in their own dialect, but his educated city accents also set him apart and commanded respect from the peasants.

As part of Howard's immersion in Chinese culture, he was interested in and became accomplished in many of the arts and crafts of China, from musical instruments, to wood carving, to painting, to Chinese chess. He particularly enjoyed playing Chinese chess, and by demonstrating that he was a worthy opponent gained him unusual respect from those in power, such as the 8th Route Army communist field commander P'ung Dehuai.

The Church of the Brethren Mission stations at both Ping Ting and Liao Chow had mission hospitals. Here Howard learned first aid and even some rudimentary skill in simple surgery from watching his friend and mentor, Dr. Daryl Parker, a surgeon at the Ping Ting hospital. And finally, Howard had a passion for collecting. He seems never to have thrown anything away. This is a great gift to those of us who wish to piece this story together now that he is no longer here to guide us.

The Sino-Japanese war started on July 7, 1937 with a skirmish at the Marco Pole bridge near Beijing. In late February, 1938 both Liao Chow and Chin Chow were bombed by the Japanese. The Wampler home at Chin Chow was destroyed by the bombing and they moved to a cave home in a small village three miles west of the city. Six weeks later they moved to Liao Chow and relieved Isaiah Oberholtzer, who at that time was the sole foreign missionary in Liao Chow. The Japanese bombings proceeded a general Japanese penetration of the Brethren missionary field and the mountains of south east Shanxi province. In April and May of 1938 Oberholtzer and Wampler surveyed the need for war relief among the civilian population of the area. From May to August letters urgently requesting more relief workers were sent to America to the central missionary offices in Elgin Illinois. On May 13, 1938 Wampler wrote: "If possible send out someone with good red blood to help out in the relief." In late 1938 Howard Sollenberger had just turned 21 and was attending Manchester College in North Manchester, Indiana. In answer to the call for relief workers he abandoned his college work and accompanied his father back to China.

Despite his youth, Howard was unusually well equipped to direct relief work in the Tai Hang Mountains: he knew the land, the people, the language and had the "good red blood" that was needed. The hardships that Howard faced quickly matured him beyond his years. His energy and good nature rapidly commanded the respect of all the Chinese that he met. But the relief work was a group effort, and could not have succeeded without the courage, self-sacrifice and vision of the entire relief team, several of whom lost their lives. Perhaps Howard's main contribution was that he inspired his co-workers to give selflessly and exert themselves beyond their normal capabilities.

While Howard easily convinced the Brethren Mission Board to send him back to China to distribute relief, it was much harder to convince the U.S. State Department to issue him a passport, as the Government felt that his proposed field of operation was too dangerous. But with the help of the Mission Board, the State Department finally relented and, in September, 1938, Howard and his father returned to their beloved China. He worked in

China for two years before returning in November, 1940, to finish college at Manchester. In 1946 he again sailed for China as the head of a tractor unit sponsored jointly by the Brethren Church and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). Howard's "Plow Boys" helped the Chinese recover fields that had been damaged by floods when the Yellow River dikes were broken during World War II. By 1947 the project was winding down and Howard quit as director of the tractor unit to start a language school at the American Consulate in Peiking. He continued his career in the U. S. State Department, finally retiring as head of the Foreign Service Institute with a rank equivalent to that of an Under Secretary of State.

Howard's overview of the 1938–1940 relief project is included in this preamble. Then, starting with the first chapter, I have only edited and organized Howard's own words from his journals, diaries and letters that he wrote as the project unfolded. It seems to me that these are fresh and reflect his emotions far better than any rewriting that I might be tempted to undertake. I think that keeping to his original words, written in reaction to the heat of the moment, gives a freshness to this important historical view of those turbulent times. Of course, such early descriptions are subject to the biases of unconfirmed rumors and lack of a global overview that later interpretations give. Rather, this is the view of a single observer, full of the details and pictures of daily life during the early years of the Sino-Japanese war. Here, in his own words, is the story of Howard's two years of guerrilla relief in China: 1938-1940.

[*My own comments are enclosed in square brackets and italicised, as in this example.*]

The following measurements occur in the text: $1\,li = 500\,meters$ and $1\,cattie = 1.2\,lbs$.

Joseph Wampler February 6, 2008

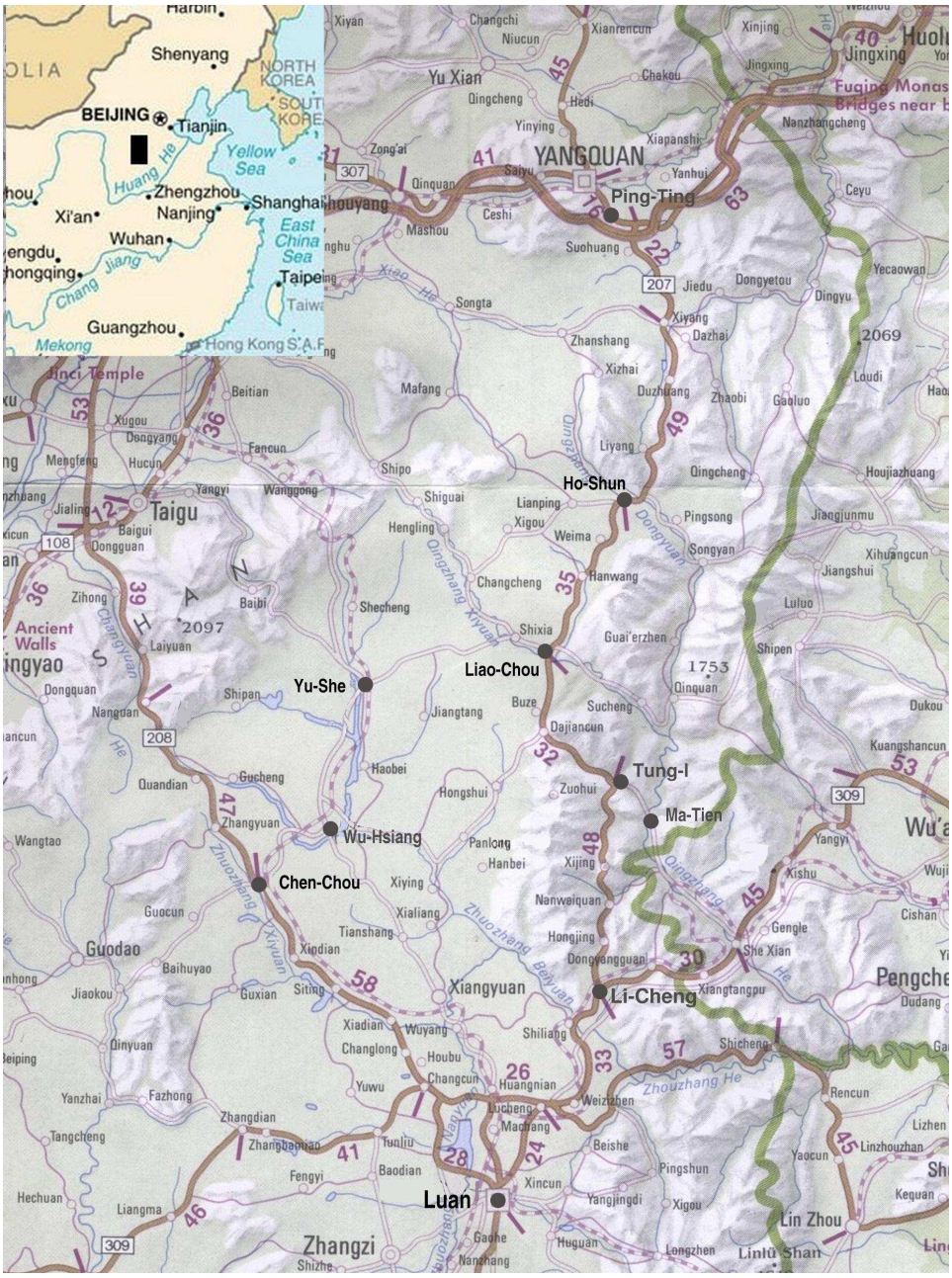

Figure 4: A map of the Brethren Mission region in Shanxi Province, China. The approximate location of this region is shown as a black patch on the small map of China in the upper left corner of this page. The main centers of Brethren activity are shown in bold type. I have also used bold type for Luan, a cooperative mission station run by the British China Inland Mission (CIM). To conform to the names used in the diaries/journals all bold type names are the old names and spellings. Sometimes these are quite different from the modern names. For instance, Liao-Chou is now known as Zuoquan and Luan is now Changzhi. Otherwise, the map uses modern spellings. Distances are in kilometers and mountain heights are in meters.

OVERVIEW

BRETHREN SERVICE IN CHINA

A brief review of the relief work done by the Church of the Brethren in China.
[*From an internal report by Howard Sollenberger to the Church of the Brethren.*]

Though China relief service has been given a new emphasis it is not new to the Church of the Brethren. In 1921-22 the China Mission went "all out" in a relief effort to avert a major tragedy from famine. On numerous other occasions funds were sent and mission personnel loaned to relief agencies in other distressed areas. But only since the beginning of the recent Sino-Japanese war has the Church-at-large responded sufficiently to this service program to bring about its organization on a direct and continuous basis. This direct relief emphasis was first manifested in China through the sending of a special relief administrator [*Howard Sollenberger*] to work with and through the mission in its own territory.

Had the situation been carefully studied in an attempt to locate Brethren service relief work in an area which would offer the greatest opportunity to serve war victims, it would have been difficult to find a more needy place than the one in which circumstances placed us. The war came early to the plateau of Southeastern Shanxi where the Brethren mission work was established. Within the first six months of the war [*after July 7, 1937*] three of the five mission stations had been occupied by the Japanese; and before the war was a year old, the entire territory had been swept over by the invading armies. Following occupation of the principal cities and lines of communication, pacification of the surrounding mountain regions was attempted. Protracted and unsuccessful operations against these guerrilla-based regions brought upon the population of those unfortunate areas the ever-increasing vengeance of the invaders. In an attempt to starve out and annihilate the remaining element of resistance, these mountain regions were blockaded and

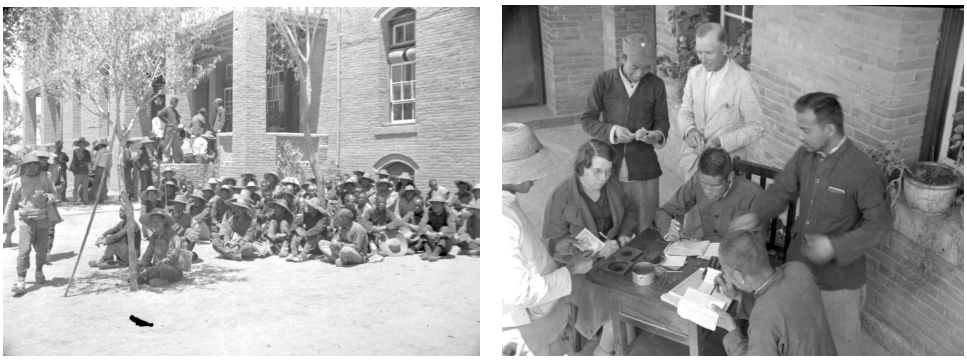

Figure 5: (Left) Refugees waiting outside mission hospital at Liao. The man on the left walking twards the camera has just received some cash. (Right) Distributing cash to a refugee on the hospital porch. Velma Ober is accounting for the money. O.C. Sollenberger (Howard's father), is watching the distribution, and Mr. Nieh, (see also Fig. 1), is on the right.

combed over again and again with a fine-toothed comb of destruction. Cities were left in ruins, villages were burned; crops were destroyed in the fields and grain in the granaries.

During the initial invasion the mission stations were havens of refuge for fear-stricken refugees. Thousands of women and children who huddled together within the confines of the mission compound walls found protection because resolute missionaries dared to stand between them and an unscrupulous army of occupation. But in the devastated mountain regions, no organized aid to the victims of the "scorched earth" existed. And here the need was greatest. So in these mountain areas Brethren Service was organized to aid the victims of this military madness. Food was distributed where existing supplies had been destroyed. Peasant and refugee women were organized in a cooperative cloth weaving project to provide much needed clothing and bedding. In a few months they produced by hand over one 120,000 feet of cloth for themselves and for relief purposes. And when the armies swept through the countryside, emergency relief units were sent to aid the fleeing refugees who were scattered in small out-of-the-way mountain villages, in caves, and even protected gullies. Here an attempt was made to feed the hungry. Local peasants who could slip through the Japanese lines were sent to other areas to purchase and carry back millet (a food staple in the area), raw cotton for spinning and weaving, and other necessary tools and supplies. First aid and medical care were given to the sick and wounded.

Figure 6: (Left) Wounded men in the hospital at Liao (4/26/39). (Right) Refugee children with typhus in the Liao hospital. None of these children died, but because there was a shortage of typhus inoculation serum at Liao, nurse Myrtle Pollock, gave her quota to a colleague. In January 1940 she died from typhus she contracted while nursing these children.

Missing children were found for parents, and parents for orphaned children. As soon as the armies had completed their mission and had gone on, the refugees were encouraged to return to their homes where they were given what aid was necessary for existence. Lean-to huts were sometimes built among the ruins of what were once their homes. Often seed grain and a few simple farming implements were provided to a peasant so that he might provide for himself and his family. But of the total who were in need, only a few could be helped.

After one year of work in our own mission territory the program was restricted by the difficulty of operating in the unoccupied mountain regions from the occupied mission stations. Within the occupied cities work was continued through schools for women and children which were established primarily for their protection. Some work was also possible among stranded refugees and remnants of the local population. The work in the unoccupied territories was reorganized and extended through the cooperation of Friends (Quakers) and the addition of another administrator, Mr. Louis Whitaker, a young Quaker who had been teaching in Peiping. This new work was organized along and behind the Yellow River front which borders our own mission territory. Here relief was carried to over two hundred communities that had been ravaged by war. It was almost impossible to secure food. And even when food was secured for the people, blasted coal mines had to be reopened so that they might have fuel to cook the food. In some areas the destruction was so complete that it was necessary to organize home industry

to make pots and bowls for preparing the food which we provided for them.

Hundreds of wounded who were left in the fields to die were also cared for by organized groups of peasants under the direction of our personnel. And thousands of refugees were aided in their migration from the war area to the free territory in the west.

Although some fifty thousand individuals were aided through Brethren Service the significance of the work cannot be measured by the limited amount of material aid that it was possible to distribute. Comparatively, this was like a glass of water on a parched acre. But the fact that Brethren were willing to maintain work and personnel in one of the most devastated regions was significant as an expression of concern and an example of Christian sympathy. The inspiration and encouragement thus given may go further in eventually bringing these people to their feet than what little material aid we are able to give them. By this example we are establishing faith and hope as the foundation in the structure of human relationships. Upon this we may later hope to build a broader, international Christian fellowship and a feeling of brotherhood with all humanity.

Chapter 1

Distributing Relief by Guerrilla Tactics

[*At Liao Chou, 1938. Howard was 21 years old. The two main Chinese military forces in the Liao Chou, Yu She, Chen-Chou region were the Communist guerilla 8th Route Army and the "Dare to Die", a force under the Shanxi Provincial Commander, Po I-Poa.*]

OCT. 15

The Mission decided to let the City use the Church bell as a warning of aeroplane raids. There seems to be a general unrest in the City. I took the Hsien Chiang [*magistrate*] to the Church and we looked at the possibility. He wants to run a wire over to the Ya-men [*government offices*] where there will be a continual lookout. I am afraid that such a long wire will be too heavy on the clapper and it will be impossible for it to swing, but the Hsien Chiang insists on trying and I have no objections.

I suggested that when we try the bell that the people should be assembled for air raid instruction and practice. They have already dug several caves under the city wall, but each person should know which one to go to. He liked the idea and will try it in a few days.

Mr. Foster [*China Inland Mission*] received the reply to his letter from Ping Ting. They hope to be able to cooperate but will give no answer till [*Rev. Ernest*] Wampler gets back. [*Foster was hoping that the International Red Cross could use the facilities at the Liao hospital to treat wounded Chinese soldiers. Wampler returned Oct. 28, 1938 and gave the necessary permission.*]

OCT. 16

Served breakfast for the poor women from Woo Li Ho. Took several pictures. Foster left for Luanfu this morning. Wish I were going along.

Big reception at the Church today. Had to give a speech in Chinese.

Found out that it is against the law to sell cigarettes because the Japs try to poison folks that way.

OCT. 17

Went to Ma Kia Kuai this morning. (14 li South of Liao) There are 36 homes and about 320 people in the village. There was not one home that was not touched by the fire of the rising sun. The poor folks had managed to gather together a few of the ruins to make a shelter [*for*] the winter. In some places as many as 10 people were living in small make-shift huts not more than ten feet by fifteen feet. Most of them, however, had dug caves in the side of the mountain. There was one old man who had been left with his two sons' wives. One son had been murdered and the other taken to serve the army. His three donkeys had been killed. They had been his only way of making a living. Now he is sick and must be cared for by his two daughters-in-law. He had to wipe his eyes several times while telling us his story.

The finest home in the city was probably left in the worst shape. The man had been killed when the house was burned. His wife and three children were still carrying on in the ruins of their home. I was surprised to find very little complaint.

OCT. 18

Had trouble with the Lord Mayor of London's coats. A supposed friend took advantage of us so we lost about $10 on the lot. That's all right if there are no hard feelings or lost faces.

Saw the burned homes at Ho Nan. Talked to two war widows.

Went to see a shell-shocked boy. He is nineteen years old and has been with the eighth route army almost a year. Has killed more Japanese than he can count on his two hands. During his last engagement he was separated from his comrades and was surrounded by the enemy with fixed bayonets. Had to cut his way out. Who wouldn't break after that? He doesn't want

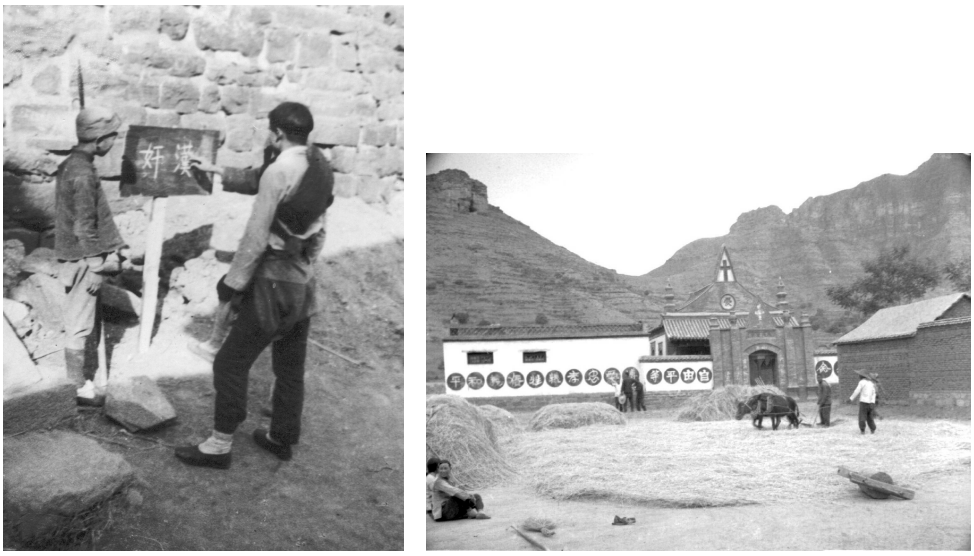

Figure 1.1: (Left) Teaching the Chinese characters that mean traitor. (Right) Thrashing grain in front of the Brethren church at Ma Tien.

to get near the war, but would like to help his father farm. Seems sorry that he has killed. Hopes that he will be forgiven by heaven.

OCT. 23 — Tung I

In the home of Liao Hsien's richest family. We spent the night here and it was a very pleasant one at that. He even had a bed fixed for me. By the way, his name is Han. One brother is in the gov., another in Tientsin with a big store, the other is here taking care of the land (mostly walnuts.) Spent the first part of the night in gossip with a dozen of the village intellects. I am succeeding in getting the folks to forget I am a foreigner. I am getting some interesting slants on present day Chinese thought.

Yesterday I went to one of the new type schools. During the war, schools are hard to maintain. Under their handicaps it is remarkable what some of the folks here are doing. The Tung I school is in an old temple on the side of the mountain. The principal was bold enough to take most of the idols out and separate the others from the class room by a paper partition. Every one of the buildings and every corner is utilized. For example, the old temple bell is hung on an old pine tree to serve as the school bell. The old stone tablets are used to paste announcements on. The temple burial ground has been leveled off for a playground and the temple land is used to

Figure 1.2: None can ride a donkey, or in this case, a small Mongolian pony, with the skill and grace of the Chinese.

support the school. There are one-hundred and eighty students including grade and high school and about twenty girls who meet elsewhere. They also have a very unique method of teaching the local illiterates. On every main thoroughfare and in front of the school there are students on guard with spears and swords. They have a little black board on which are written two new characters each day. They stop everyone who passes to see if they know the two words. If they don't they are held there 'til they learn them. I had the laugh of my life watching them teach an old farmer the characters *Han-jian* meaning traitor.

Climbed the Mother. Little boy went along up. Heard of poisoning wells.

OCT. 24 Ma Tien is truly the promised land. [*The Chinese characters for this town indicate that it is called "Hemp (or Sesame) Field".*]

OCT. 25 Poor woman who stayed home when Japs came.

OCT. 26 Up river to Tze Cheng: Ho Pei Ko — honey —

OCT. 27 Huang Chiang — walnuts. Fun with the guards on the way.

OCT. 28 Back to Liao — Wamplers arrive.

OCT. 29 To Ho Shun

OCT. 30 Kung Chia Ko

With letters and passes prepared I headed North again. A bit disgusted with all the bother and the uncertainty of the plans. Met a boy from Sechuan on the way. His dialect is peculiar, but our conversation was successful. He is 18 and has been away from home two years with the Eight Route Army. He has been in eight battles and can't count the victims of his sword on one hand. Told me that I should go to Sechuan — beautiful place. Had a hard time persuading him that the missionaries are not imperialistic. They have believed it so long that it is hard to convince them otherwise.

Animals not at Kung Chia Ko. Sent letter on to Ho Hsien. Hope every thing goes OK.

OCT. 31 — Halloween

I was feeling full of pranks earlier in the evening but now I feel like joining the Chinese army. I suppose it is the spirit of helping the underdog.

It was a shock yesterday to hear that Canton had fallen, but when news of Hankow's occupation came this evening it raised my ire. After seeing what the Japs do when they go into a place, how could one help but be angry at the very thought of what they are doing now, and also the fact that they are gloating over it. I can feel the spirit of a fellow who will give his life to avenge a wrong. It is the wrong spirit, but it seems to be in man.

When I think of the burning cities, the fleeing refugees, I feel like packing up and going South to suffer with them. I would if I did not think that we would be next. But I hate to think of being in occupied territory. God forbid.

NOV. 22

Left Liao for Yu She. Met an old man who had fallen off his donkey twice during the day. He was lamenting the fact that he didn't have a bicycle to ride. Not so many spills he thought. That's what he thinks.

NOV. 23

This morning I counted 81 pheasants within the space of a mile. What I wouldn't have given for a gun? It is more fun traveling on a bicycle in company with a donkey. No hurry at all. I ride ahead and have time to stop to investigate anything of interest: Temples, clear mountain streams, old scholars who know China of the old day, soldiers just back from the front, etc.

Yu She is in bad shape. Several thousand units of houses burned. I took a walk around the wall — ruins every place. One wonders how the people manage to stay.

NOV. 24

Spent the day investigating the homes of poor folks. The people of Yu She are no less than liars. Don't know how we are going to decide who to give to and who not to give to.

Spent over an hour in conversation with Lao Yang (Gov. Relief Administrator for this district.) He is a scholar of the old school but a mighty spry old bird. Told us how he fell into the river on the way to Yu She. Had us all holding our sides. The magistrate of Yu She is also exceptional. Went out of his way to show us the town.

This little dispensary is about the coldest place I have been in years. No fire, and damp as it can be. I have on all the clothes I've got, but still I shiver.

Went to a Chinese medicine shop last night. They were making pills for stomach trouble. They offered me one and I took a taste. Good! Tasted like dried fruit candy. I ate a couple, much to my regret for I woke up in the middle of the night with a terrible stomach ache.

NOV. 25 On the road to Chen Chow.

Smelled a dinosaur this morning, so I went prospecting. Happened to hear someone mention the fact that someone about ten miles off our path had found a stone dragon head. I asked them concerning the head, and from their description gathered that it must be a fossilized prehistoric mammal. They told me to go to Tan T'sung and inquire for a fellow by the name of Chow. The rest of the party who are traveling on donkey went on. But I took my bike and went to Tan T'sung.

Sure enough, there was the dragon head which I think was the head of a dinosaur. He also has some other fossils, some teeth and a piece of a tusk which most likely belonged to a Mastodon. He was going to grind the things up for medicine, so I purchased the teeth and ivory at the medicine price and asked him to save the head until I could investigate. This man Chow then told me of another place where there was a head as big as a donkey. My interest was sufficiently aroused to take another ten miles to see this rock. It was easily distinguished as a Mastodon head. Probably the head on which my piece of tusk grew as it was found near the same place. When I get a little more time I shall snoop around the hills and see what is to be found.

We were told that it was only seventy li from Yu She to Ku Cheng, but I'll eat my hat if it isn't ninety. Having gone on ahead of the donkey, I got there about dark. It must be nine o'clock now and the rest of the party just got here. A hard day.

NOV. 26

Got an early start this morning. They told us that the road was good all the way to Chen Chow and that we should easily get there by dark. But the road was terrible. Where there weren't hills or mud they had cut the road up so that it was next to impossible to travel. About noon we came to a place where we could easily hear the booming of the big Japanese guns. The folks said that there was fighting about twenty miles away.

Chen Chow is quiet now, but they must fear occupation because they are tearing the big city gates down. I attended a big meeting at the city gate just before supper. They were explaining to the people why they were tearing down the city gates. Propaganda is at work. It is interesting to watch it from the side lines.

The place where we are staying is in bad shape. It looks as though the Japs had been there yesterday instead of a couple of months ago. Miss Sanger's old place. Having got here before the animals I started to fix the place up. Found an old stove that used to be in the chicken house, but there was no stove pipe. The gate man thought there might be some over amongst the Church ruins. (It was burned by the Japs.) We found enough to take most of the smoke out of the rooms. After I had pasted paper over all the broken windows the place began to get a little warm. When the rest of the party (now including Chou, for we had picked him up at Ku Cheng) got here we fixed some board beds, had supper and will soon go to bed. Our evening prayers are that we don't freeze during the night.

NOV. 27

The house is swell now. Even have decorations on the wall: a map of our mission territory, Mrs. Wampler's diploma from Battle Creek, [*Elizabeth Wampler was a registered nurse, with an RN from Battle Creek (Michigan) Sanitarium and trained in obstetrics at Chicago Lying-In Hospital*] an American flag and a proverb card. The place is pretty clean too. At a meeting of the group we decided to live on the cooperative basis. Chou was elected business manager and general kitchen executive. Each of us has invested two dollars.

NOV. 28 At Nan Ko (Headquarters of the "Dare to Die" Army).

I came here to see Mr. Po, [*Po-I-Poa*] Commander of the "Dare to Dies" as well as Gov. of the fifth district. He is not here, but I shall spend the night with his political sec., Mr. Lui [*Mei Hsu*]. This man Lui is quite a fellow, a veritable genius. I listened to his analysis of world affairs for three hours this afternoon. It sounded like some of the lectures that Prof. Cordier gives (really excellent.) [*Andrew Cordier, Howard's teacher and friend at Manchester College; later was Assistant Secretary General of the United Nations*

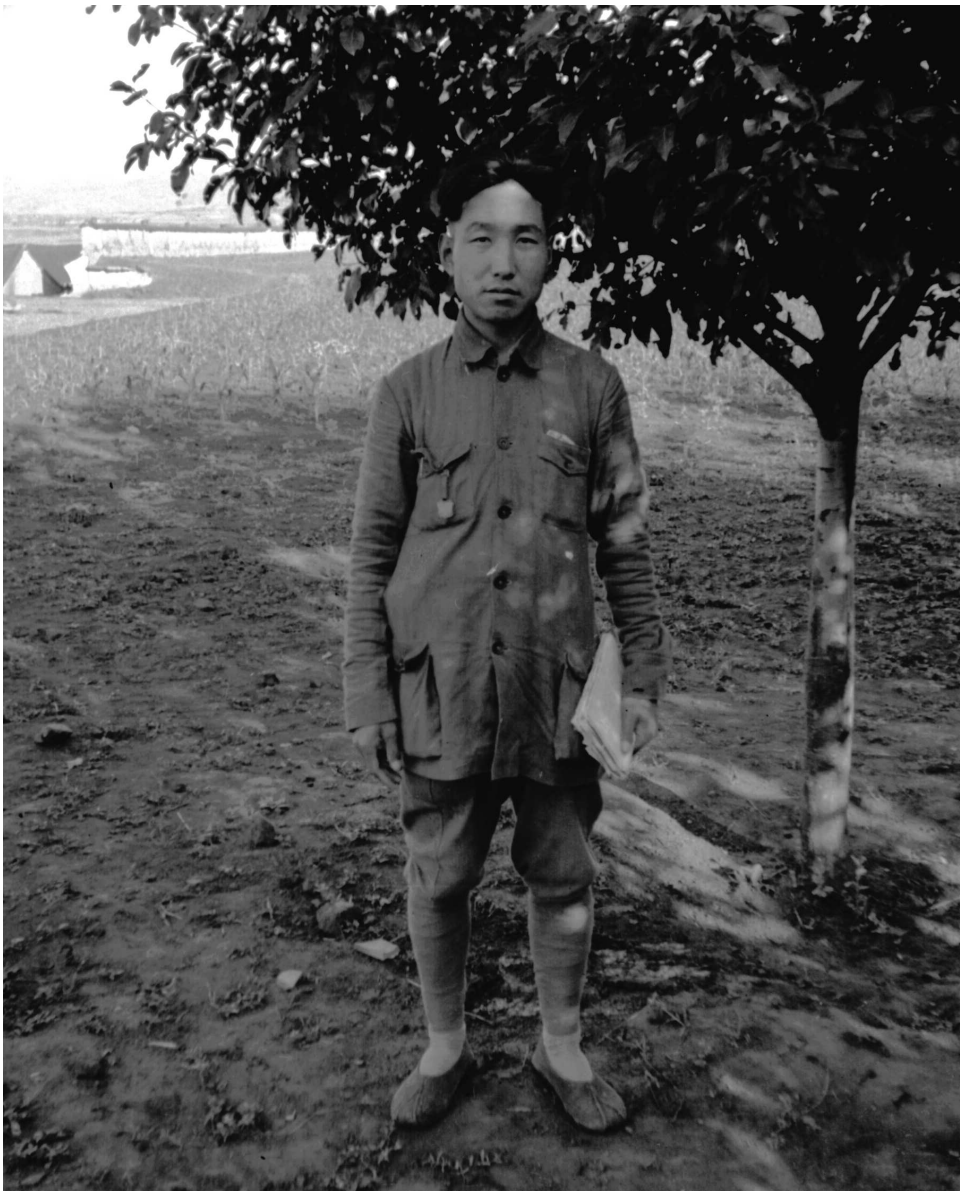

Figure 1.3: Lui Mei Hsu — Secretary to Po-I-Poa

under U Thant, was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, and finally, was President of Columbia University.] I'm going to do my best to make a friend. He is a rather short fellow.

[*Excerpts from a letter to Helen Hofner, a teacher at Manchester College and girl friend of Howard. This letter, dated Jan. 27, 1939, and mailed in the diplomatic bag from the American Embassy on Feb. 15 describes his activities at the end of 1938. Here, Howard pretends that Helen has mysteriously appeared in Tientsin and is now on the train with him to Peiping*]

"... on the Peiping Express which we hope will soon leave this station (Tientsin Central) for Peiping. ... left Mr. MacKenzie's this morning right after breakfast. ... [*Mr. MacKenzie supplied funds to the Mission.*] The Japanese have barricaded all streets leading from the [*International*] Settlement to other parts of the city. You want to know why? Only to punish the Settlement for not cooperating with them in their attempt to make a new China. You see, the foreigners don't seem to understand their high aims and refuse to fall in line. Really, we cause them an awful lot of trouble. Took the taxi in order to avoid the long line of rickshaws and people waiting to get across the international bridge and also the inspection, which we didn't care to participate in at this time. Why? We have two things along that we don't want the Japanese to get wind of. Dangerous? Not exactly, but then you can never tell. In that big black suitcase above us there are ten one pound bottles of ether to be used to put wounded soldiers to sleep in our Liao Chow Hospital. Right now there are over a hundred in the hospital waiting to be operated on; and within a radius of twenty miles there are fourteen hundred more. Besides ether there is something else on me which would surprise you ... I have ten thousand dollars in cash on me. ... It is Chinese money, so more or less illegal in these parts of China. Oh yes! It is perfectly good in Shanxi. Now don't you think me very composed under the circumstances?

It will soon be nine o'clock. Excuse me. I mean it will soon be ten o'clock (imperial Japanese) time. A part of the new cooperation between Japan and China calls for the acceptance, by the Chinese, of Japanese time. And if they refuse to cooperate — they might be fortunate enough to only lose their time piece. When I came down from Peiping I saw a watch which was an hour slow smashed on the sidewalk by a guard. My blood pressure was up around two hundred, but fortunately it went down in a few minutes.

The owner was much more calm about it than I. Couldn't notice even a trace of emotion on his face. They can take it, but they "Can't Forget". Whatever time it is the train will soon be leaving, so lets take a look about the station.

Are you really surprised that the station looks so modern? The best service in the world used to be given by this railway. Of course that was in the days of the Blue Express back in eighteen eighty. It's nothing to brag about now as we may discover before reaching Peiping.

Here goes the train. Don't know whether we can keep up the conversation or not. But since we must get caught up on the last few months, I'll go back and hope that you can follow. There are also a few things along the way that you should see. Those buildings to the left are the ones that were burned during the occupation. But Tientsin as a whole didn't suffer too much.

It's about the Christmas vacation you want to hear? I wasn't going to tell you, but then I remembered what I promised last summer. It was really one of the most interesting although most uncomfortable vacations I have ever spent.

My plans had been to spend Christmas either in Ping Ting or Peiping. But as the work piled up I saw that it would be New Years before I could [*leave*] Liao. I had one trip to make before Christmas. It was to take some cash to Wu Hsiang and to be there while we distributed. I left Liao on my bike the morning of the thirteenth, and planned to return the twenty first of December. It had snowed that night, so I had prepared to take two days for the fifty mile trip. But by noon I was so nearly half way there that I decided to speed up and get there that evening. I did. And the next few days I spent investigating the villages in that locality. Several villages had been practically wiped out. In one only two people were left to tell the story. You would find it hard to believe, so I will not tell you what happened to all the rest, other than to say that they were killed by invaders. I never believed such things until I found it here.

The county officials invited me to a feast on the eighteenth. And like Tom Tucker I had to perform for my supper — a speech. After the meal we went to a play which was being presented by the Eighth Route Army. They did a remarkable piece of work. I was particularly interested in one of the actresses who was as good as anything I have ever seen. I met her afterwards and found out that she had been on the Shanghai stage before the war. During one of the intermissions the audience called for a speech from the "American Friend". I wasn't too keen on expressing myself after seeing what I had within the previous week, but the magistrate finally got me out on the stage.

That night I spent a very restless night. My tummy was acting up. I lost all the good feast we had that evening. I was staying in a temple just outside the city, and to make a long story short, I stayed there till Christmas morning. My tummy didn't get better. There wasn't much pain, but I couldn't keep anything down. Thinking it would get better any time, I decided to wait until I was able to ride back to Liao. But by Christmas eve I was getting so weak that I thought it best to get back to the Liao hospital. The officials fixed up a stretcher, got four men to carry it, and provided an escort. We started out on Christmas morning with the hope of getting to Liao three days later. We made it. And I was happy to crawl into my own bed. It took most of the first night at home getting warmed up. It had been terribly cold on the way. The day we got to Liao was the coldest day of the year (20 degrees below zero [*Fahrenheit*]).

At the time I almost had to laugh at myself having to be carried back on a stretcher. I tried to imagine myself an old Roman being carried about in a litter. And I wondered more than once what my college friends would have said had they met me on the way. It was a real ambulance except for the siren, which, fortunately, was missing. The trip seems to have done some good. I was able to take a little food the day before we got home. And after being home for about a week, I was feeling my old self again, except for the fact that I was nearly thirty pounds lighter. I wouldn't want to try the trick again. But since the doctors say that I am no worse for it, I am glad for the experience. And really, I have to laugh every time I think of riding three days in a stretcher with a tummy ache. A Merry Christmas was had by all. I can promise you that.

I got so interested in telling the story of "My Ailment" that I forgot to call your attention to some of the things we have been passing. You probably have noticed the fortification of all the railway stations. That gives you an idea of how secure the Japanese feel. Most of this flat territory we are passing through is flooded every year. None of it is very many feet above sea level.

Before we get off the subject of sickness, hospitals etc., I must tell you about the operation I committed. ... One morning while I was down in Chen Chow a man brought his twelve year old boy around to see if I couldn't do something for him. The poor little boy had a tremendous abscess on his back. I had an idea that the thing should be opened, and in the near future. But I told him that I could not do it for him. He took the boy home but the next morning was around again. He had just come from a Chinese medicine man who said that it should be opened immediately. I didn't know what to say, but advised against letting the Chinese quack operate. They have

absolutely no knowledge of sanitation or disinfection. Again I had to refuse to perform the operation myself. But on the third morning he brought the little boy around and delivered his ultimatum. If I wouldn't do it he would take the boy straight down to the medicine man. The boy had spent a terrible night having considerable pain. There was also a breaking out all over his body. My Chinese relief helpers urged me to do it, saying that no matter what happened it would be better for me to do the job than the medicine man. Their logic and the pleading of the father finally prevailed in part. I told the father that I would prepare all the equipment and direct the operation, but that he should do the actual work. He agreed, to my regret.

The operating table was fixed in front of the window. It was nothing more than a board on some high benches. For a knife I clamped one of my injector razor blades in a pair of forceps and sterilized it in the fire. After it was almost white hot, I cooled it in alcohol, and then burned the alcohol off again.

Our hands we soaked in near boiling water and continued by scrubbing them with soap. I then prepared the sterile gauze and bandages, and a drain pan to catch the pus.

The brave little fellow was stretched out on the board. Three men were commissioned to hold him. I then painted the entire vicinity of the abscess with iodine. The father's hands underwent the same process.

Every thing was ready for the operation, so I put the knife into the father's hand. After explaining that the opening must be deep enough and long enough for adequate drainage, I indicated the place and direction in which the gash should be made. For a moment I thought everything was going to move along fine. Then just as I was ready to give the command to cut, the father turned around and I saw that my plan had failed. He was pale and trembling. "Please do it for me. Please," he begged.

If it had to be done I might as well proceed. So I painted my hands and resterilized the knife. But just as I was about to make the initial cut I lost my nerve. After two or three turns about the room, I got enough cowardly courage to proceed. The first cut was about an inch and a half long and half an inch deep, but nothing happened. It took more cuts to get to where I wanted to go. I had no idea that the thing could be so deep and yet appear so near the surface. I'll not describe what happened other than to say that we got at least a pint of pus out.

I never heard so much yelling except at a football game as that little fellow let out in those few minutes. I did pity him, but could pay no attention once I got started. The assistants told me later that the little boy cursed and damned me as well as all my ancestors from the beginning, and my

descendants to come for ten thousand years. But the next day he thanked me profoundly for relieving him of so much pain.

We kept the drainage open for five days and then closed it. The last time I saw the boy he was well and happy. My reputation in Chen Chow was established. From then on I was known as Dr. Sollenberger.

But secretly, as soon as I had finished I wished that I had not done it. I was worried all day and slept very little that night. Kept thinking of all the things that might happen. I doubt if I could do it again. Other than dressing a few wounds, that is the extent of my medical career.

Some minutes later:

Look out the window here. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Yes, eight wrecked railway cars. That's the way the Chinese keep the Japs worried. When I was on the way out from Shanxi I missed one of those wrecks by about an hour. The freight train just in front of us was derailed. We had to sit there half the night waiting for the mess to be cleaned up. Fortunately they are very careful not to wreck the passenger trains which carry Chinese. These are the trains we ride on. ...

Peiping

Page thirteen and I have hardly started to tell you all that I wanted to let you in on. But I fear the Embassy might not like the letters if they get too heavy.

Did you get the letters that I sent from Chen Chow? They were to go by Chinese mail service through Hong Kong. I have a feeling they may not get through, and if they do, the news will be terribly out of date. It was the only way I could get mail out from Chen Chow. My response to aeroplanes has changed considerably since then. I get a funny feeling every time I hear them.

Helen, this is something important, and I want you to get it clear. I hope that my letters don't give you the impression that we are always in danger out here. It is really not that way at all. Probably some of the things we talk about sound extremely dangerous. But when you actually face them, there is nothing to it but a little uncertainty. The other day I was talking to the attaché at the embassy. He wanted to know how in the world I dared go through the lines and work so near the front. It does sound bad, but when you get there, there is no line nor a front. This is not the type of war you read about in stories although it is just as terrible in its destruction.

Whenever I am in territory that could prove dangerous, I always keep in touch with the Chinese army, which keeps me informed as to the position of the Japanese, so there is very slight chance of meeting them. The Chinese authorities are leaning over backwards to help us all they can. It is with a feeling of relief that one leaves Japanese territory and enters China.

These pictures of myself and my room are not very natural. Self photography doesn't work so well. Please notice that my dimple is *no more*; I should say *was* no more, because it returned after a shave. ...

Love, How

[*Excerpts from a report to the Mission Board describing relief techniques. Probably written in February, 1939, as mention is made of the Sino-Japanese war being 20 months old.*]

... We have found it advisable to work in cooperation with the local authorities. They often understand their own situation better than we who are just passing through. We first pay a call on the county magistrate. He is asked for suggestions and introductions to the city and village elders. The elders are requested to call together some of the leading citizens of the community for a short meeting to make a list of the most needy. The investigators that we have sent there take the list and visit each of the families. The purpose of this visit is to choose from those listed the few that we can help. It is also to determine what each family needs.

When it is decided that a certain person or family should receive help from our relief funds, they are given half of a double receipt which, when it receives the village seal, entitles them to what the investigators determine they need. Thus we are able to keep track of each person whom we have helped. The receipt also tells us what and how much he has received.

On the day of the distribution the recipients all gather in some central locality. They are told why they have been chosen to receive relief, and the spirit that is behind it. We also try to give them what encouragement we can. Our reward is the appreciation that they express. God, through their American friends, is kind to them.

Thus far most of our relief has been in the form of millet, the staple food of Shanxi. The distribution of this grain has amounted to about 500 tons. During the fall and winter we also provided considerable cloth and cotton for winter clothing. If there were any women in the family we would not

Figure 1.4: Howard in his room in Peiking. A self portrait.

furnish ready-made clothing but would let them make what they themselves most needed.

Things that must come from the outside are scarce. One of these is cloth. But fortunately there is considerable cotton to be had in this area. Most of the women in the three southern counties are able to weave a rather crude cotton cloth. However, their present ability to purchase the cotton is so low that their looms are idle most of the time. We have taken advantage of this opportunity not only to give work to needy women but also to help increase the supply of cotton cloth. At present, there are about four hundred women participating in this cloth weaving project.

It would be impossible to gather these women together in a central locality to produce cloth on a factory plan. That is not our aim. We are working in conditions that make home industry necessary. In the first place, it would be impossible for the women to leave their homes. Their first duty is to take care of the home work. We are simply trying to make their spare time more profitable. If we find a woman who needs the work and can weave, we will offer to give her three, six, or nine catties of cotton, depending on how much time she has, if she will make it into cloth. Two thirds of the cloth is hers to use as she wants. The other third is to be given to us at a specified time. If the woman has made the cloth satisfactorily, we will use the money from the sale of our portion to buy her more cotton. Otherwise, the money is used to help someone else. As this proposition is very attractive to most of them, there are more applicants than we can possibly take care of. There are also those who would like to participate but who are unable to, because their equipment was destroyed by the invaders. It is our plan to make provision for these women by providing equipment which can be used on a cooperative basis.

We are also experimenting with a small revolving loan fund. The purpose of this fund is to provide small loans of five to fifteen dollars to those who could use this money to make their own living. A good deal of it has gone to men who use the loan as capital for the purchase of cotton which they carry from the places in which it is grown. After selling the cotton they can repay part of the loan and still have enough to make a second trip for more cotton. All of these loans are to be paid back within a year. The integrity of the men who receive these loans is guaranteed by the village from which they come.

I close with a few representative cases that I have met during investigation. The more horrible cases must be left out of print.

While in the vicinity of Wu Hsiang City, just before Christmas, I came across a small village that had been completely destroyed by burning. It was

in desperate circumstances, but there were only two people in the village to suffer from its destruction. There was a little orphan boy who was herding sheep for his two meals a day and an old man who was watching over the ruins of his village. The rest of the inhabitants had been killed. The old man is on our winter grain list, and the little boy is wearing relief clothes. There are half a dozen villages that have met this same fate.

Just south of Liao Chou, a father, mother and three little children owned land and lived in a rather nice home. When the Japanese came, the mother and children fled to the mountains while the father stayed behind to watch the property. The refugees returned to a completely ruined home and a murdered father. Much of our relief has gone to widows and orphans.

In south east Liao County in one burned home we found an old woman who was patching a ragged garment for her husband. Their home had been so thoroughly destroyed that there was hardly a corner suitable for shelter against the wind. They had just started to put up a little corn stalk and mud covered hut. The husband was not at home when we called. He came in later but was completely silent during our visit. I found out later that he has not spoken since the day of the tragedy.

They had heard that the Japanese soldiers would not harm them. Although most of their neighbors had fled to the mountains, this family had remained in their home. When the invading army passed by, three soldiers came into their courtyard and asked for food and water. The old woman immediately brought them the best she had, but the soldiers did not like the coarse food and threw the bowls to the ground. They then started looking through the house for something better. When they found a good supply of grain that had been stored away for future use, they hauled it out and fed their animals. After the horses had been fed, the soldiers set fire to the rest of the grain. It was more than the son could stand. He got down on his knees to beg the soldiers to refrain from destroying their food supply. He was silenced by sword. The old mother was sent out to find some chicken. But as soon as she was out of sight, she ran for the mountains. After the army had moved on she hurried back to what had been her home. Her husband had been wounded, her son dead and her daughter-in-law missing. Although her husband has recovered from his wounds, there is little left for them to live for.

I have two little war orphans in our Liao school. They are brothers from Hopei province. Their father was killed and their mother died of the shock. The two boys had been taken in by the Eighth Route Army, and were brought over to Liao county. The younger brother was too small for the strenuous life, so they left the army and started to beg for their meals

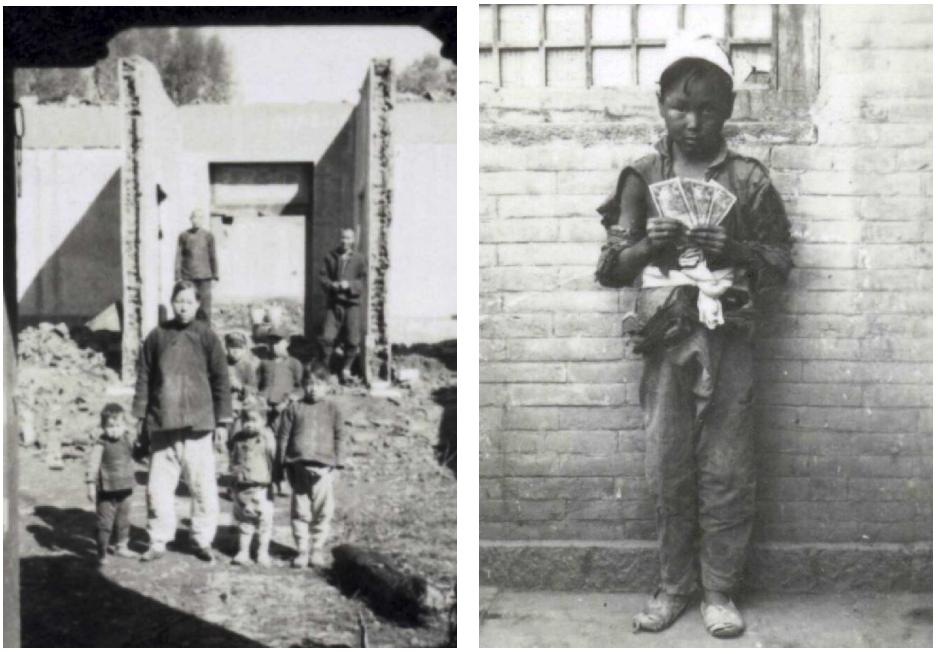

Figure 1.5: (Left) A widow with her three children in their destroyed home after the Japanese had killed her husband. The two children and two men behind her are fellow villagers. (Right) Orphan boy whose parents and siblings were killed. His white cap is in morning for his family. Howard gave him three dollars for travel and sent him to his uncle's home.

and shelter. I found them ten miles south of Liao. They were half starved, so I brought them home with me. Since then I have been able to locate their grandfather; he will take them into his home when spring comes.

The most we can do will never erase such wounds.

Chapter 2

2nd Guerrilla Relief Expedition

MAR. 11 (Saturday)

And today we are off to the front five strong: Nieh, Tien, Li, Lui and myself. We are just the right number to be classified as the smallest guerrilla unit (*fu pan*). We, of course, are a peace corps not a military unit. The front, a walled Hsien city (county seat), is thirty miles north of Liao Chow. The city was occupied a little over a month ago by the Japanese expeditionary force that pushed south from Ping Ting. The object of our little guerrilla unit is not to drive the Japanese out of the city, although we would be mighty happy if they would leave. We hope to be able to provide a little relief to the peasants who are hiding in the mountains.

For the first fifteen miles, that's as far as we go today, we had the luxury of having a long eared but rather gentle donkey to carry our five rolls of bedding. We didn't bring much with us because there are times when we may have to pack our belongings on our backs and carry them ourselves. The Japanese activities will dictate our moves. If they stay put in the city, we will be free to do as we please. But if they advance, we retreat, and if they retreat, we advance. We must always be prepared to do either at a moment's notice. I am afraid that there are two in the party who are wishing that they had stayed at home. Lui and Tien don't seem quite as carefree as usual. Tomorrow they will have to show their colors. If they are really scared to be up here, I will have to let them go home. A coward is no use in this kind of work. I don't intend to take any unnecessary risks, but we don't know what we may run up against.

Figure 2.1: The relief *fu pan* eating their lunch of at Wu Ma. The meal was provided by Eighth Route Army guerrillas as the village was practically deserted. From the left: Li, Howard, Lui, Tien, Lien, Nieh.

This evening I visited the local headquarters of the Eighth Route guerrillas. I wanted to find out exactly what we were going to meet up with at the front; and, also, where we would find most of the refugees. They were pleased to hear that we had come to help the refugees. They report that there are about thirty thousand homeless hiding in the mountains around the city. Most of them were unable to take anything with them when they fled from the city and surrounding villages. The headquarters reports all quiet today. Tomorrow we move up and start work in the hill just south of Ho Shun. We are spending the night in an inn. There are three other guests, so eight of us will have to crowd into the same bed. Han To is so filled with soldiers that we civilians have to double up a bit. Food is also rather difficult to get. We had dry corn cakes and millet broth for lunch, and parched corn and millet soup this evening. That is probably a forecast of our diet for the next two weeks. Each of us has a little bag of parched corn-millet flour along in case of unforeseen circumstance. The idea was borrowed from our guerrilla friends.

Figure 2.2: Telephone connection in guerrilla territory.

MAR. 12 (Sunday)

Our temporary headquarters is at Wu Ma [*Five Horses*], a little village seven miles south of Ho Shun. We are very fortunate in getting suitable living quarters. We certainly can't say that we are crowded here. There are a few refugees in the village, but most of the local people have not come back yet. After lunch I told the group my plans for the afternoon. I was going up to the She J'en Tsung hill to have a look at the city. If it seemed quiet enough I would also look the refugee situation over. I had heard that there were quite a few scattered over the hill and that a few folks had returned to She J'en Tsung. I told them that they could do as they liked about going with me. As I had expected Tien and Lui were too tired to go along. They decided to stay behind and rest. We left them behind saying nothing about their being afraid, although it was all too plain why they were tired.

We found the village of She J'en Tsung occupied by guerrillas. They have telephone connections with their headquarters at Han To and also with Liao Chou. There is an excellent lookout from the hilltop about half a mile north of the village. Ho Shun City is in the valley about three miles below. From this lookout the guerrillas can watch every move the Japanese make. As I had my field glasses along we had a rather close view of the situation. The

Figure 2.3: The guerrilla band at the ridge overlooking Ho Shun (Nieh in the forground). Howard said that this group had mounted a log on a pair of wagon wheels. They would tie a big firecracker to the "muzzle" roll it into view of Ho Shun and detonate the firecracker. This drew answering fire from the Japanese cannon at Ho Shun. The guerrilla officer was keeping track of the number of Japanese shells wasted this way and calculating the cost to the Japanese war effort.

city wall had been leveled down till it was no more than a mound of dirt. The local residents had done that several months ago at the request of the Eighth Route Army. Without a city wall the city could not be very easily held by the Japanese. It would also be much easier for attacking guerrilla bands to get into the city if the wall was down. The Japanese have not rebuilt the wall, but they have partly protected themselves by putting up a heavy barbed wire entanglement.

We had only been watching the city for about fifteen minutes when the Japanese opened fire with their mountain guns. I was a bit uneasy, but the guerrillas who were along with us told us not to worry about the Japanese hitting anything. And sure enough, all the shells were either a quarter mile short or wide. We were able to locate the guns with the field glasses and watched them shoot. One of the guerrillas told me that the Japanese blow

Figure 2.4: Eighth Route Army guerrillas near Ho Shun. Receiving instruction for a night raid on Ho Shun.

off their guns about every day. On four occasions there have been a rather heavy bombardment. But in the five weeks that the Japanese have been in the city, they have only killed one old man with their mountain guns and cannon. That happened on the twenty-fifth of February at Tze Luo, the night I stopped there on my way back from Ping Ting. One of the guerrillas also told me about an attack they had made on the west suburb about three nights ago. One of their comrades got a coughing spell just about the time they were ready to attack. They couldn't carry out their plans because the Japanese guards had heard the cough and started shooting. But they threw a couple of hand grenades before retreating to the mountains. The interesting part about the attack was what followed. The Japanese kept their cannon barking the rest of the night and most of the next day. They spent over two hundred shells and did absolutely no damage. The guerrilla who was telling us about the incident added that, "We will win the war when the Japanese have shot up all their ammunition." The guerrillas seem to get a lot of fun out of making the enemy waste their ammunition.

After having a good look at the Japanese, we took a turn about the village to see what condition it was in. I was surprised to find so few homes burned. Not more than half a dozen had been destroyed by fire. But they absolutely cleaned the village out. Nearly all the windows and doors were gone. I imagine that they were used for fire wood. Dishes, pots, iron kettles and big water crocks were all smashed to bits and scattered about. Furniture, clothing, and other household equipment had been either burned or smashed so that it could not be used. What little grain was left was also in such a condition that it could not be used. In some cases, they would mix excrement in flour and preserved vegetables, or stir dirt into it. In one crock of salted vegetables we found a dead cat and the intestines of a dog. I suppose that the Japanese considered it a practical joke, but it is far from funny to these peasants who have nothing else to eat. In many homes the floor and brick bed had been torn up. They were looking for hidden things, and I guess that they found considerable.

When the Japanese passed through the village, all the peasants but one old man had fled to the bigger mountains to the east. This old fellow was ill and could not leave his bed. Some of the younger men wanted to carry him with them, but as the Japanese were not far off, he told them to save themselves and not to bother with an old man who would soon die anyway. After the invaders had moved on, several men came back to see how the old man was getting along. He was dead, the victim of a rather crude decapitation. Those who did it probably called it euthanasia. But I have another name for it.

A few of the men are back now. They are preparing the land for spring planting, knowing that if they cannot get the seed in the ground this spring, they will have nothing to eat next winter. We distributed among these before returning to Wu Ma. It is impossible for us to get the seed, plows, and other tools to these farmers who are so near the Japanese – so we gave them a little cash with which they can buy what they need from other cities.

Of course we have told Lui and Tien all about our afternoon on the mountain. Their curiosity is aroused sufficiently that they have declared themselves willing to go along tomorrow. They probably lost a little face by not going today.

MAR. 13 (Monday)

Had quite a laugh this morning. We razzed Lui and Tien about being afraid to go ahead and stick their heads over the ridge. It wasn't long till they had heard enough and were out in front. The rest of us slowed

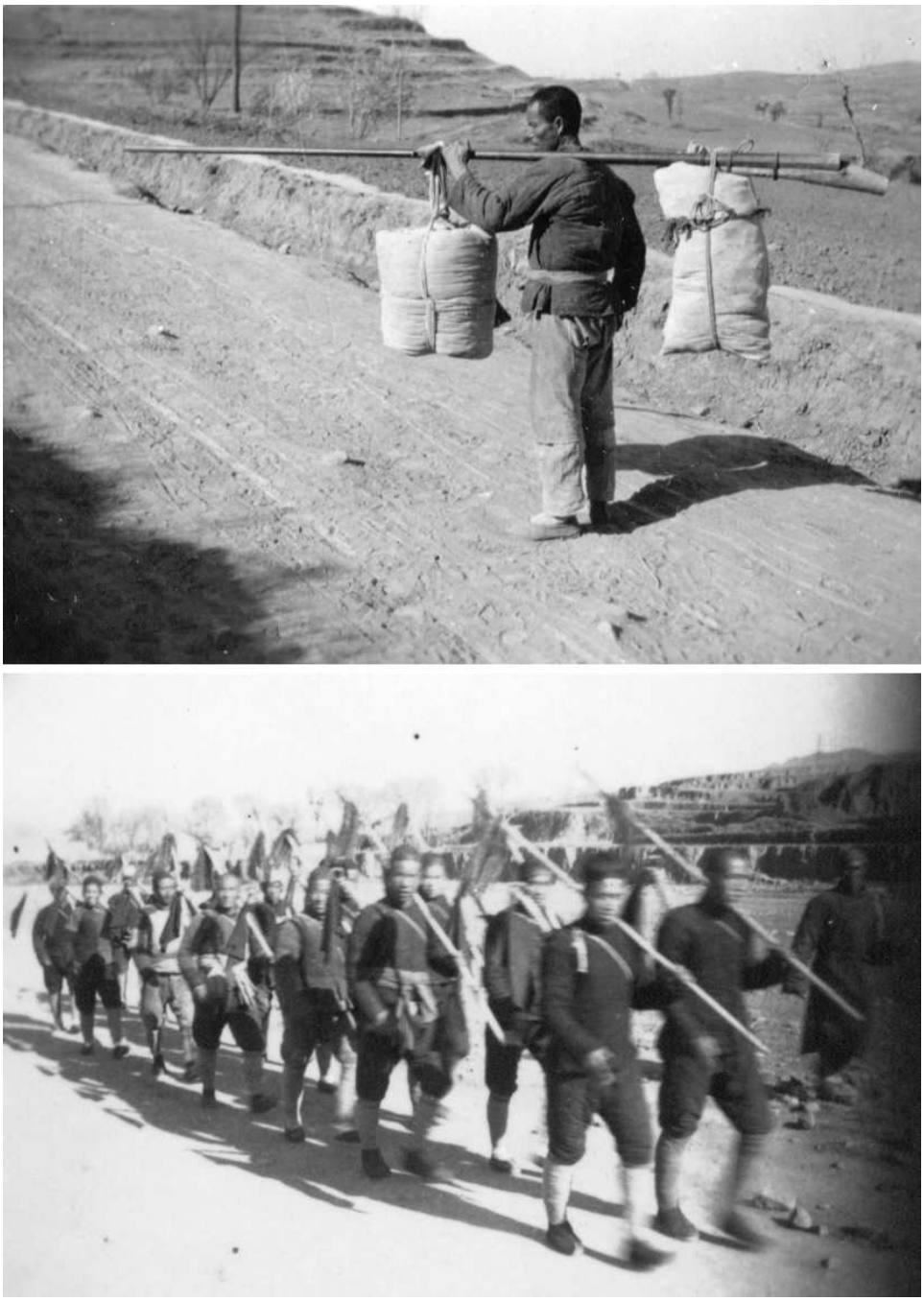

Figure 2.5: (Top) An old hunter with his muzzle loader going to join the guerrilla army. (Bottom) Farmers training with spears. They will get rifles when some are captured.

down to see what would happen. Just as they got to the top of the hill where they could see the city, the Japanese started to shoot their cannons. They didn't even stop to see what the Japanese were shooting at. But they turned around and started down hill on a dead run. We stopped them when they got to us and told them to wait there till we went up to see what the shooting was about. When we discovered that the Japanese were shooting north instead of south, we called them to come up and watch the fireworks. After seeing for themselves, they changed completely, becoming bolder and wanting to get up closer where they could see better. But there was work to do. So instead of spying on the Japanese any further, we divided into two groups to look for refugees. We visited six small villages and found over two hundred refugees. They were much too close to the city to be safe, but they didn't want to get any further away. In the first place, they hope that the Japanese will soon leave so they can get back to their land. And in the second place, if they did want to leave, they would have no place to go.

I am surprised to find that these refugees brought so little with them. Most of them are near the end of their food supply now. As for clothing, they brought what they had on their backs, and too often that was not sufficient. They were lucky if they had a blanket to wrap up in at night. Some of the refugees are with relatives, or can borrow a room from some friend. They are fortunate. A good many of them have had to dig little caves into the mountainside for shelter. Our job is a big one. I wish that we could establish a refugee camp where it would be safe and where we could take care of some of the neediest. But the situation is such, not knowing when or where the Japanese army may strike next, that we will have to be content to help them a little where they are, and hope that the causers of all this suffering will soon get out.

More parched corn flour and millet broth soup for supper.

MAR. 14 (Tuesday)

The Kong (brick bed) was too hot last night. I had to keep on the roll so as not to brown one side more than the other. This is a hard life; walking all day, eating parched corn flour, and then having to sleep on hot bricks. At least we are not cold.

A messenger came from the Han To headquarters to warn us not to stay in Wu Ma too long. There seem to be a lot of Japanese spies around. If nothing else, they would like to get their hands on our relief funds. The Japanese aren't too friendly to our work. They want the peasants to come back and live under their heel. The longer we can help them, the longer

Figure 2.6: Li (left) and Nieh (right) explaining to the refugees the relief operation in Ho Shun County.

they will stay away. Nor can we encourage them to go back to their homes when we know, as well as they do, that they will be forced to fight their own people or be murdered, and where their wives and daughters will be raped by marauding soldiers.

We have moved to She Yao, a village seven miles south east of Ho Shun. It is a rather secluded spot which the enemy has not visited, so we are relatively safe.

We don't have to hunt for refugees today. They have heard that we are here and are hunting us. There were so many today that we nearly had a riot on our hands. You can't blame them when they are hungry. But it means that we have to be rather severe to keep order. It always makes me feel bad when we have to be rough with them.

MAR. 15-16 (Wednesday and Thursday)

Moved from She Yao to San Chuan yesterday because we heard that most of the refugees are in this part. We are now due east of Ho Shun. We are right amongst them now. In this village of seventy homes there are over four hundred refugees. That doesn't even include the ones that are on the

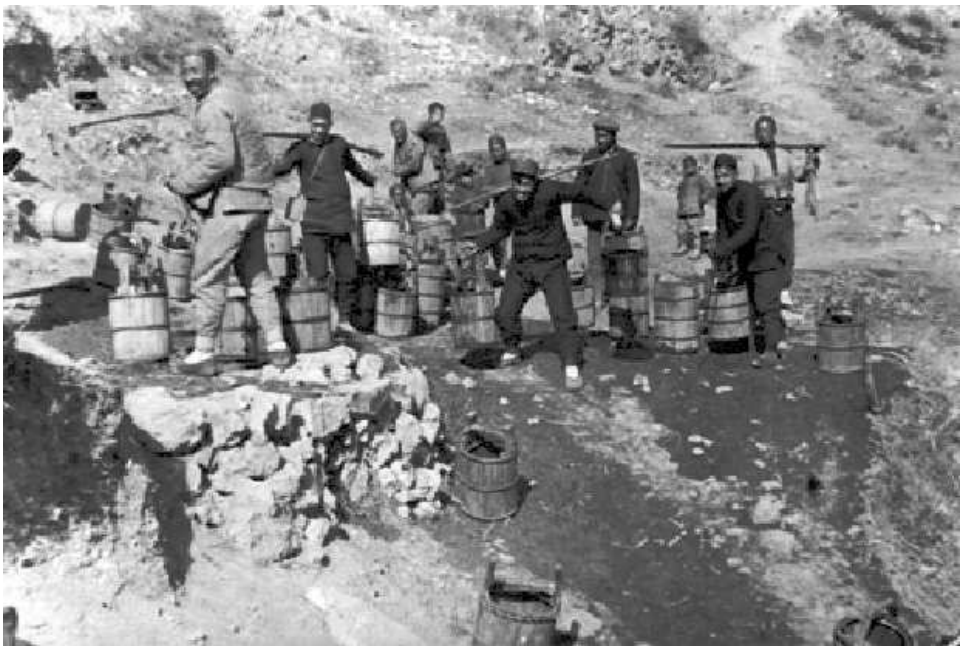

Figure 2.7: Dry weather results in little water in the wells and long queues.

hillside within a few miles of us. Water and food are a serious problem here. I went up to see the well today (the only one in the village). There were no less than fifty two people waiting with buckets to get water from the well that was already so nearly dry that they had to wait ten minutes for the water to run in each time a bucket full was taken out. We are sending some carriers to an area east of here that has not been invaded. I hope that they will be able to buy food and bring it back.

My four comrades have spent these two days investigating and distributing. My time has been divided between relief and visiting the sick and wounded. I have a rather complete first aid kit along with me. Treated several folks at She Yao. The folks here heard about it before I arrived. It wasn't long before I had a list of twenty six patients that had sent someone to come and ask me if I wouldn't come and see them. It's too bad that I'm not a doctor.

Most of the patients had eczema of one type or another. I gave out all the ointment that I had with me the first day. Yesterday I visited a ten-year old girl that I fear there is no hope for. She is a refugee from the city. Fled the night before the Japanese came. She must have turned her ankle, because

she said that it puffed up the next day and hurt so much that she could not walk on it. They met a Chinese doctor that stuck several needles into her ankle. Now it is badly infected. I fear that it is streptococcus infection as the whole leg is swollen. There is a big raw opening at the ankle from which pus and a watery substance constantly oozes. The first time that I saw her the foot was resting in a big puddle of pus. I spent an hour cleaning up and dressing the wound. But I fear it is too late as I have no streptococcuscide or sulfanilamide. She is such a charming little girl with sparkling black eyes and as brave a heart as I have ever seen. She must have been in terrible pain but she never opened her mouth all the time I was working over her. But I could see the tears rolling down her cheeks. When I finished she thanked me in so weak a voice that I could hardly make out what she was saying. Her mother told me later that she had not slept nor eaten anything for two days. I'll try to get her to the hospital.

Another patient, also a little girl, had a bad infection on her back. She had had a boil some time ago. Instead of letting it drain, they closed the opening with dirty paper. Infection resulted. Using ethyl chloride I lanced the back in several places and cleaned it. I drained over a pint of pus from the three openings. She says that she is better already.

There were also three cases of bullet wounds. I dressed all three, but two still have the bullet lodged in the bone. I hope that they can get to the mission hospital in Liao Chow.

We registered and distributed to about two hundred families these two days. That means that we have reached about a thousand families. Tien did a pretty good job of keeping the crowd quiet and in order while we distributed. Had them sing.

MAR. 17 (Friday)

On the way to Hei Shan (Black Mountain). I got another look at Ho Shun, this time from the west. There was a little more commotion around the city today. Looks like more soldiers have come. We found out this evening that two thousand soldiers came down from Ping Ting early this morning. That means that the garrisons at Ho Shun and Li Yang have been considerably increased. I wonder what the Japanese have up their sleeve this time.

Stopped in a little village to see a man that had been bitten by a dog. His right leg was chewed up pretty badly. There were two big gashes in the calf and three bites on the ankle and foot. It had happened about four days ago, and the leg was already infected. I reopened and cleaned all the

wounds. The ethyl chloride came in handy again as it was a rather painful process. I then had him soak the leg in a rather strong solution of potassium permanganate and filled the wounds with boric acid powder. If the dog is not mad, that ought to take care of him.

The first district official of Ho Shun County has his headquarters at Hei Shan. This place is also crowded with refugees. We took care of those in and near the village this afternoon. Tomorrow we will divide into two groups and investigate the villages and mountains to the north and west.

A good many refugees have sad tales to tell. I have already counted thirty six cases of death at the hands of the Japanese and fifty seven deaths from exposure while fleeing. Most of these were pregnant mothers, newborn babies, and small children. And over fifty cases of rape. All these reports came from members of the immediate family. It is not propaganda, although it would sound like the proverbial atrocity stories if I were to tell some of the stories that have been told me these few days. There is plenty of evidence to substantiate them.

MAR. 18 (Saturday)

We heard last night that the Japanese had announced their intentions of occupying several towns in east Ho Shun county. Hei Shan is supposed to be one of them. It seems that the Japanese held a meeting for the peasants at Li Yang and made the above announcement. An Eighth Route scout had attended the meeting and brought the word back late last night. About midnight the cannons began to bark. A good many of the peasants here at Hei Shan took a few belongings and fled to the hills. Tien was anxious to follow them. I told him to go ahead if he wanted to, but that I was going to stay until morning. The Japanese certainly won't attempt to come into the big mountains after dark. If they did come in the morning we have plenty of time to get out of their way. Personally, I had the feeling that they made the announcement to cover up some other move. They certainly wouldn't make their moves known. Nothing happened this morning, and this evening we heard that they had left Li Yang and Ts'ai Ling, probably returning to Ping Ting. It would be great if they would leave Ho Shun, too.

We went on with our investigating today, but the official insisted on sending guards along. We didn't want them but had no way to refuse. While on the way to Wa Fang, Nieh and I had to cross a rather high peak. From the top we could see both Ts'ai Ling and Li Yang. We saw several Japanese trucks moving north. It was probably the Li Yang garrison on its way back to Ping Ting. We have been so busy all day that we didn't take

Figure 2.8: The dog-bite victim that Howard treated.

any time off for lunch and didn't get any supper until ten thirty. The corn flour and millet broth tasted pretty good.

MAR. 19 (Sunday)

More shooting last night. Found out this morning that the guerrillas were out last night. They succeeded in digging up and carrying off over fifty telephone poles. When the Japanese discovered that their wires were cut, they started to make a lot of noise with their big guns. They didn't dare come out of the city at night. We left the north east today and are on our way to the western part of the county.

Lui got scared again. He was about a mile behind the rest of us. A couple of big shells exploded about half a mile from him. It wasn't long before he caught up with the rest of us.

I stopped in to see my patient who had been bitten by the dog. He is much better. It looks like the infection is nearly cleared up. And the swelling has gone down. I repeated the treatment to make sure. Also saw the two little girls. The one with the streptococcus is very low. The other one seems some better. Redressed the latter. Three bowls of barley meal noodles for supper. At the request of the local Christians Tien preached us a sermon after supper. The whole village turned out.

MAR. 20 (Monday)

We have left the east for good. Passed through my old happy hunting ground. All I had to do this time to scare up a wild pig was to shout. But we might have had a pig or two if I had had a gun with me. Nan Ko is our headquarters for this evening. It is eight miles from Ho Shun. We had another look at the city when passing through She Jen Tsung. Nothing seems to be happening today.

Spent the afternoon and evening investigating and distributing. There seem to be more refugees in the western than in the eastern part of the county. Our money is going to run out before we get very far.

Thirteen men came from the northern part of the county today. Their families have run out of food. They heard that we were distributing and have followed us for two days. They say that they have eaten only one meal in two days, and that was what they begged. They also said that there were many more like themselves who were unable to come. We gave them a good meal to start with and then sent them back with enough grain for a month. (All they could carry.)

We hear that the Japanese made a little surprise trip to a village seven miles north of here today. I don't know what the object was, but it won't be long before we find out.

MAR. 21 (Tuesday)

I was rather surprised to find the Ho Shun Post Office way up here in the mountains southwest of the city. And it was more of a surprise to find out they have continued regular service throughout the occupation. They didn't miss a single day. Of course the Post Office is here to serve the county government officials who are hiding in the mountains during the occupation of Ho Shun. This little village of Li Chia Chang is about the smallest place that has ever claimed a post office. There are only five homes in the whole village. Of course, the population has been considerably increased by refugees.

The refugees in the west part of the county must all know that we are here. At least we have been swamped by folks coming from the surrounding mountains to ask us to come help them. Many of them are really in desperate straits, but our money is going to run out before we get very far. We had a meal of steamed bread this morning. Boy, it sure tasted good after what we have been eating.

MAR. 22 (Wednesday)

We had hoped to move on to another village this morning, but when we got up, there were three hundred people waiting outside in the courtyard. We took care of the neediest of these and made plans to leave. We didn't have enough left to meet another group of that size. Money and supplies had run out. Nieh, Tien and Lui started back while Li and I went on north to investigate the situation to the west and north of Ho Shun.

We got as far as the river that flows west from the city when we saw a big commotion in the river bed ahead of us. There were about four hundred people coming our way and I don't know how many more pouring into the dry river bed from the surrounding mountains. Our first thought was that it might be the Japanese advancing, but the field glasses showed them to be peasants. Then we thought that they were fleeing from the advancing Japanese. It wasn't until we met a few that were in front that we found out they were looking for the foreigner who had come to give them food. I explained as politely as possible that we had nothing left, and that we had come to see what their needs were. We would come back later and help

those who were hungry. This didn't satisfy them. They had heard that we had already helped some and couldn't understand that what we had brought along this time had already been used up. The people were not in a rioting mood. They simply pleaded for help. But as the crowd increased, I began to get a bit uneasy. It would only take one or two men to start something serious. People who are hungry will sometimes do something they wouldn't ordinarily do, especially when in a crowd.

I told Li that we had better retreat. We turned around and casually walked away as though nothing was out of the ordinary. We didn't look back until we had gone about a quarter of a mile. They were still following us. Li suggested that we ought to take to the mountains and give them the slip. I was about ready to follow the suggestion when it occurred to me that it was extremely dangerous for so many people to crowd together in the open riverbed only six miles from Ho Shun. If the Japanese would get wind of it, the chances were that they would hurry out in their trucks. Under the circumstances, it would probably mean a general massacre. I decided to go back and talk to them again. They couldn't understand the relief situation, but I thought they could understand the word "danger" when used in connection with the possibility of the Japanese finding them in the river bed.

I asked them to disperse as quickly as possible and get back to their mountain hide-outs. After explaining the danger they were running by being where they were, and promising that we would be back in the near future, a few started back. But most of them remained, still pleading for help. If it had not been for a village official who arrived on the scene just then, we would have been stumped. We explained the situation to him, and while he was talking to the peasants we slipped away.

This evening we can say that we are definitely on the way home. We have decided to follow the road that the Japanese used to enter Liao from the west.

MAR. 23 (Thursday)

We stopped to see the Hsien Chiang (County Magistrate) this morning to talk over future plans for relief in Ho Shun. The biggest problem seems to be that of getting grain into the county. I didn't get much satisfaction from the local officials. They are too busy with other affairs. I will probably have to visit the district governor to get any real help in transportation of grain from places where it is more plentiful. I don't mean to say that the local government is not interested in the refugee problem. They are also giving

considerable help. But they do not have the time or authority to handle the importation of grain.

It is my hope that we can get grain to several central localities near enough to the refugees so that they can take the money that is distributed to them to buy for themselves. It is not practical to carry grain along and distribute it ourselves. We would probably lose all of it to the Japanese. They seem anxious to loot or burn all that they can get their hands on.

I met a very interesting sort of fellow this afternoon and had the privilege of being in his company for about five miles. He is an Eighth Route Army scout, a well educated man, and a Chinese with as high a standard of moral conduct as I have met. He has just completed a thorough scouting trip throughout Ho Shun County. He gave us the details of the latest moves of the Japanese. It seems that they are anxious to get the people to come back to the city. They have offered money and various other things to those who will come back. They have discovered that an empty city is of no use. The peasants of Li Yang took the Japanese at their word and went back. They were given five dollars apiece, some grain, a little bag of salt, some sugar, and candy. Even some of the women came back. But before the week had passed the Japanese had broken their promises. They started coercing the men and raping the women. It wasn't long before Li Yang was practically empty, and now every one is afraid to go back to occupied places. Now the Japanese have taken to going out and capturing the peasants and forcing them to come back.

An example of this latest method is the case of a village five miles west of the City. The Japanese were able to slip out and surround the village before the peasants knew what was up. Some Chinese spies were sent in to tell the people that they were surrounded and that, if they tried to run, they would be shot on sight. The Japanese then slowly closed in on the village. A meeting was held, after which the people had to register. Some were taken along when the Japanese went back [*to Ho Shun*]. The others were told to come the next day and get their military passes. And if they didn't show up, their village would be burnt to the ground and they would be killed. There is nothing for those who are caught this way to do but to go into the City and do as they are told. Fortunately, most of the women, children and young men have left the villages where there is danger of such surprise visits. Only the old men are caught. (I have verified the above report by visiting one of the villages that has received such a visit.) [*The men needed to be in the village to get the spring crop into the ground. Otherwise there would be nothing to eat the following winter.*]

While crossing one of the mountains today I saw what I thought was a

most unusual snow. There was a patch on the southern slope that seemed covered with snow, but there was none anyplace else. When we got there it turned out to be feathers – chicken feathers. The place was actually so covered with them that it looked like snow in the distance. The explanation was given by an old farmer who happened to be resting near by. It was really very simple. The Japanese army had stopped for dinner on the hill side. It seems that they had gathered up all the chickens along the way and had cleaned them here for their lunch. I have never seen so many feathers together in one place, not even when we accidently ripped a feather bed at boarding school.

MAR. 24 (Friday)

Home again [*at Liao Chow*] and dead tired. Had a terrible tooth ache last night. Woke up this morning to find the left side of my face swollen up to about twice its usual size. It has gone down considerably now. Doctor tells me that it is nothing more than a wisdom tooth coming through.

I guess this ends our little expedition into Ho Shun. I have a good idea what guerrilla tactics are now. We certainly had to use them in distributing relief this time.

It is good to be back for a little rest on a spring bed, and a square meal of meat, potatoes and gravy. But I am anxious to get back and finish the job. Those peasants need all the help we can give them.

I hear that Corda Wertz wants to go to Ping Ting on her way to the States. She should hardly make the trip by herself, so we will likely take to the road in a couple of days.

Just figured out how far we have walked on this trip. The last two weeks my legs have carried me one hundred and fifty miles. I'll be able to play football when I get back to college if I keep this up.

[*Here there is a break in the diary while Howard accompanies Corda to Ping Ting.*]

[*Reports Written to Mr. H. Spensor Minnich, Assistant Secretary to the General Mission Board of the Church of the Brethren.*]

Liao Chou, Shanxi
April 6, 1939

Dear Mr. Minnich,

At long last we have been promised dependable mail service with the outside world. Our local post office informs us that they will receive airmail

letters for all foreign countries. They are sent by runner to Sian every week, and from there go by air to Burma or French Indo China to be directed either to Europe or America. And best of all is the promise that they will not get into Japanese hands, so we will be free to write what and as we please. I am not sure how long it will take for letters to reach you but we will give the new service a try at least.

These last four weeks have been extremely busy ones. Among other things, I have had to walk about three hundred and fifty miles. If we had some way of getting around a little faster, we could get a lot more done. These legs of ours can't make much more than thirty miles a day. There is quite a bit of difference in that and the three or four hundred miles one can make in the States. I often wish for the good roads and autos when I am hoofing it over the countryside.

I just returned from Ping Ting Chou yesterday. Corda Wertz was anxious to get on her way home but was afraid to make the trip to Ping Ting alone. It is not a very pleasant journey now that the Japanese have occupied all cities along the way. It makes it necessary for us to leave the motor road fifteen miles north of here and route around them. And we never know when we will meet them on the road. Fortunately, we got through without any mishap, although the donkey travel was rather tiresome for Corda.

While in Ping Ting I had a good visit with the folks there. I was very glad for the opportunity of hearing what Ikenberry had to say about the States. I was hoping that he will be able to get down this way before so very long to see the situation in free China. Things are so different between here and Ping Ting that it is almost like going to a foreign country. One must really see both sides to understand what is really happening.

If you have not already heard about the second occupation, you can get it firsthand from Corda. I did not happen to be here at the time, so didn't experience that part of it. But since returning I have visited several of the worst places to do a little cleaning up after them. They only stayed in Liao two days. It seems that they were scared out by a concentration of Chinese troops to the south. But on the way out, the Japanese left a rather large garrison at Ho Shun. (The city 30 mi. north of Liao.) They have brought considerable misery to the peasants of that county. I spent two weeks (March 11 to 24) doing guerrilla relief among the refugees around the city. I call it guerrilla relief because we have to use guerrilla tactics to distribute. It's give and run before the Japanese and their helpers know where you are and what you are doing. It may not appear to be true neutral relief if one has to do it under cover, but such are the circumstances. When the Japanese occupied the city, the entire population fled to the surrounding mountains.

Few of the local inhabitants have returned, so the Japanese garrison have the city mostly to themselves.

Hiding in the mountains of Ho Shun County, from two to ten miles from the city, are over thirty thousand refugees. They have left their homes in the city and surrounding villages and have crowded into little mountain homes and villages. Many of them, having no other way to find shelter, have moved into caves dug into the mountain sides. I found several villages of sixty odd homes that are harboring four to six hundred refugees. Food and water is a very acute problem with many of them. Due to hail and early frost, the crops last year were very poor. So when they fled from the Japanese, many of them had no food to take along. Others, who had a little, were not able to carry over a few weeks supply. That had run out by this time. A few of the people who are fortunate enough to have good friends or relatives living in the mountains can live off of them until their supply gives out. The others are depending on the relief that the government and other organizations are distributing. But this is decidedly inadequate and poorly distributed. We found numerous cases where these refugees have had to cut their rations to one meal a day, and that meal consists of chaff and maybe a little corn or millet cooked into a chow.

Being away from their homes and land they have no way of helping themselves. And we can't encourage them to go back when we know what will likely happen to them. The government has issued a statement saying that they may return if they wish. (It had been planned not to let them return.) A few went back and accepted the promises of the Japanese along with the rewards that are offered them. They were promised that the soldiers would leave their homes, that any damage to their property would be paid for, that each person would receive five dollars in cash and enough grain to last for a month. And their women folks would not be bothered. If they wanted to work, they would be given a job paying fifty cents a day. Besides this, they would receive little presents from the Japanese people. These presents were little bags of sugar, salt, and candy.

Of these promises the only one that was consistently kept was the giving out of the good will gifts from the Japanese people. The soldiers did not leave the peasants homes, damages were not paid for, and grain and money was only given in a few cases. The men were forced to go out to repair the motor road, serve the soldiers, and act as spies. And within two weeks every woman that had come back had been raped at least once. When the opportunity came, most of these people slipped out to the mountains, and they will be the last ones to return if the Japanese stay.

As a last resort, the Japanese have been going out every couple of days

Figure 2.9: Millet distribution during the spring of 1939. Millet was a staple food in this part of China and the refugees smiled their appreciation when the relief workers were able to bring some into the war devastated areas.

to capture people to populate the city. I haven't talked to any of these captives yet, but the report is that they are being treated with a little more respect. It is taking the Japanese a long time to discover that the way to get the cooperation of the Chinese is to treat them with respect.

During the two weeks that we were working in that area we distributed twenty five hundred dollars in grain and cash. I wish that most of it could have been given out in grain, but the situation makes it impossible. It is impossible to get the grain carried from place to place. And even if we could get it to the place of distribution, there would be danger of losing it before it could be distributed. The government had all manner of trouble when it tried to distribute a little grain. The Japanese tried several times to get their supplies. Our relief is not for the Japanese army, so we had to do the next best thing and give out cash. This can be done much more rapidly and with a greater degree of safety. Being able to carry cash with us we were quite mobile. We never stayed in one place more than a day, nor slept in the same village more than two nights. We were also very careful not to let anyone know where we were going. While on the way to Ping Ting last week I talked to an old man who had been in Ho Shun while we were distributing.

He said that the Japanese had Chinese spies out trying to get whatever we were distributing and to stop our work. There is no way to verify this, but it is quite possible. At least we cannot afford to take any chances.

Distributing relief in Ho Shun this time was about the hardest job I have ever tackled. But it seems that the more difficult the task, the more satisfaction you get out of it. The Chinese do not lack in their ability to

express their appreciation. And that is all the encouragement and reward that one could ask for. At least I'm anxious to get back as soon as possible.

I'm glad to report that our relief work in the three southern counties is progressing wonderfully well. We have gotten back our first batch of cloth. Generally speaking, the work was of a good quality. And the women in this territory all seem anxious to continue. If we could get more cotton and had a way of supervising more work, it would be possible to put several thousand women to work. The demand for cloth is equal to all we could possibly produce. It had been our plan to sell the cloth that came back to us and to use the money to buy more cotton. But since the occupation of Ho Shun, we have decided to send some of it up there. Under the circumstances, there is little or no cloth available for the refugees. Thus we can kill two birds with one stone — work for some and clothing for others.

In your letter of December 21, you ask for an estimate of our needs for the coming year. Ping Ting is sending one for their field and requested that we do the same from here, but I hardly know what to say. Our work here depends almost entirely on the course of military affairs. We do not know from one week to the next how our work will be affected. Now that the Japanese have occupied the city only thirty miles north of here, it is even less certain than it was a few months ago. If they occupy Liao Chou, and we think that is their aim, our work from this city will be temporarily ENDED. By work I mean both Mission and relief. In the first place, there will be no one in the city but the Japanese soldiers, their women, and a few Chinese side-kicks. And in the second place, we would be unable to commune with the peasants for at least several months. And even then there would be considerable danger in doing any kind of work. For my part I have decided not to be here if the Japanese occupy our city. My work will be with the peasants, who under the circumstances, will be hiding in the mountains. I will go with them. I have already established an emergency relief headquarters in the big mountains to the east. Provisions and a few other necessities have been hidden in the vicinity, so that there will be food and clothing if I happen to be isolated from the city while working in the field. If I happen to be home when they come, I can easily take a few things along. My experience in Ho Shun has convinced me that the work can be carried on for awhile from this hideout. These plans have been carefully thought over with most of the mission family, and it seems to be the advisable course to follow. The one problem will be getting funds to carry on the work. Of course, I will carry some with me, but when that is gone other plans will have to be made. We are ready for the worst but I hope that it never comes.

Figure 2.10: (Top Left) A refugee family with raw cotton to turn into cloth. (Top Right) Spinning cotton into thread. (Bottom Left) Setting up the warp threads for weaving cloth. (Bottom Right) Results of the cotton relief project. By producing this cloth from raw cotton the women made needed money. Note the bound feet of these women.

If the Japanese come, the relief work that can be done in the mountains will be limited. But if they leave us alone, our work will gradually enlarge. Up to this time it has gone rather slow as our plans and organization have not been complete. Even giving goes slow if one is careful to whom and how he gives. At present, our distribution amounts to about four thousand dollars Mex. a month. During the spring and early summer, it will likely increase to six thousand, or about one thousand dollars U.S. currency. During the summer months, when the people can begin to get a little from their land, our relief will decrease. But if the war continues through next winter, I expect the need to be worse than it has been this last year. If we remain in our own territory six to eight thousand Mex. will be sufficient. But it is my hope that we can arrange to get into some of the neighboring counties that are suffering as much or more than ours. I am thinking particularly of the counties to the southwest along the railway that runs down to the Yellow River. There has been heavy fighting there for months, and the peasants have suffered terribly. If we can get to these places and can distribute relief, we can easily use a total of around ten thousand Mex. during the fall and winter months.

As to war news, the fighting in Shanxi has intensified. The Japanese still have their eyes on Sian. But it is not safe for them to put too many troops that far west when the mountains behind them are full of guerrillas. There is an intensive campaign under way now to mop up the Shanxi guerrillas. Their recent visit to Liao and the occupation of Ho Shun was a part of this campaign. They were able to come in, but they got fewer guerrillas than they lost soldiers. After leaving here they went north towards Wu Tai. During the last month the guerrillas have driven them back twice, and both times they suffered heavy losses in men and equipment. They [*the Chinese*] told us in Ping Ting that less than half of the soldiers that went from there returned. At present, the Japanese have an army of thirty thousand advancing in that direction again. In southwest Shanxi the guerrillas have stalemated an army of a hundred thousand Japanese. The recent use of poison gas in that area shows how desperate the Japanese are.

The guerrillas in Shanxi have recently achieved united command under [*Communist General*] Chu Teh. We can already see the difference it is making. There is now a definite plan behind their activities. During the last week there has been a reorganization and shifting of troops. Better equipment is also gradually replacing the old worn out stuff that they have been fighting with. From observations that I have made, I would estimate that the strength of the Chinese in this area has more than doubled in the few months that I have been here. I wish that Japan would see her error

before it is too late. There will probably be relief to do in Japan in a few years.

Japanese planes have bombed every city south of us during the last two weeks. Some of them have been bombed several times. Liao Chou is the one remaining city, but we are expecting them any time. The city is vacated every day. About eight o'clock in the morning we see the folks leaving. They begin coming back a little after noon. (The Japanese usually do their bombing in the morning.) I don't know how safe our mission property is. There have been four American mission stations bombed recently. The Wampler family are all down in Chen Chou for a few weeks. They are planning to have Easter meetings; I follow them in a day or two to help with our distribution in that area. From there, I plan to return to Ho Shun. If every thing goes well, I shall spend the month of May doing more Guerrilla Relief. [*The Wampler home was destroyed by Japanese bombing in February, 1938. After living in outlying villages during the Spring of 1938, they had moved to Liao Chou. They then returned to Chen Chou for Easter, 1939.*]

My father has just returned from east Wu Hsiang. He was holding a series of meetings there and distributing grain in that area that was burned out. He says that both the meetings and the relief went better than expected. The people are very open now.

It is a good thing that the work keeps me busy, or I fear that I would get lonesome. I wish that it were possible for another young fellow to come out and work with me this coming fall and winter. If they would stay in Free China, and not visit occupied territory too often there wouldn't be much trouble. The biggest problem would be getting through the first time. Some folks are coming in through French Indo-China, so that they do not have to go through occupied territory.

I hope that this letter gets through in good time. If the air-mail service is satisfactory we can send you information concerning our work regularly.

Please remember me to the folks there in Elgin - and elsewhere if you get the chance,

Very sincerely yours,
Howard E. Sollenberger

[*In pencil on the back of April 6 letter to Mr. Minnich.*]

Chen Chow
April 13

Pardon me for writing on the back of this letter, but I have had some experiences on the way down from Liao that I should like to pass on. I

Figure 2.11: Over 100 tons of grain were burned by the Japanese in Shih Pan during the Spring of 1939. Rev. E. M. Wampler views the remains.

mentioned the bombing earlier. Well, I got into it at Yu She. We (Li Chen Chow and I) were not far from the city when fourteen big bombers roared over and laid their big eggs. That was the sixth time the city has been bombed in a week. [*The Chinese term for bomb is "airplane egg".*]

That evening I went into the city to look around. The place is utterly devastated. It was burned and bombed before, but with this on top of it there is not much left. The buildings have fallen over into the streets, debris and wreckage are everywhere. And these were once homes and stores. Fortunately the only thing that was killed was a pig. The inhabitants flee to the mountains during the day. And many of them have moved. The next day I sat on a hill myself. We waited all day, but they didn't come our way. We could hear bombing all around and see the planes. I am afraid that they went to Liao Chow that morning.

Yesterday we started south west from Yu She. The city was bombed again soon after we left. I can't understand their motives. There are no soldiers within ten miles of the place. Yung Tsuoa [*?*] (30 li from Yu She) we stopped at the village elder's office to get a dung [*stamp on their pass*]. While we were there he got a call saying that the Japanese had succeeded in breaking through a pass to the North West of Yu She and were circling around back of the Chinese troops who have held the Japanese forces at Tze Hung Ko for several weeks. We could easily hear the cannon boom. They kept up a steady —

Aeroplains are coming, I must run —

(twenty minutes later)

Thank goodness they flew over this time.

— roar all day. The donkey driver who was with us got scared – dumped our things off and ran with the donkey. It took us an hour to find two men to carry our bedding. It seemed wise to get out in a hurry before the Japanese could cut us off from Liao. We didn't go with them because I thought I should go to Chen Chow to see if I could help the Wampler family get home. It will be hard for them if they get stranded here with their two little boys.

We had planned to go to Chen Chow last night, but the bicycles wouldn't go that far over the mountains. It was dark by the time we had gotten to Wu Hsiang and Duian Tsung. There was no one at either of the places but a few police. All the homes, inns, and stores were locked. The people

were staying in the mountains. Both of these places had also been severely bombed.

We were stuck with no food, water, or shelter. Didn't even have any bedding along. We were both tired enough to curl up and sleep on a cold Kong that we found in a partly demolished home. At ten o'clock we were awakened by marching troops. They kept moving through all night. The officer came in and talked to us awhile. They were government troops from central China. He didn't tell us where they were headed.

We got up at four o'clock this morning: cold and stiff. Nor were our stomachs satisfied by the night's freezing. Fortunately, we found an old man selling dry biscuits outside the city. We ate a few and came on to Chen Chow.

There were hundreds of refugees strung along the road. They are fleeing to the mountains while the fleeing is good. It's a pathetic sight — old women hobbling along on bound feet — men carrying a few belongings, and maybe a baby in baskets hung from the end of a pole. They can't carry much — maybe a little bedding, several catties of flour, a peck or so of millet, and a pot to cook in. That is all they have to live on for they don't know how long.

I've hit a nail, as the Chinese say. I don't know how to help them now. Transportation is paralyzed. You can't buy anything even if you do have money. There is an atmosphere of helplessness and panic everywhere.

I had come down to distribute relief. And if there is any time or place that it is needed, it is here. But I must hurry back to Liao as soon as I can contact Wamplers with the job undone. I wish you could give me some light on how to meet a situation like this. Our hands seem tied.

Later —

I am at the Chen Chow post office now. There was another air raid just after we left the city. Only two planes this time. The post man tells me that the Wamplers are in a village not far from here.

Pardon the hurried scratching — Howard.

Liao Chou, Shanxi
May 20, 1939

Dear Mr. Minnich,

We are holding a series of meetings over the weekend, so I am back in Liao to participate and get a little relaxation. Crumpacker is down from Ping Ting as the guest speaker. About a hundred are being baptized this

afternoon. In a way it is remarkable that we are able to carry on this series of meetings in so orderly a way when the Japanese army is less than thirty miles away.

In my last letter I scribbled a few lines in pencil on the back of the typewritten pages. I hadn't found the Wamplers yet, but I ran into them that evening after trailing them most of the day. They had received news of the Japanese advances but were not sure just where [*the Japanese*] were. The information that I brought about their moving in on Shih Pan and Ku Cheng settled the matter. We decided to start back to Liao early the next morning. The way it looked at the time we couldn't have gotten through had we been a day later. They were expecting the Japanese to move directly on Wu Hsiang city, which would have blocked our way. As it happened they only got as far as Ku Cheng.

From Chen Chou to Wu Hsiang city the Wamplers had two carts. But as carts cannot go beyond the city of Wu Hsiang it was necessary to change the method of transportation. Fortunately, I had a bicycle along and was able to go ahead and make necessary arrangements and to see if the road was open. It was impossible to hire animals. I hunted for two hours and finally had to go to the magistrate to see if he could commandeer a couple. But they had already turned all of the animals over to the army that was moving a vast store of ammunition out of the danger zone. After waiting around for half an hour they brought in a fellow that had three donkeys. But what donkeys! One was lame and the other two should have been put on pension. Wampler had said that five was the least number of donkeys that I should hire, but the rest just weren't to be had. The next move was to get ahold of a few men who could carry a few things. These were somewhat easier to get.

During the afternoon Mrs. Wampler and the two boys had a rather difficult time on the makeshift means of transportation. But they were not the only ones. During that afternoon we met hundreds and hundreds of farmers and their donkeys carrying ammunition. They were loaded down to the limit. I saw a number of men who were carrying pretty close to a hundred and fifty pounds of the stuff. I tried carrying one of the loads a little way just to see how heavy it was. I was tired out after going a hundred yards. It was a hot day and there was no place along the road to get food and water. All the inns had closed. That evening after helping the Wamplers get settled, I got the village elder and several other men and we fixed up several big kettles of millet broth. We had these down by the road all night and served several hundred people. Most of them were men carrying ammunition, but there were also quite a few refugees who were fleeing as we were out of the

danger zone. I was up part of the night directing the work and then turned it over to the village men.

The next day at noon we had to change animals again. I had a little more luck this time. I ran across a fellow that I had known about six years ago. He had a friend who knew someone in his village that had five good donkeys hidden in the hills not far away. The owner of the donkeys was afraid the soldiers would commandeer his animals for hauling ammunition, so he had hid them in the hills. We told him that if he would bring his animals out and take us back to Liao, the soldiers wouldn't bother him. It took him nearly an hour and a half to get them out of hiding, but they finally came. From there on into Liao everything went smoothly. But when we got here we found our own city nearly empty. Most of the folks had been scared out by false reports of some kind.

Since then Wampler and I have made a trip to the Ku Cheng, Shih Pan area. That is the region in the western part of Wu Hsiang county. We got there in less than a week after the Japanese had left. Most of the local people had not returned to their homes, so we saw things pretty much as they had been left. The situation in Shih Pan was pathetic, but at the same time, a little humorous. (That word should probably not be used in this case, but a few of the folks would almost have to laugh when they told us about it.) Aeroplanes came over the village one morning and started to bomb. Of course all of the people had gone into the nearby hills for the day. They had heard nothing about the Japanese coming their way. In fact they had felt rather secure in their out-of-the-way village. But when they came back that evening they saw that it was filled with Japanese soldiers. Of course the peasants didn't dare go in, so they went back to the mountains to wait for the uninvited guests to leave. The pathetic side of it was that when the Japanese left and the people came back, they found that they had practically nothing left. A third of the homes were burned. And in the places where the homes weren't burned, nearly all of the clothing, bedding, food and utensils had either been carried off or destroyed.

Over in Ku Cheng there was quite a bit more burning, and the bombs that had been dropped just before the invasion did considerable damage. But I doubt if the loss of other things was as great. The property that the Church was using there was left in complete ruin. It was burned clean, as the Chinese say.

The name Ku Cheng is rather interesting in connection with what has happened to the city this time. It means "Ancient City". On the site of the present city there used to be a much larger one. It was destroyed something over a thousand years ago; probably in the period of the Three Kingdoms.

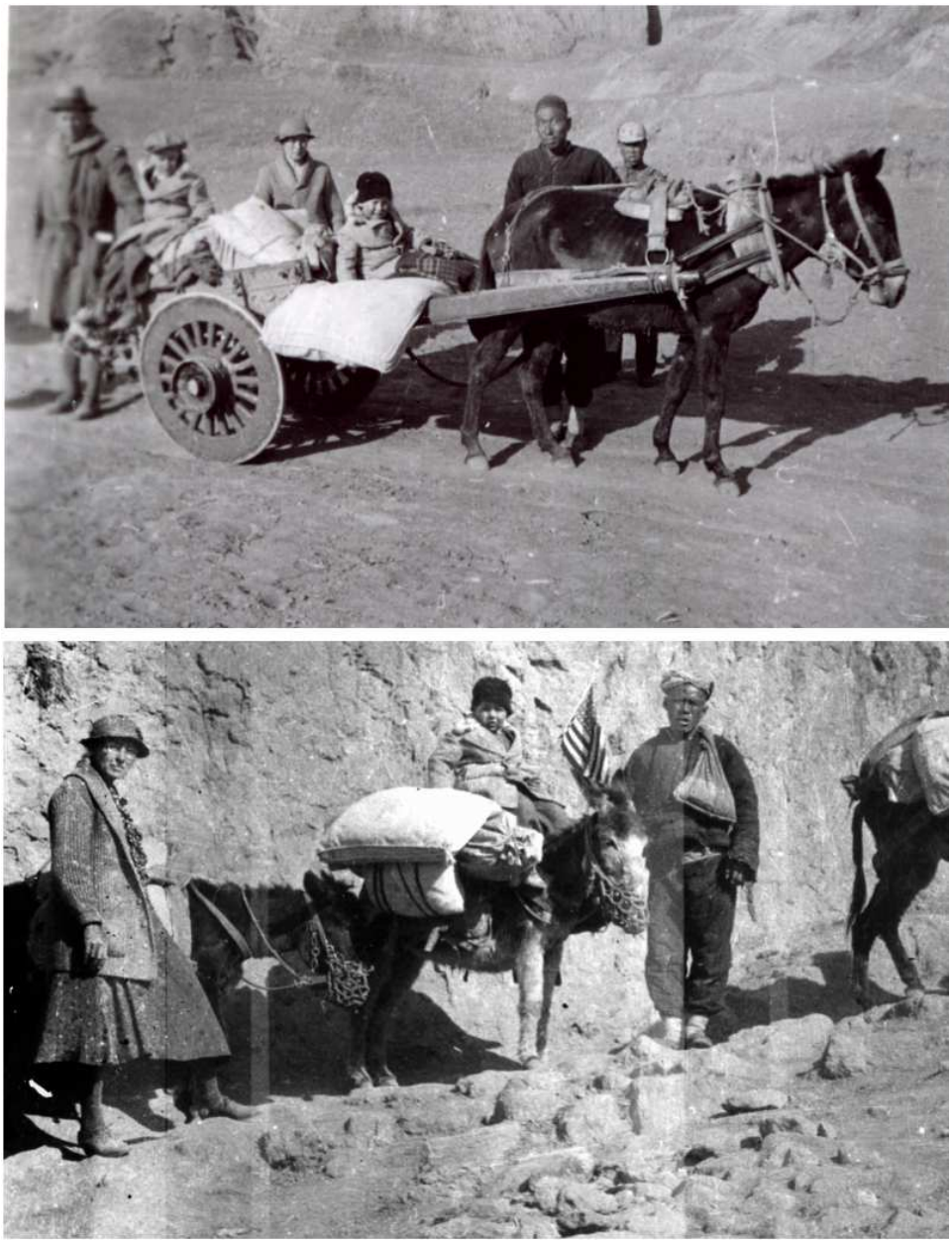

Figure 2.12: (Top) From Chinchow to Wu Hsiang carts were available. Here the Wampler parents are standing behind the cart while Joe (left) and Gene (right) are seated on it. (Bottom) Elizabeth Wampler and son Gene treking on donkeys from Wu Hsiang to Liao. While Brethren missionary travel during the war was often accompanied by an American flag, Howard's guerrilla group seldom used a flag.

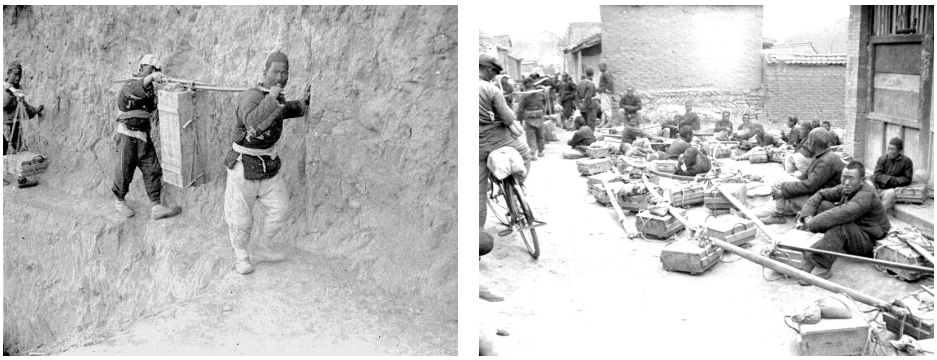

Figure 2.13: (Left) Rest stop for peasants moving munitions away from Japanese advance. These men could carry 100 to 150 pounds up to 30 miles a day. (Right) Transporting French high explosives around cut in road.

Nobody seems to know exactly how the city came to its end. The records seem to have been lost. But it is presumed that it was burned by an enemy. All that is left of the ancient city are parts of the two walls that used to protect it. Now there are the ruins of a second city on the same spot. An old fellow told me in a rather joking way that when the city was rebuilt again they would have to call it "Ku Ku Cheng", or "Twice Ancient City".

We made a rather thorough investigation of this region and have already distributed considerably. Part of the distribution was outright help to the people to get clothing and food. The rest was in the form of our cloth weaving work project. There are several hundred families that we have listed for this work relief if we can get enough cotton for them. We also looked into the possibility of starting a work project for some of the refugees that have had to leave their homes in danger spots. We are thinking some of building a small scale irrigation dam near Ku Cheng. I don't know whether it will be possible or not.

After leaving Ku Cheng I went on down to Chen Chou to get the local committee to work. When they got well started I met some of my workers near Wu Hsiang and helped them finish up our second investigation of that region.

Near Wu Hsieng I met an extremely interesting old man. He had been a scholar and teacher of several decades past. But through misfortune of war he had lost nearly everything. While investigating in a small village I met up with this old man in a little cave. His home had been burned. He was sitting on a baked mud bed reading the classics. During the distribution he

Figure 2.14: The distruction at Ku Cheng. (Left) The Christians at Ku Cheng set up food stalls for fleeing refugees. (Right) The burned-out church at Ku Cheng.

had received enough millet to last a month. But after we had explained the why and wherefore of the relief he came up to ask several questions. He said that he was a little hard of hearing and didn't get what we had said. First he wanted to know why he had received the millet. He had done nothing for it and it didn't seem quite right to take something for nothing. Then he wanted to know where it had come from. We told him that his American church friends had sent contributions from America so that we could help people who had suffered from the war.

"How can I thank them? How can I thank you?" I told him that we didn't need his thanks, but that he should thank heaven. He replied, "But I will at least remember that I am a guest of my American friends when I eat this millet. America has a good heart." He went on to say that he had used up all but about a handful of millet for his breakfast. When that was gone he would have had to beg or starve if we had not come. He thanked us again and again and wanted me to write to the American friends and thank them. I promised that I would the next time I sent a letter.

Some time ago I wrote a letter to Ed Keller who was my roommate in Manchester. I invited him to come out to China to visit me when he graduated. I got a letter in the last mail in which he seemed to be considering my invitation rather favorably. He was waiting to see if he got a scholarship to Chicago U.. I invited him because I feel the need of some younger companionship, and because I think that it would be a valuable experience for

him. He doesn't have the language, so I knew that the Mission Board would hardly consider sending him out. But I hope that if he needs any help in getting his passport etc. that you will be able to help him. If he decides to come I will put him to work in this area with me. I have two Chinese helpers who speak a little English, so I feel sure that he will get along alright. Then we will be able to go home together next year. I am hoping that I will be able to visit West China to observe the building of the "New Free China". You may read the letter which I have enclosed to Culp in regard to this.

There is a word that is on the lips of nearly everyone these few days; a word that strikes as much terror in the minds of the peasants as the advance of the Japanese. "FAMINE" We are afraid of famine this year. It is the twentieth day of May and there has been *no* rain. Hot, dry winds continue to blow from the west. Rivers and wells are beginning to dry up. I have been several places within the last week where drinking water is actually scarce. In counties south of us they report almost complete failure. A man came up from Wu Hsiang day before yesterday to take his boy out of school. He said that he couldn't keep his boy in school since his wheat crop is ruined. He also said that in some places the tree leaves are drying up. Liao County will be able to pull through if we have rain this next week. That is, they will be able to get a bean crop and some millet. You can realize the seriousness of this situation when you recall that the Japanese have been through this region destroying or carrying off all the grain reserve that they could get their hands on. What the Japanese didn't get has been eaten up by the large Chinese army that this region is feeding. A partial crop failure, which seems certain now, will be bad enough. But, if it comes in its full force, we will be helpless. The Japanese have control of the railways, so nothing can be brought in from the outside.

Will you please send this on to my mother when you have used what you want of it.

Most Sincerely Yours,
[*signed*] Howard Sollenberger

Chapter 3

3rd Guerrilla Relief Expedition, 1939

JUNE 30, 1939 (Friday)

Started today on my third guerrilla relief expedition into Ho Shun County. It has been delightfully cool with rain plus the high altitude. Nieh and Lui had a tough time on the big "Eastern Range". The pass is about 7,000 feet. The poor little donkeys stumbled along about as badly as we did and they are suppose to be sure footed. I got far enough ahead of the party to make a little side investigation trip to the pagoda (ruins of a pagoda) on the peak. I had seen the thing and heard about it for years, as it was in full view from the front porch of our Liao home. But I had never been up to it. The story is that from the top of the pagoda, before it was destroyed, the people in Liao county could see the big white Yamen in Wu-an, across the border in Hopei province. The people in Hopei were humiliated by this and sent an expedition up to destroy the pagoda. Not much there now but a pile of disintegrating rocks and bricks.

Discovered a delightful little spot on the eastern face of the mountain just below the pagoda. It is a little temple built into the cliff. There is only one way to get to the temple and that is by following around a ledge on the cliff for several hundred yards. It would be a swell place for one of my emergency headquarters. There is even a cool spring of water in the temple. The Japs would never find this place. And if they did, they would be afraid to follow the ledge.

I have lost my field glasses today. I probably put them down at one of the numerous springs where we stopped to drink. Can't remember where.

Figure 3.1: The mountain cave temple hidaway where Howard stored material for emergencies. (Left) Outside view of the entrance. (Right) Inside view. See also August 8 Figure 3.12

I have advised the Chu Chiang [*district administrator*] and several Tsung Chiang [*village elders*] to keep their eyes open.

We made about twenty miles today. Sleeping in an inn. It has been raining hard all evening. It looks like we have hit the rainy season.

Aeroplanes passed over four times today. Liao was probably bombed, but it is not confirmed yet. One thing certain is that the Japanese are getting active again.

July 1 (Saturday)

No report from the lost field glasses. They are probably lost for good. Tough luck for me. I don't carry a gun, but I rely on my field glasses a good deal to keep away from the Japanese and trouble.

We stopped at a little village just across the county line in Ho Shun. The county magistrate had informed all the village elders to keep a lookout for us and to offer us every hospitality. Among other things, we were to be kept there until an official welcome committee came to escort us through the county and to help us with our investigation. We forestalled that but

could not get out of a reception meeting with all the village organizations. There was also a feast. I wish that I knew some polite way of avoiding these receptions (*Huan Ying Hui*) [*Welcome Party*]. I feel bad having them put on a spread for me when they haven't enough food for themselves. It started to rain this evening before the ceremony was over, so we are staying for the night. Very nice quarters – whitewashed and screened in. These places are learning something from the Guerrillas. [*Here Howard capitalized the word "Guerrillas", so I think that he was referring to the Eighth Route Army, rather than to his guerrilla relief group.*]

Only fifteen miles today. The Japanese have not been through this territory so the people are pretty well off. Of course the Guerrillas demand a good deal and the refugee population is considerable. Our work is still further north.

July 2 (Sunday)

Rumors are flying fast today. We are near enough to Ho Shun to get the scouting reports. I talked to one of the scouts who had been in the city last evening to attend a big Japanese propaganda meeting. The garrison there has been increased to several thousand. A drive on Liao is almost certain. The thing that worries me a bit is the fact that the meeting was almost entirely an anti U.S., Britain, Russian and French rally. The only reason that I can figure out for such a meeting at Ho Shun just now is that they are trying to incite the Chinese against the missionaries in Liao. I have written to them this evening suggesting the possibility of this.

I can't quite decide whether I should return to Liao or take a chance on finishing the purpose of this trip. I am not one for turning back, so I will probably stick to it unless there is a turn for the worse. I will get myself into trouble yet for being so stubborn.

More rain today. Only got five miles. Stuck in a little village by rain about 10:00 A.M. In half an hour there were folks enquiring about So Tei Fu (Dr. Sollenberger). Guess I really made a reputation for myself on those other two trips. Have quite a practice now, thirty two patients today. There were three maternity cases which I had to pass up.

July 3 (Monday)

In Sung Yea Chen this evening. We are only forty li from Ho Shun City. This place is the headquarters of the Second Route Guerrilla Army. This is where my work begins. Plenty of refugees in these parts.

Figure 3.2: The Chinese military relied on the reports of farmers to track the movements and intentions of the Japanese army.

Figure 3.3: The group that gave Howard an elaborate reception at Sung Yea Chen.

The reception here has reached the limit. Something must be done. I was met at the south of the village by all the school children. There must have been a hundred and fifty or more. They carried banners and slogans such as, "Welcome to our foreign friend." "America is our friend in time of need." "The hope of our refugees is relief from America." "Honor our friend who comes to help us." These school children were lined up along the road singing lustily when we came along. Then when I stopped they shouted their slogans with fists in the air. There was twenty minutes of such program before I could move on toward the village. The entire garrison was there to meet me with more slogans and songs. This time I was called upon to make a speech.

It was quite obvious that they were surprised and not a little disappointed to see me come in without pretense. They had expected me to come on horseback and with an armed escort like a general of the Nationalist Army. And here I was trudging along beside my donkey without even

a personal pistol at my side for protection. I made use of this situation to explain what I was trying to do. The peasants and guerrillas understood rather easily, but the soldiers of the Second Route Army couldn't quite get the point. General Hsi had even gone so far as to put a guard of honor in front of the home where I'm staying. It is rather embarrassing to have these guards come to attention and salute whenever I come or go. The first one to see me shouts "Attention", and when I come abreast of them he shouts "Salute". I didn't care to return the salute but I couldn't ignore them. [*As a member of a pacifistic denomination, Howard had been taught to avoid military display.*] I remember how I felt when I had to bow to the Japanese guard and they ignored me. I compromised my conscience and recognized them with a half salute and a half wave. I also went out of my way to fraternize with them and try to persuade them that I didn't want to have a guard. But they had their orders.

Another part of the reception was colorful posters of welcome plastered all over the village. There is also a big sign out in front of my quarters that reads, " Headquarters of Mr. Sollenberger, American Relief Administrator". I can see where all this fanfare can have its complications. I wish that I had never written to the County Magistrate telling him that I was coming to his county to investigate the refugee situation. If the Japanese spies are around they will wonder what manner of man this is out in the mountains less than fifteen miles from them. I wouldn't be surprised but what it wouldn't sound a bit defiant to them. My problem is how to avoid such circumstances.

Another problem that I am facing again is that hundreds of refugees are coming here to beg help from me. Some of them have come sixty miles and have been waiting several days. It is most difficult to tell them to return and wait until I come to them. But that is the only way to prevent riots, to prevent concentrations of people that can easily be bombed and machine gunned by Japanese planes, and to have any sort of organization in our work.

Twenty some patients today. Exhausted!

July 4 (Tuesday)

The end is not yet, but it was nearly so this afternoon. My headquarters was bombed – the room I was staying in, in fact. Fortunately I was about three miles away from home investigating some refugees in the mountains to the north. Looks like I'm being forced to live up to my regulation of never staying in a village for more than one night when this close to the Japanese. Of course there is no way of knowing if the bombing was directed at me or

Figure 3.4: The guards posted at Howard's room in Sung Yea Chen near the headquarters of the Second Route Army (Nationalist).

not. The local commander thinks that it is just incidental to the opening of a Japanese attack.

I have moved out to a little roadside inn half a mile from the village. There were two people wounded in the raid this afternoon. I have them with me. A little fellow about fifteen got a hunk of his arm taken out. It wasn't too difficult fixing that up. A woman about forty was the other victim. She had a bad chest wound. I have made arrangements with her husband to have her carried to the Liao Chow hospital tomorrow. It may not be of much use. [*She probably didn't make it. Liao Chow fell to the Japanese on July 4.*]

The local situation is quite tense this evening. There are rumors that the Japanese have left Ho Shun and that there is heavy fighting towards Liao Chow. There has been the sound of distant rumble of cannon all day. The local folks are, of course afraid that the Japanese are planning to attack Sun Yea Cheng tonight. I doubt it, but am nonetheless prepared to move on at a moment's notice.

July 5 (Wednesday, Wang Jeh)

It is rumored that Liao Chow has been taken by the Japanese. I hardly see how that is possible so soon. Of course we are able to get no news in this backwoods place.

I am also told that Sung Yea was heavily bombed today. Twice we saw bombers flying over in that direction. Maybe the Japanese are planning to drive out this way. I can think of a lot more pleasant things than being cut off up here in Ho Shun.

Refugees are thick up here at Wang Jeh. This evening others are coming in from close to Ho Shun city. According to their stories the Japanese are right on their heels. We are having all the refugees register here. My two men and I have been working on that all evening. The local organization here is very good. The Tsung Fu (village elders) are keeping their people together and have complete records on most of them. It might save us considerable difficulty to work through the Ho Shun Hsien Chiang Fu (County Magistrate). Once we get a fairly accurate survey completed, we can determine from that how best to help these folks. It is looking more and more as though this is not going to be a very temporary situation. Some sort of long term self-help program must be worked out. Work cooperatives are the thing that strikes me just now as the most practical.

July 6 (Thursday, Ch'en Cheng)

Figure 3.5: General Wang of the Second Route Army. He had three large abscesses which Howard lanced and drained. Human excrement lies not far from the general's left foot. Such things were quite common in those days — still are in the villages. Howard comments on them in his journal (May 21, 1940). Sanitation would have been a problem in the remote villages where the Chinese armies and refugees were straining the local facilities.

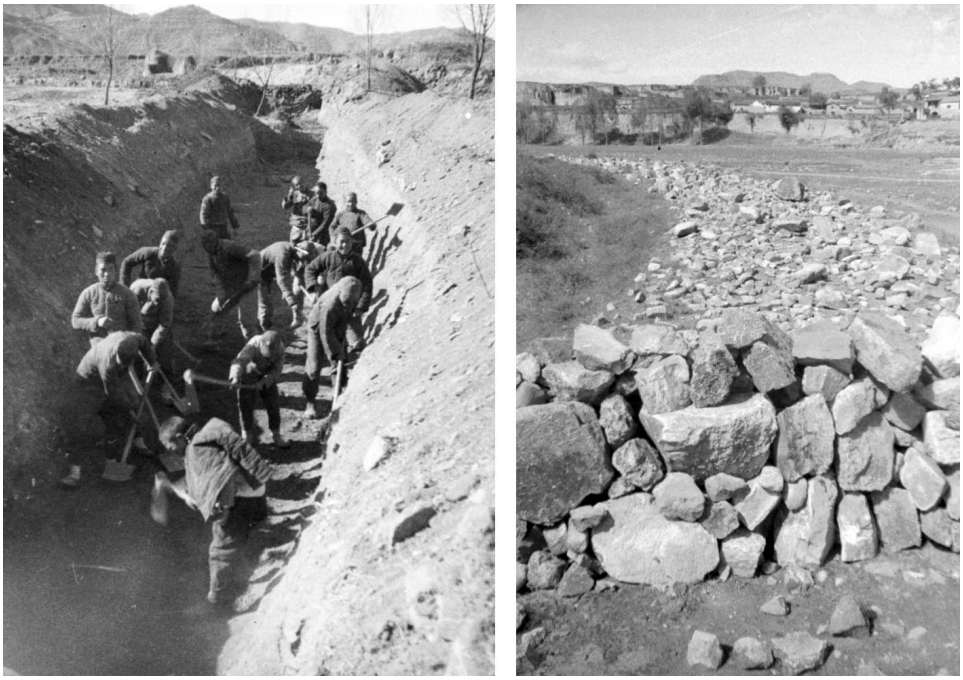

Figure 3.6: (Left) Chinese peasants, under military direction, dig a deep ditch across a river flood plain to stop Japanese mechanized transport. (Right) A road blocked by stone walls and strewn stones.

Because of the continued rumors about Liao, I went to the local Eighth Route Army (the principal communist guerrilla army in north China) telephone office to find out what was actually happening. It was a five mile round trip hike, but I have sad news. Liao Chow fell to the Japanese day before yesterday – July fourth. It looks like I am a refugee, too. I will see what sort of relief I can rig for myself.

Hundreds of refugees are here, too. It took the whole afternoon and evening for a staff of seven to register them. We almost had a riot on our hands when about a hundred and seventy refugees who heard that we were to be here came over from Hei Shan (Black Mountain) to get something to eat. We set up a kitchen to feed them and sent them back to where they had come from. I promised to investigate and register them tomorrow. They are in a pretty bad place. I remember the difficulty I had there on my first Guerrilla Relief expedition. It is too close to the Japanese, and the refugees won't move further away to where we can help them better. They are very optimistic, thinking that the Japanese will soon be chased out of Ho Shun.

July 7 (Friday, Hei Shan)

The seventh day of the seventh month. To the Chinese the "Double Seventh" marks the beginning of the Sino-Japanese war. Two years the Chinese have been at war. The question on everybodies mind today is, "How much longer will the War last?" I don't see how this part of the country can stand much more. It is remarkable what people can endure. There was to be a big meeting for the refugees back of the village this afternoon. The county Magistrate is here. Of course, I was unable to get out of the program. I took the opportunity to explain to the 2000 odd refugees what we were attempting to do for them. I had just finished my speech and the magistrate was on the platform when three Japanese scouting planes appeared over the horizon. I never saw a crowd scatter so fast. I was with them. The planes chased around a bit splattering the fields and villages with machine gun bullets. Not a single injury. Quite remarkable under the circumstances.

Because of the bombing our investigation and registration was moved to a little village a mile up the valley. Some of these folks have nothing at all. As it is now evident that I will have to hurry back to Liao to see what the situation around there is after the occupation, we decided to help some of the refugees while we are here. It is impossible to know when or if we will be able to get back. We left about eight hundred dollars here for food for those who are most needy. Money with which food can be purchased and brought in from outside the area. The amount of money seems small, but

Figure 3.7: (Top) Eighth Route Army recruits instruction. (Bottom) A hand grenade squad. Their job was to run up to a Japanese defensive line trench and lob their hand grenades into the Japanese trenches.

in China it amounts to a considerable sum in terms of food grain.

[*"BETWEEN TWO FIRES"; Letters from Howard's father, O.C. Sollenberger, to Howard*]

Dear Howard, Liao Chew, July 24 1939

I have just heard that you are now at the mountains taking a vacation where I was recently. We have been thinking of you and all our friends out there very much these days and do hope you are all well and safe.

Our Fourth of July celebration passed off rather peacefully. I was not at home but heard some of the noise, and likely you did, too. The Triumphal Entry, just a week later, took place with our American flags still up at our gates, which is an evidence of our patriotism.

Our new neighbors [*Japanese forces*] came to visit soon after their arrival, and we have been in the city a couple of times to see them. We have not had any trouble in our compounds thus far. In fact they have promised to protect us. They are quite anxious for the Chinese people to return to their homes and are using every scheme they can think of to win their confidence and attract them back. They even told us if we or any of the Chinese are in need of food, salt, cloth, etc., just make our wishes known, and they will supply whatever is needed.

Quite a number of people in the nearby villages have returned to their homes and received their passes, or "Liang Min Chens" as they are known in Chinese. However, I don't think many, if any, of the city people have returned. Since some of their homes are already occupied and others minus doors, windows, furniture, etc., I doubt if many will return to live in their homes very soon. I asked one of the officials, "Where will they live if they do return?" and he said, "O, we will move out or pay rent when they come." Can you imagine them doing such a thing? When one of our Chinese Christians, whose home is at the fire temple, returned from the mountains the other day and went to get a pass, they told him if folks whose homes are occupied did not return within three days after the Triumphal Entry, their homes would not be vacated. Unfortunately, his home had been occupied for more than three days.

A few of the people have gotten passes so they can go out to look after their village crops, etc. Our cooks each have them in order to go out to the nearby villages and vegetable gardens to buy eggs, vegetables, etc. for our personal use. We first went into the city to ask the official if our Church Pass would not be sufficient for the Chinese in our compound, but he said

Figure 3.8: A view of a Japanese notice saying that the Chinese had to carry Japanese military passes in occupied territory. (Left) Front side. (Right) Back side.

every Chinese, Christian or non-Christian, coming into the city, working in the fields or traveling about in territory now occupied will be in danger unless they have Liang Min Chens. We told him it would be dangerous for a person to carry such a pass out from the city very far, and he admitted that there might be danger but insisted that no Chinese traveling or working in occupied territory should be without a Liang Min Chen. We foreigners, he said, of course do not need anything.

Just today Ernest [*Wampler*] and I started out to the vegetable garden west of the city with Lao Ho [*the Wampler cook*], but when we got to the Sa-He we learned that the Chan-Knei-Ti [*gardener*] of the garden had not returned so we did not go any further. A man there told us that T'ing-Hsi's younger brother had received a Liang Min Chen, and when he returned to Pei-Chia-Kow, he was taken by the people of the opposing side. What they did with him no one seems to know. T'ing-Hsi wants me to go with him to Sa-He tomorrow to make further investigation. I may go with him, but there is nothing we can do as I can see. Poor Chinese people! They are between two fires.

Just now, a man is here who says our new neighbors have sent out word to the villages, saying that all the city people must return within five days or their soldiers will go out and "ta" [*strike*] the villages. I don't know how true this is, but I will not be surprised if something like that doesn't happen to the nearby villages.

I have also just learned that the "Shang-Tang piao" [*local Chinese Army currency*] cannot be used here, and if anyone is caught with such money, he is liable to be punished or killed. We have over a hundred dollars in Shanxi money and some of it is the "Shang Tang Piao", which was collected from the sale of cloth. We are sending it out there for you to dispose of in relief work. You should get rid of it as soon as possible and not bring any into the city, either you or any of our workers, if they should return. I am told that the "Shanxi Piao" [*pre-occupation currency*] can still be used, but after a few days it will gradually depreciate in value here, and wherever the new neighbors are, so you should get rid of that too.

I am not sending your money and briefcase this time. If the man gets through this time without any trouble, and you still want them we will send a man out, unless you come in yourself. I don't think that there would be any danger from this side, but I am not so sure about that side. We have already told the officials about you and that you may be coming in, but we haven't told them where you or the Chinese Christians are. If you want us to send your things out, or if you want to come in yourself, tell this man we are sending what day to meet you, either at Ho-Lung or He-Ma-Tan. He can tell you where will be the safest place for you to come and wait for him.

We are not giving out any orders for our Chinese Christians to come in. We don't know what is for the best. There will be difficulties if they come and probably difficulties if they stay there. One of our difficulties here is that we don't have any millet and flour, and nothing can be bought on the streets. Vegetables can be bought by going to the garden south of the city across the river, but they are expensive and conditions may become such that the "Chan-Knei-Ti" might leave. Our neighbors are helping themselves to things in the field. If any of them decide to come, they should bring in a supply of millet or whatever they need to last quite awhile. We might get something from our new neighbors in a pinch, but I don't think that we ought to depend on them, if we can get things ourselves. Coal is another problem. We don't have much coal in the compound and no way of getting any now. There is nothing for our workers to do here either. If my evangelists can locate some place in the country, — say Shi-Chia-Tsui, Chien-Wu, Tung-I, or in the territory east of Liao. They might fare better than coming to the city and should do some evangelistic work in the country. I will pay a

reasonable amount for their rent wherever they locate and try to get their salary to them some way. I have paid them all up to the end of July, except for Tien. I have paid him to the end of June. Yang-Tien Pei I have advanced $10 of his July salary, or rather Wampler did, and I still owe him $5 for July [*So they got $15 U.S./month*]. I don't imagine that I will be able to get out in the country for awhile, so if you have some money, you might advance them two or three months' salary if they stay out.

Getting money is going to be a problem. I have less than $4000.00 station money on hand, and I can't issue checks on the bank here, I don't imagine, unless I take their worthless money, and I don't want to do that. The money I have will last the station a few months, if I do not give you any for relief. If you continue the relief work, we will have to plan some way of getting money from the outside. I am wondering, if I write some checks for you, whether you could get them cashed out at T'ung-I, P'an-Lun, or some other place. At P'an-Lun the last time, the stores there would take only a $250.00 check. You see they can't go to Shen-Te-Fu and buy merchandise as they did, and if they do buy it, it is almost impossible to get it in to their stores. I am thinking that this situation is going to get worse. I don't know where the Ya-Min [*pre-invasion city government*] is and whether they can cash checks or not. I am not so keen on becoming too intimate with them or the [*Chinese*] army. If this group here should find it out, they might make us a lot of trouble. I think that you will have to be careful along that line. If the way opens up we may be able to get money from Ping Ting. Our neighbors say that they are going to repair the road and run autos back and forth which will carry mail and passengers, but I for one will not want to ride in their autos for some time. I am thinking that they are going to have difficulty in preventing the road from being broken, and I surely would not want to be hung up along the road with conditions as they are.

Saturday night we had a real celebration in the city and especially on the North Wall. I never experienced such a time. We went to the cellar for quite awhile. I wonder if you heard the fireworks out there. There was a skirmish on the mountains back of the pagoda, and there were about fifty big firecrackers sent off in that direction from the wall back of our house [*The east city wall. One summer afternoon, I remember looking out from the house and seeing a couple of mounted men and some foot soldiers coming down a path on the hillside about a mile from the city. They left the path just before some shells hit the spot where they had been. I don't know if it was this battle that O.C. is describing.*] So you see we are right in the midst of the excitement. A fence was built Sunday P.M. north of the city, and forts are being made on all high points around the city.

Wamplers would like for you to inquire about conditions at T'sing-chou and Wu-Hsiang. They would like to send Pao Fu-Mei down there to do evangelistic work, if conditions are such that she can get down there. They are wondering if you could have Nieh or someone write a letter to Chan Chih-Kuo, Chao-Ly and inquire about conditions there if you do not already know. We can't get any outside news here. They would also like for the one to whom you write to tell Chin-Chieh at Shih-Pan that the man who came into our hospital who was shot in the leg in a little village near Shih-pan is getting worse. Betty [*Wampler*] thinks that he will not live very long.

[*Here a piece of the letter is missing.*]

... you to post there if the post office is still in that neighborhood. I am enclosing a dollar which Velma [*Ober*] gave me for you to buy stamps. If they have such, she wants stamps of the larger denomination to put on letters for the U.S. Perhaps you had better get $5.00 or $10.00 of such stamps if you have the money to buy them and send them in with our messenger.

We are getting along O.K. and we hope that you are too. Your little tomatoes are beginning to ripen. Wish you could be here to eat some of them this summer. Our garden looks quite well now. If you should come in, be very careful. I mentioned Ho-Lung as a place to meet you, but I am told that it is possibly a dangerous road to travel now. People think that Shih-Shang-P'u is safer.

Lovingly, Father

(no date)

Howard: In my letter I have stated that we have no millet and coal. I mean to say that we have no millet for relief. Our servants and a few people in the compound have enough for themselves to last two or three months, but there are some who do not have much, and if many such return from there, it will make a problem for us. This messenger says that we can buy some millet out east, but it will be a problem to get it brought into the city. I am thinking, however, we should try to diet a little if possible. We also have coal enough for our household to last two or three months with what is in the cellar. Anna [*Hutchenson*] and Velma [*Ober*] have enough for a month or so and a few others have enough for themselves to last a month or so. The hospital and schools do not have much. Thus a problem if many return to live in the compound. [*Coal was used for cooking.*] Don't urge people to come in now. Just tell them the situation and let them decide for themselves. If there are some poor people out there, like Wang Su Hsing and others who live in the city, I really think it best if they can find a cave in the mountains, and plant some buckwheat, glutinous millet and tsai-ken

[*Chinese cabbage?*] so they will have something to eat this winter. Perhaps we might help them a little to get a start. Talk it over out there.

Dear Howard: (Tuesday Morning)

If any of our people out there are in need, help them a little. Perhaps I can give you $1,000.00 for relief, if necessary.

If you don't expect to return home, please send back a letter with this messenger telling us how things look to you from the outside, also your plans for the future.

Keep this man until you get things in shape to send back with him, but don't keep him longer than necessary. Talk with him alone and find out about conditions as he sees them here and along the road to see how safe he thinks it will be for you to travel, if you decide to come back.

Understand that if there is trouble here the man may not be able to start out the second time to meet you at Shih-Shang-pu, or wherever you and he decide to meet, so do not be disappointed if he does not meet you at the appointed time.

With love, Father

P. S. — Tell Wang T'ien Hui, I have no way to send him home now. If you should come back, and he wants to come along with you and wait here for a way for him to return, I will do the best I can to help him. Or will there be a safe way for him to return home from there? Talk it over with him, but do not send him if it is not safe, because I am sort of responsible for him.

I hope the parents of the school girls from Wu-Ein have come and taken the girls home.

It is not likely we will have much school this fall and next year if conditions continue as they are.

Dear Howard, (Tuesday Morning)

Don't forget to send our mail that is in the Post Office there back with this man. This is one reason we are sending him out.

Be careful what you say to folks there about the money situation and the passes some of our people have. You can tell Nieh and a few of the leaders there, but do not talk about the things in my letter publicly.

We had a peaceful night, and I hope that you did too.

With love, Father

[*Letter in Reply to O.C. Sollenberger*]

Wednesday July 26, 1939

Dear Folks at Liao,

The letter carrier came through without any trouble. I was mighty glad to hear that you are all safe and well, although I saw through my glasses the other day that things seemed to be going along about as usual. Anna and Velma were on their porch and either O.C. or Ernest was in the yard. As a matter of fact, I almost paid you a visit, but a couple of rifle shots from the pagoda turned me back.

I arrived here [*Chien-Wu*] Sunday (16th) after being held up on the road for seven or eight days. This rain makes living out quite a problem, but it has been a big help in some ways. All of our folks here are getting along as well as can be expected. We are all as busy as bees. We have the biggest job to do that I have met thus far. Grain is next to impossible to buy. People are living on weeds, leaves, and rose bush berries. There are 160 people living in the big temple now. We distributed about seven bags of millet there this A.M.. What grain we have gotten thus far has been bought at Tung I. That supply is already exhausted, so I am starting toward Wu Hsing tomorrow or the day after with about thirty animals.

We have two schools in operation now. The attendance seems to be very good. They are also having prayer meeting every evening and church on Sunday.

The three girls school students and one woman from Anna's school started home yesterday. Everyone here thought it best to send them. They were very anxious to go. I inquired very carefully about the road to their home, and as every thing was clear, I sent them off under good escort. They are probably home now.

It is really quite a problem running this refugee mission station. There is nearly always a waiting line of folks bringing various problems for me to solve. Of course, the most pressing is food and shelter. But there are many other problems which take up a lot of time.

I am undecided yet as to what future moves to make. At most, I can't stay here more than two weeks. I had been thinking some of going to Ping Ting after my job here is finished, but since receiving your letters, I have about decided to try and get to Liao. Of course, I shall finish the work here first. That is my responsibility. I shall also try to work out

some sort of temporary organization and plan of work for the Chinese staff that does not wish to return. I should like to have suggestions from each department. But if it is impossible to communicate further, those of us here will act according to our best judgment and make explanation later. The idea which seems to predominate now is to disperse the group here. In the first place, food is a major problem and of course this place is terribly congested. The evangelists, according to your plan, Dad, we will locate in various places where it is quiet at present. We also think it advisable to distribute your workers, Anna. What do you think of adding Chou Poa Chen to the evangelistic staff? He is supervising your women workers and also helps in evangelistic work himself. Whomever we put in the field I will advance two months salary. Do you think it advisable to establish a sort of advisory committee to keep in touch with all the workers and what each is doing?

As to the work in the southern part of our field, it is impossible for me to contact it now. They haven't been able to contact the Chin Chow P.O. for over two weeks now. The situation there is reported much worse than here. Ten thousand of our neighbors are occupying that county, so you can guess what is happening.

I am afraid my supply of news is about as scarce as yours. I suppose that you know the invasion this time was quite a sizeable affair. Liao was just a side show. A hundred thousand of your neighbors are reported to have participated, coming in by nine different routes. Every county seat in the district, but Li Cheng, was visited. But now they occupy only three, Liao, Chen Chou and Chan Chih, (the latter is still bitterly contested). Three of the invading group were checked before they got very far. The two from Honan were stopped by rivers. The one aimed at Liao got within 20 li of Ma Tien, the other within 30 li of Li Cheng. The third group that was headed toward Liao from Hopei was driven back before they got to the Shanxi border.

You mentioned my trying to get some grain for you folks. I will look around, but I fear it will be a difficult job. Such things are hard to get.

I hope the messenger can come out again in about a week. We can make definite plans then about my returning. If he comes have him bring my clippers, razor, and foreign hat. The clippers and razor are in my briefcase. My hat is probably in my room. At present, don't send my money or relief funds. It's not safe enough yet.

The P.O. is still here. I will send off your letters although the service is not very regular yet. I have only received one piece of mail for Velma since I arrived here. I am sending it along. I am also including $5.00 worth of

stamps — one dollars worth for Velma. The rest for whomever wants them.

You might also try and send an American flag with the messenger. It might come in handy either in returning to Liao or Ping Ting. Also, my crepe rubbersoled shoes could be made use of. I have already worn out three pair of Chinese shoes.

Hello Gene and Joe — Howard

[*Howard liked kids and was good with them. When he returned he got out his model aeroplane with a rubber band motor and used it to play with us. We would lie on the grass lawn and he would fly the plane over us. Good play therapy for those war years with strafing Japanese planes flying over the mission compound.*]

[*Letter from Howard to Charles D. Bonsack*]

Chien-Wu, Shanxi
July 27, 1939

Dear Mr. Bonsack,

I am writing to you from our new station, Chien-Wu, to acquaint you with a few of the recent happenings and how we are attempting to meet the changing circumstances. I notice there is a letter for you in the packet that came through the lines yesterday, and I am also enclosing a letter which my father wrote, so you will have some idea as to what is happening in the old station.

About a month ago I started out toward the eastern part of Ho Shun County to help the refugees that are living in the mountains of that section. On July 6, I heard that Liao had been occupied on the 4th. It started to rain before I got out of Ho Shun County, and I was held up for several days. If it had not been for the rain, I should have been able to return to Liao because the Japanese evacuated the city for about a week. As it was, I got within striking distance of home on the same day the Japanese occupied the city the second time. A few reports I had heard on the way made me uneasy about the folks at home, so I was anxious to get back and see how things were. I got within three miles of Liao when I almost ran into a detachment of Japanese that were coming down the mountain. They opened fire so I retreated. Interruption!

Things aren't so good here. Three big shells just exploded not far from the village. Looks like the Japanese intend to come this way. ONE HOUR LATER. The local police report the Japanese have mounted cannon on several hills west of here. They expect them to advance this way. I have just

had about fifty callers, most of them Chinese Christians. They came to ask me what to do if the enemy came. They don't want to make the decision themselves. I am helping them in every way possible, but I can't take the responsibility for what the Japanese might do if they come. They must decide for themselves whether to flee or stay.

July 28

The situation is considerably quieter today. There was quite a battle yesterday. I watched part of it through my field glasses from a mountain peak about three miles from the scene of the action. The enemy finally withdrew after setting fire to a village and a temple. Last evening was spent in feeding and housing the refugees that had fled from the fighting zone. It was a pathetic sight to see the refugees coming in. It rained all day yesterday, so everyone was soaked. Mothers came hobbling in on their bound feet over the muddy mountain road. Many of them even carried babies close to their own bodies to keep them warm. The men were loaded down with bedding and grain, and the children were carrying the miscellaneous articles. I heard a number of stories last evening of old people and babies left behind because they had no way of bringing them. Many of the men have returned today to see what has happened to their homes and the ones they left behind.

To go on with the other story which was interrupted yesterday by the cannon fire — after being foiled in my attempt to reach Liao, I went to Pu Chou, a little village seven miles from the city. I still hoped that the Japanese would retreat so that I could get into the city. For the next five days it rained continually (One of the heaviest rains that I have seen in this part of China). The Japanese didn't leave Liao and I couldn't get to Chien-Wu, where I had prepared a mountain headquarters for just such an emergency. Fortunately, I didn't get homesick for want of something to do because that village was also full of refugees.

On the first clear day, I went up to one of the high mountains near Liao and satisfied my anxiety as to the safety of the folks at home. Through my field glasses I could see that the American flags were still flying. I also saw Anna and Velma on their front porch and Mrs. Wampler and either my father or Mr. Wampler in the yard. The Japanese who were mounting cannon and machine guns near the pagoda must have seen me, because they sent a couple rifle shells in my direction. Fortunately, I know these mountains better than most of the natives, so I have no trouble in slipping away unmolested. That same day I swam the river and arrived at Chien-Wu. [*It was neither easy nor safe to swim that river in flood. In addition*

Figure 3.9: The relief group was frequently helped by the local peasants. Here they are fleeing a Japanese probe into the valley below them. When this picture was taken the Japanese were less than a mile away.

to the water, large boulders would grind and bang as they were sweept down by the current. In fact, I even think I remember this storm and having to stay inside the house.] It was good to see a number of my city friends safely established here. And I presume, judging from the number of callers that I received the first evening, that they were also glad that I had come. Nearly every one had some urgent problem concerning food, housing, or sickness that they wanted help with. Fortunately, we had stored some millet here last winter, and had also rented several buildings, so the problem of feeding and housing was not as hopeless as it might have been had we not prepared. The number of persons eating from our store of grain was so large that it lasted barely a week. And as it may be impossible to buy grain here, the food problem has been and is particularly acute. There are any number of refugees eating such things as weeds, Tau leaves, and bark, chaff, wild rose berries, etc., either because it is impossible to buy food or because they have neither grain nor money. I have already made one trip to the eastern part of the county to buy grain. We are using refugee labor to carry the grain from there. But that supply is also exhausted now. The troops in that section have eaten most of the grain, so we can buy no more from that place (Tung-I). Tomorrow I am leaving here with a caravan of forty or fifty donkeys for Red Water [*Hongshui*], (a village in Ho Hsiang county which is about twenty miles from here). I sent one of the evangelists and one of my relief staff to Wu Hsiang several days ago to collect what wheat, millet and corn was available. I received word this P.M. that they had collected about fifty donkey loads. [*About five tons.*] It is necessary that I go with the animals because the whole region is under martial law. I am not sure that I can get them through, but we are going to try.

In the meantime, we have a committee at work on the housing problem. All the homes in these mountain villages are full to overflowing. In the home where I am staying, there are eleven rooms in which about sixty persons are living. How's that for a family? In a temple (Lung Yao Su) there are now one hundred and sixty five refugees, and wherever there is a mountain cave or dry spot under overhanging rocks, there is sure to be a refugee family. To help some of the most congested centers we are using refugee labor to repair some of the deserted mountain homes, so that refugees can live in them. We had also planned to move some of the refugees to other places further away from the city, but this has not worked out very well because they still hope to be able to return home soon.

We also have a cooperative in operation. At present, it deals only in parched corn, flour and millet. This is for the refugees who have a little money. It is the only place where they can buy the essentials of the Chinese

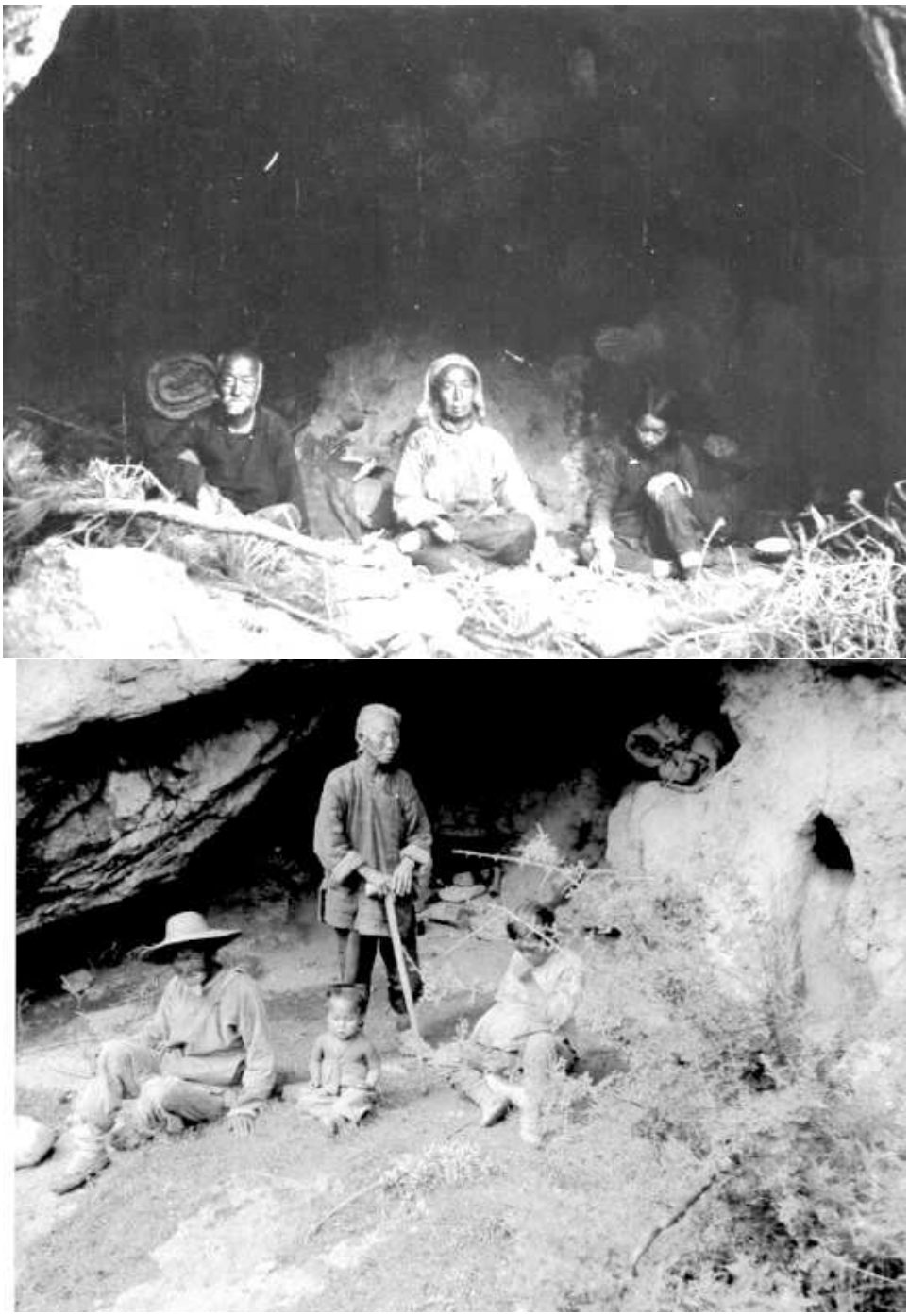

Figure 3.10: (Top) It rained continuously during the occupation and people who lived in caves found it very damp. Many died from the exposure. (Bottom) The standing woman is a blind grandmother. The sitting woman is pregnant. Howard rented a room for the mother in a nearby village and her baby was born the following day. Having a room probably saved the lives of the mother and baby.

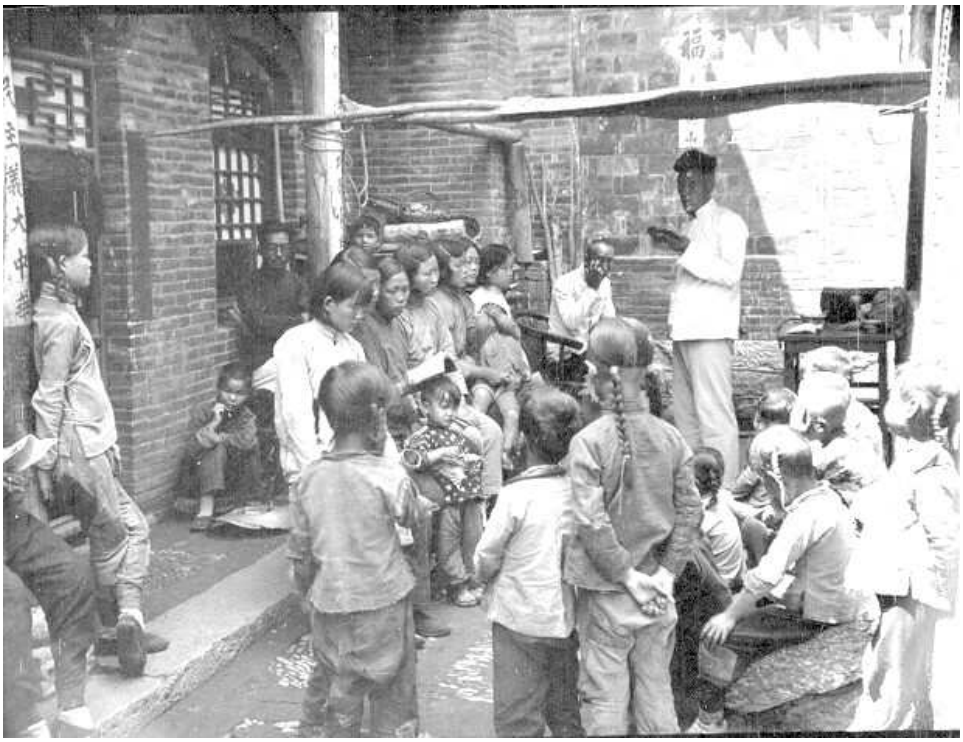

Figure 3.11: Prayer meeting at refugee mission station at Chin Wu during the occupation of Liao. Mr. Tien is leading the meeting.

diet in this region. The demand is so great that the millet is sold before we get it here, and the parched corn flour before we get it prepared. Chou, the head of the Liao Chow Bible School, is manager of the cooperative.

The above is what we are attempting to do to help the people with their physical needs. Besides this we have opened two schools for the children. They are more or less on the Vacation Bible School order. There are about fifty in attendance now. The women of the Bible School are doing the teaching. The Bureau of News and Safety is also doing a thriving business. I have several connections through which I can get rather reliable news. Some of this news we pass on to the refugees and local inhabitants through the Bureau. It is the best way I have found to stop rumors which cause fear and disturbance in such times as these. The safety division of the bureau is to inform the peasants and refugees as to the best way to protect themselves under war circumstances. I am hoping this will prevent panic in the future. I have already addressed two public meetings on the subject of Air Raid

Precautions, Conduct Under Fire, and Poison Gas. The use of the latter in this campaign has thoroughly frightened the people.

In a spiritual way we are also active. Chien-Fu consists of three small mountain villages, all within a mile of each other. Prayer meeting is held each evening, the place being alternated from village to village, and of course we have church service on Sunday. The evangelists are all busy in our relief campaign, but we are encouraging the Christians to visit and comfort other refugees. It is a wonderful opportunity for them to express their faith.

If we only had a doctor and some medicine here, the new station would be complete. Most of the medical staff stayed in the city. All we have here is one trained nurse and my medical kit. I am called on from five to ten times a day to visit patients, most of whom I can do nothing for.

As for the future, it is very uncertain. According to my father's letter, the Japanese have changed their tactics and are using every means to attract the people back to the city. But most of the people who have fled to this district refuse to return. In the first place, the Japanese actions don't always correspond to their words. They spoiled their reputation the first two times they came. And from what I have seen this time from the outside, I would stay away, too. But even though most of them will stay in the mountains for a while at least, and though I should like to stay with them, I must soon return to either Liao or Ping Ting. In the first place, the three thousand mex. [*Mexican silver dollars*] which I had along with me will soon be gone. And in the second place, I can't keep going at this pace very long — particularly on this refugee diet which consists mostly of millet and parched corn flour. My digestive system doesn't work well on such fuel. But before I leave I hope to have the work organized, so that part of it can be carried on after I leave. It may be that someone can come out from time to time to see how things are going.

I also fear that if the campaign continues as it is now, my work in this area can hardly be carried on. In such a case I will either move to some other area or change the type of work — depending on the recommendations of the mission staff.

I am sorry that I can't send you some pictures of the work here at Chien-Wu. I am sure that they would be of interest to the folks at home. Until I can get them developed this word description will have to suffice.

You will pardon the hurried and interrupted manner in which this letter has been written. Letter writing conditions are far from ideal. The Chinese Post Office is also with us here, so we still have some outside connection. I hope they can get this letter through to you.

Until we can meet again with pen on paper,

Figure 3.12: From the left: Nieh, Howard, Lui, and Li. August 8, 1939 at the temporary mountain headquarters near Liao Springs. Tien probably took the photo.

Most sincerely yours,
(Signed) H.E. Sollenberger

Liao Chou, Shanxi
August 10, 1939

Dear Mother and Alberta,

I have just returned from a six weeks term of being a refugee. They were the busiest and most exciting six weeks that I have lived so far. The activities of this little vacation will have to be written at some other time and in some other way. About all I can say this time is that I am safe at home. Maybe I shouldn't say "safe at home", because who knows what is going to happen tomorrow.

It was mighty good to see Dad and Mr. Wampler sitting on the hillside the other side of Ho Ma Tan. (The village five li East of here.) I had sent a messenger in ahead to tell them to meet me there. It was also good to see Gene and Joe running down the hill into the river bed to meet me and to sit down to a square meal with the station family this noon. And it wouldn't surprise me a bit to find the spring bed considerably more comfortable than the bricks, boards and floors that I have been sleeping on for the last six weeks.

It's a hard life but it is worth it. I feel this time more than ever before that I have been of actual service to my Chinese friends. I sent a letter a few days ago from the summer resort. In it I have mentioned some of the activities of those six weeks. It will take considerably longer for that letter to get to you.

You have likely heard considerably about what is happening to our British friends in China. As yet we have not suffered the same fate. In fact they [*Japanese forces*] have been rather polite to the Americans, but they warned us that if we don't behave as they say, we will have to travel the same road.

I celebrated your birthday, Alberta, by taking a big watermelon to the Springs. I had bought it at Wu Hsiang several days before. Both of us (the watermelon and I) had a good bath in the cold spring water, and then I ate it. It was a good change of diet after having had to eat parched corn flour and millet broth for five weeks.

till we can write in more detail.
Love, Howard

[*Letter to Mission Board in Elgin, Illinois.*]

College of Chinese Studies
Peiping, North China
September 10, 1939

Dear Mr. Minnich:

Although it is considerably slower, we still have to send certain information through Embassy mail. You have probably heard that Liao has moved into Japan. It was not a surprise but certainly against our hopes. Here's the story:

The fourth of July was the date of the third invasion and occupation. But again they only spent the night and then moved on to Yu She. There was very little fighting this time. One week later they returned to complete the fourth occupation — this time coming in from both the North and West. There was an all day battle five miles west of the city, but it didn't seem to frustrate the enemies' plans. The city was theirs again, and it seems like they are going to try and keep it this time. They have the city wall somewhat repaired, barbed wire all around the city except where the mission compound is. (As the Mission is third power property it is suppose to be neutral and serve the same purpose as the wire, but we are afraid that this will cause trouble later). There are six big forts on the surrounding hills to protect their position. The forts are located at the pagoda, the maternity temple across the east river, the fire temple to the North, the temple on the hill southwest of the city, on a hill to the west, and at the rain god temple to the west of Wu Le Ho (South of the city). The temples had been destroyed by the Chinese prior to the occupation. The forts have been built on the temple sites. All in all, Liao has put on quite a formidable war dress, which shows the uneasiness of the Japanese in trying to hold such a place.

One evening soon after the occupation and before completion of the fortifications, about two hundred guerrillas disturbed the peace by entering the city. For half the night, the place sounded like an exploding munition dump. The next morning after the smoke had cleared, it was discovered that each side had left eight on the streets. A rather small number for all the commotion. Other minor engagements have been fought in the mountains near by. On these occasions the cannon in the forts and on the city wall are quite active. On two occasions they have mounted a rather heavy field gun on the corner of the wall directly behind our house. When shooting in a southeast direction, the projectiles pass directly over our compound and

Figure 3.13: Howard on Dr. Parker's motorcycle arriving at Ping Ting. The small plants behind Howard in the left of the picture are alfala plants. In the spring of 1940 we harvested the tender shoots and prepared them as greens. We also ate locust and elm tree flowers mixed with corn meal and fried. Food was scarce in war time, even for the foreigners.

between the two residential houses. The terrific explosions and whistling of ejected missiles is quite disturbing. After the first experience, we asked the authorities if they couldn't move the cannon to some other point. It wasn't moved but they have used it only once since then.

The motor road has been repaired and considerable traffic passes over it. The fleet of military trucks plying between Ho Shun and Liao makes the round trip about three times a week. It hurts to see the Japanese military machine moving in all American cars. It contradicts a good deal of what we are trying to do. My father and I followed one of these caravans from Liao to Ping Ting. He rode in one of the trucks and I followed on Dr. Parker's motor bike, which has been resting down at Liao for two years.

The city was empty of civilians both times it was occupied, but there were a few people who stayed in our compound (about 40 including children). The rest were refugees in the mountains. It being the time of year when

crops must be looked after and when food was scarce, the peasants begin to return to their homes despite the fact that the guerrillas tried to keep them away. Those in the surrounding villages and suburbs have come back first. (That is, the men have returned, the women are still staying in the mountains). Those whose homes are in the city don't have much to return to. The homes that are not occupied by Japanese soldiers are for the most part gutted. The woodwork has been torn out and burned for firewood or used to repair the living quarters of the soldiers. Furniture and household belongings have been hauled away. The mission property on South Street was one of the places that suffered this fate.

But all in all the Japanese army seems to be on its good behavior. They seem to have discovered the futility of their past acts. But it is still bad enough. One of our Christians, Old Li, the carpenter, was beaten to death because he happened to get too near the barbed wire.

The relations between the Japanese and the mission have been somewhat strained. But I suppose that is natural, our having [*been*] in unoccupied territory for so long (and particularly Red Territory). They seem to suspect that we are harboring spies or Chinese sympathizers. They claim that someone in the compound has been flashing signals from our compound to the guerrillas in the mountains. On one occasion they surrounded the compound, planted a machine gun at the gate, and came in to search. We all feel that this business of flashing lights is a made-up story which they are using to make trouble for us. We have definite proof that they have tried to bribe people in our own homes to leave us or spy on us. One person turned down the two hundred dollars that was offered him, but maybe another accepted, who knows. A member of the American board mission is in a pretty tight place because one of his helpers that he trusted has turned out to be a spy for the Japanese. And I am afraid that I am in a somewhat similar position.

It so happened that when the occupation of Liao took place, I was in the Northeastern part of Ho Shun county helping refugees. It being a rather out of the way place in the mountains, I didn't get word of the fall of Liao until two days after it took place. Having heard rumors of anti-American propaganda at Ho-Shun, I was a bit uneasy, so decided to hurry back to investigate. Rain and more rain swelled the rivers to such a point that it was impossible to cross for several days. Then word came that the enemy had left and Liao was once again in Chinese hands. So despite the rain and flooded rivers, I decided to move on, hoping to get back before any change in status took place. When ten miles from home I heard heavy artillery to both the west and north. It looked like the Japanese were returning and

were not far off. But still hoping that their advance would be slow, I moved on. At five o'clock in the evening I was within two miles of home, but it was an hour too late. A detachment of Japanese advancing from the north had taken to the mountains and came down to Ho Ma Tan (a village along the river 5 li east of the city). I was just east of this village when they started down the mountain, their rifles cracking and machine guns rattling. Being cut off from the city there was only one thing to do — go back to the mountains. So after hiding in the brush for half an hour watching and waiting for dusk, I went back to a little mountain village seven miles from the city.

Fortunately, I had prepared for just such an emergency by renting two places in the mountain in which I had put a few provisions. But unfortunately, I hadn't taken the river into consideration. Both of these places were south of the river and I was north of it. It was five days before I dared attempt a crossing and then I nearly lost my companion who could not swim. On the same day I slipped near enough to the city to satisfy myself that the folks there were getting along all right. By the use of my field glasses I could see that they were not in any trouble. There followed three hectic weeks in which I spent all the money and energy I had trying to feed the refugees and carry on the mission station, most of which had moved to the mountains. To get food, which was impossible to buy, I made one trip to Tung-I and Li-Cheng and two trips to Wu Hsiang. It was the only way to get food to the refugees, in spite of the fact that it was in violation of of martial law, which was in effect because of the emergency and the military edict which prohibits the moving of food materials from one county to another. The first trip was one of the most exciting times I have had yet. We were shelled by Japanese artillery for half an hour. (No injuries.) A little further on at a Chinese outpost, all the donkeys and men were taken in. The army wanted to use them to carry supplies for them. After an hour's wrangling, I got them released, thanks to papers giving me certain powers and immunities during the emergency. The next trip went a little better.

Carrying on the mission work was almost more difficult than the relief work. You may wonder why we tried to do it under the circumstances. In the first place, we didn't know how long we would have to stay in the mountains, and in the second place, we thought it better to get as many people helping others as possible. By being busy they would forget their own problems. We started schools, an evangelistic program, and several social and economic enterprises. (A safety bureau to give the people information on war preparations, a news agency to prevent wild rumor, a cooperative to help those who had a little money but were unable to buy food.)

In the meantime, I had received communication from the city and had learned that the Japanese did not approve of my staying in unoccupied territory. I decided to return to Liao as soon as the money was gone and the station work sufficiently organized so that it could carry on. This move wasn't made to please the Japanese but to prevent possible implication for the mission. By careful planning, the trip through the lines was very simple.

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A few days after returning I was called in to the Japanese headquarters by the general in command. He asked me what I had been doing so long in the mountains. I replied briefly, being as non-committal as possible, after which he pulled down a big book off the shelf and proceeded to inform me of nearly all my activities for the past six months. The way it was put up in the book made it sound rather embarrassing for me. My work has thrown me into rather close connection with the Chinese government and military. Although my actions have been strictly neutral, they naturally wonder why this and why that. Satisfactory explanations are hard to give to a military man. As a result of our conversation, I was gently but firmly told that our relief work in free China was not appreciated and would have to stop. On the other hand, I could sit around Liao reading books, magazines, papers (censored ones at that), entertain them, and maybe give relief to the good patriotic people who had come back to serve them. Either this or beware! Just look at what we have been doing to the British. And of course it would be best if you moved out. We know that you don't have the right attitude towards the New Order in Asia.

It was quite a surprise to me to know that this spy system is so effective. They shadowed us in Ping Ting, and I just found out today that they have

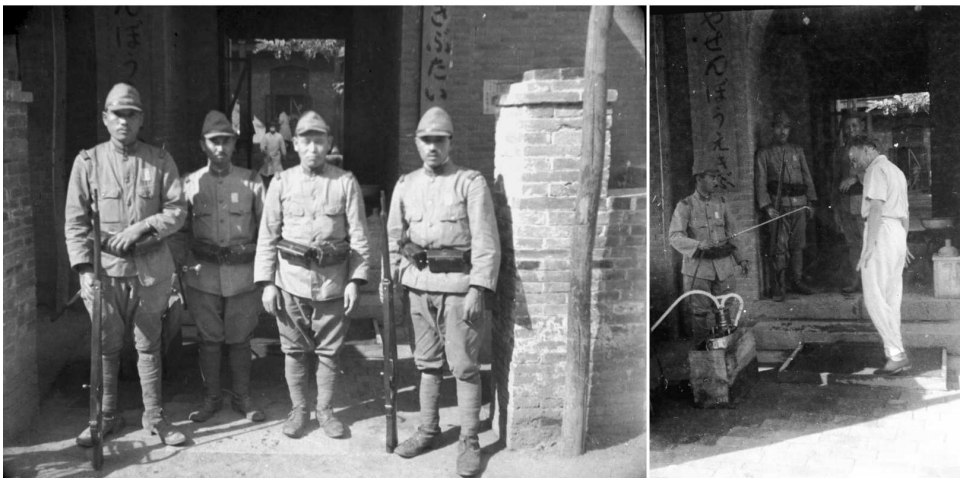


Figure 3.14: The Japanese often required that travelers and visitors be sprayed with disinfectant before being allowed through a check point. One such disinfection point was at the RR station in Shijiazhuang where travelers had to change from the narrow gage Shanxi line to the wider gage that continued on to Peking.

tracked me out here. Well, it's a new experience to be on the live black list. However, the embassy informs me that at present there is no personal danger because of the change in Japanese attitude towards Americans. Since the breaking out of the European war they are bending over backwards to please us. The Japanese know too well that we can stop their war by clamping the embargo down on them.

[*From a note attached to another letter:* "... You note that they [*illegable*] avoid using names. Howard was being CLOSELY observed by the Japanese and suspected. He wrote they could not seemingly understand how a young man should go to China just for mission and relief work. They probably suspect him of being a spy.

They also, from what we hear, are checking up on the work and whereabouts of other missionaries who return to the U.S., [*!*] as well as while they are in China."]

It is common sense that we can't carry on relief work in unoccupied territory by running back and forth across the lines. Regardless of whether we are neutral in a military way or not, it is natural that a military group

would look with suspicion on such actions. Also, our work in the occupied regions will probably be quite restricted. In the places where we have mission stations we can do a little on an individual basis, but an organized program seems almost impossible. The Japanese have so many ways of interfering without actually sticking a gun in your face and telling you to get out. They have found obedient Chinese mobs a very useful means of carrying out their anti-foreign, anti-church (which seems to be developing) program.

The mission group has not expressed themselves yet. I have come to Peiping to gather information and, if possible, to formulate a plan of action to present at the mission meeting at Ping Ting on Oct. 5. I have written to the Friends [*Quakers*] to get their advice and have interviewed a number of people here. There seem to be four alternatives: (1) Staying in our own territory restricting the work to our four stations and a few surrounding villages. Of course, this will be carried on as long as possible by the missionaries whether I remain or not. But it is the general opinion of those whose advice I have asked that my presence might be more of a liability than a help since my name is on the list. Mr. Hubbard's experience is that the Japanese take it out on his friends and Christians. Hubbard is in the American Board Mission at Pao Ting Fu [*and*] has had a similar experience to mine. (2) The second alternative is to remain on the coast helping wherever it is possible. (3) The third is to go clear behind the lines in Shanxi or Chung Ling with some other organization or on my own where we could again organize a relief program. This seems to be the general advice I receive, although the problems are many and great. (4) The last alternative is to drop my plans of organized work and to return to the States. But I am not ready to do this unless there is nothing I can do here and things get too hot.

I wish that I could get your advice on the matter before the meeting. But I fear that would be impossible. Whatever move we make will be made slowly. So I hope to hear from you at the earliest possible date.

This letter may sound pessimistic or that we are about at the end of the string. It is not meant that way. Our problems are increasing, but whose are not under the present situation? I'm afraid that it's a mistake to be too much of an optimist with the world in a mess like it is now. Our problems are small and insignificant compared to these.

My personal relationship with the Japanese should not get much beyond the office. It may blow over soon. It is natural that they should suspect me some because of having spent so much time in an area where their worst enemies have been in control.

Sincerely yours,
(signed)Howard

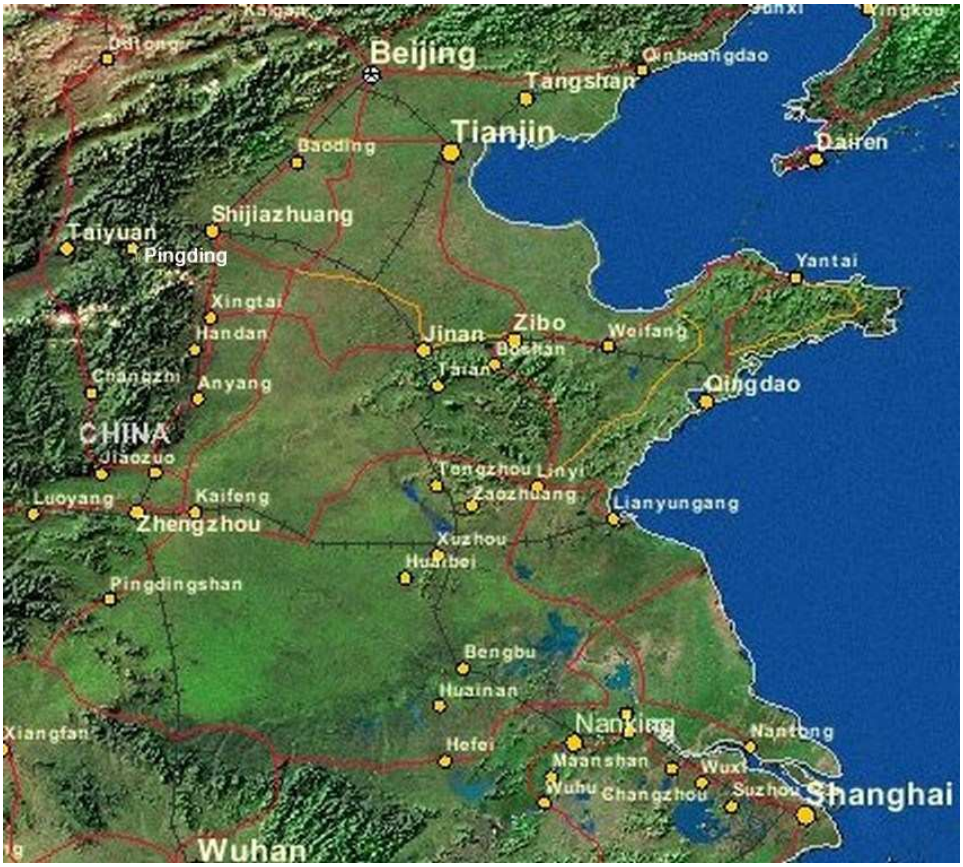


Figure 3.15: An overview of North China. Because of the sensitivity of Howard's and Louis' plan, they decided to go to Shanghai to talk to the Quaker mission there and arrange for the money transfers from the unoccupied foreign settlement in Shanghai. After returning to Beijing, they took the railway through Japanese controled Shijiazhuang and south on a long detour to Kaifeng. Because the Yellow River dikes had been broken, the Yellow River turned south just east of Kaifeng and it separated the Chinese troops on the new west bank from the Japanese to the east. It was here that they wanted to cross the lines into free China.

Chapter 4

Preparing the 4th Relief Expedition

Peiping, N. China
November 1, 1939

Dear Mother and Alberta,

I must send you one more letter before leaving Peiping. I am leaving for Shanghai by train on the third. Louis Whitaker will probably be going along. He is a young fellow who has been teaching in P.A.S. [*Peiping American School*] this fall. [*Louis Eugene Whitaker was born in Berkeley, CA August 15, 1915 . At the time of his birth his parents were in a small church in Paradise, CA, located in the foothills just above the San Joaquin Valley. They were waiting for an appointment to China under the American Board Mission of the Congregational Church. His parents sailed for China on January 14, 1916. He was always called Louis by the family, pronounced the French way. He was named after a French scientist that his mother had admired when she was teaching at the University of Hawaii before she was married. Most of his early education was in Linsting, Shandung province, where he was taught in a school set up by the parents of the children that lived in that Mission Station. Later, he was sent to the North China American School at Tungchow for his highschool education. He went to America for his college education, but he, like Howard had quit college to return to China.*] His parents are Missionaries in Shantung. He is a fine fellow. And it looks as though I am going to have him as a companion. The [*Brethren*] Mission invited him at the last meeting in Ping Ting. He is trying to get a substitute to take over the teaching. We are looking for it to go through

tomorrow. He is just the right type of person for this work, and he is terribly anxious to go.

We are going to Shanghai to see the Friends and possibly connect up with them. Then we will come back to Peiping or Tientsin and go to Kaifeng (Honan Province). We will go through the lines there to Sian and on down to Chungking to get money that will be radioed back from Tientsin. We want to return North to a base in Chinese territory behind the Yellow River. Then, if possible, we will walk across into Southern Shanxi where the fighting has been so heavy this last summer and fall. Next summer when we come out, we will probably have to go by way of Chungking, Yunnan, Heipong, Hongkong and Shanghai. Don't know how it will work out yet, but we hope that we can get some funds into southern Shanxi. I'll send you letters from various points along the way so you will know how we are progressing.

I have been hanging around Peiping long enough that I am getting anxious to get away. We are making plans very carefully, so there should not be much trouble. Have also had a thorough physical check up and am also having my teeth fixed. Everything except my stomach seems to be in pretty good shape, and I am taking Amebic Dysentery treatment for that now. Have gained back quite a bit of weight. It's about breaking me up re-outfitted for this trip. Most of my other stuff is worn out or lost in the mountains. Keeping warm is the most important thing, so I am having fur boots and coat made.

Please keep these negatives for me. If the [*Mission*] Board wants to use some O.K. but keep them out of other publications. I may want to use them for a book some time.

NOV. 4. (Saturday) Shopping in Peiking

Shopping is decidedly not a pleasure for me. I am not sufficiently acquainted with bargains or else lack decision. Had a Hell of a time deciding on a coat for the trip. My first inspiration was to get a trench coat and line it with black lamb. Couldn't find a trench coat with large enough sleeves but finally picked up a rubberized rain coat second hand. But today I started looking at half length sheep skin coats. Couldn't decide whether to buy or not. Saw one pretty nice one with a price of $150.00 on it. I didn't expect to get it but offered him $50.00 as I was leaving. Before I got 100 yards down the street the clerk came running after me — Sold! Sold! The coat was mine for $50.00 but I wasn't sure whether I wanted it or not. It will have to do now.

Am satisfied with the camel's wool sleeping bag that I had ordered and got today. I can hardly wait to sleep in it.

Tung Chou — P.A.S. basketball games today. Tung Chou won both of the girls games but the boys lost. [*Howard had been a member of the Tung Chou high school basketball team before graduating in 1935*]

NOV. 5. (Sunday) Thanks to my picture of the Proboscidian Skull

We may be off tomorrow — that is if Louie can get the board of managers to meet in the morning instead of the afternoon. We're hoping!

Found a letter in my room from P. Teilhard de Chardin of the Cenozoic Research Laboratory and the P.U.M.C. [*Peiping Union Medical Collage*] (Dept. of Anatomy). "Dr. Fortenyn [*sp?*] showed me yesterday the pictures you gave him of a fossil skull of Proboscidian (apparently stegodon) from Yu She (Shanxi). Since this area is exceptionally interesting for our researches, I should be very grateful to you and your colleagues if you could save and preserve for us as many as possible of the valuable material collected by the natives for drug shops ... The lab would pay for any expenses."

Wonderful! I had hardly hoped that the little picture I took would offer an opportunity like this. This may mean a start in Archeology, paleontology etc.

I called Mr. de Chardin up right away, but as he was not in I have written to him asking for an appointment when I come back from Shanghai.

NOV. 6 (Monday) Louie released from P.A.S.

We planned to leave for Tientsin today but the meeting of the school board was set for 5:00 this evening. Poor Louie had to be in school all day. At five o'clock sharp we were in my room [*at the Peiping Language School*] waiting nervously for the telephone to ring. Five thirty and six o'clock and nothing yet. We went into the lounge to listen to the radio. That wasn't active enough so we got Louie's broken camera and tried to fix it.

6:15 — 6:30 — 6:45 and 7:00. Still no word. We took a shower and dressed for dinner. Neither of us did a very good job of eating, so to relieve the situation Louie decided to call up Mr. Shaw.

Yes, they had decided. He was to be released Wednesday morning at 8:00.

We had planned to leave early tomorrow morning. But we'll have to wait another day now. But to celebrate success we took the two table boys from the Shaws to see a picture show. And now for definite plans we will soon be on our way.

NOV. 7 (Tuesday, in Tientsin) On our way to Shanghai at last

All our packing was finished this morning. Louis was going to try and get off at noon. It worked. I had a taxi waiting at the Language School. By 12:10 we were on our way to the station and to Shanghai. We were getting off just in time. Louie's Military pass expires tomorrow.

It was a bad day to start. A cold drizzling rain was falling. We caught the train but it was full to overflowing. The best we could do was to sit on our baggage in the aisle at the end of a car.

The train was held up a few minutes by a Military Big Shot who was to be a fellow passenger. No one was allowed on the platform and the whole place was bristling with armed guards. Finally a whole string of cars drove up. The Big Shot was in a big Packard.

Near Tientsin we saw several refugee camps. The refugees were living in mud huts. This is bad weather to be living in mud huts.

MacKenzie is not here. Went to Peiping this morning. However Grimes gave us the money we were after. Met a Miss Dorothy Boyd at MacKinzies. Nice girl; a Canadian nurse who came to China for relief work.

NOV. 8 (Wednesday, train) On our way south through Hopei and Shantung [*provinces*].

Passed on sandals to Miss Boyd. She liked them, so the least we could do was to give them to her as Miss Howard had given them to us for the same reason.

MacKenzie came in just as we were leaving. As we already had our money we didn't need him any more. No trouble or bother for him this time. The barrier was easily passed. Guess that we are not likely enough specimens to call for a strip performance before the Japanese guards. Of course being fortunate possessors of Uncle Sam's little red books we had nothing to fear. "American" is a magical word these days.

We have been more or less established in an overcrowded third class coach (Chinese third). There is a half filled 3rd class coach just ahead of us but that seems to be for our Japanese friends.

Passed through some flooded regions of S. Hopei and Shantung provinces. [*The Nationalist Government under Chang broke the dikes of the Yellow River to stop the Japanese.*] This is a terrible disaster. Many refugees can still be seen camping on the high and dry spots.

NOV. 9 (Thursday, Inn or brothel? in Nanking) Across the Yantze River to Nanking

This has certainly been the day after the night before. If it hadn't been that we moved from Chinese to Japanese third class we would have gotten no sleep. As it was I got about an hour of shut eye.

Passed through Suchow [*now spelled Xuzhou*] early in the morning. It's a ruined city. Noticed quite a bit of tension. All the way from Suchow to PuKow we saw nothing but ruins. Most of the villages close to the tracks were completely deserted, and vast stretches of fertile land were grown up in weeds. The owners probably have fled or been killed. A number of the railway stations had big holes blown in them and splattered with shrapnel. Crossed the Yantze on a small ferry just at dusk. Were held up on the Nanking side by a couple of illiterate, or maybe only drunk pass inspectors. Finally got through with a lot of artificial laughing.

Were led to a Chinese inn which we soon discovered to be in the ill-fame section. In fact I'm not sure but what our joint didn't carry on a little extra business. But we told them that we would sleep alone.

NOV. 10 (Friday, Navy Y Shanghai) Saw quite a few ruins of the Shanghai war.

When I went to bed last night I wasn't sure where I would wake up. It was a good deal quieter at 5:00 AM than last evening.

Was first in line to get supplement express tickets. No one was at the gate to punch the tickets so we followed a detachment of Japanese soldiers through without having our baggage inspected or having our tickets punched. We got a swell seat but the soldiers soon cleared us out. Guess the car must have been reserved for them or something. We moved.

The express moved right along. They seem to feel pretty safe having soldiers (or a soldier) stationed every few hundred yards all along the railway from Nanking to Shanghai.

We passed through some mighty interesting regions: Hundreds of Pheasants and duck, frightened by the train, would fly up. It made my trigger finger itch.

Had to wait half an hour in the Shanghai station. Blinds were pulled so we could not see what was happening. Some big shot must have been on the train.

Saw Dr. Hodgkin and Mrs. Silcock of the friends center. Dinner with Mr. Perry.

NOV. 11 (Saturday, Navy Y Shanghai)

Didn't get home from the meeting last evening until this morning 12:45 AM. Joy Homer of the "Church Committee for China Relief" told us some interesting things about her adventures in West China. Our proposition to the Friends was also brought up for discussion.

Delivered the pictures to Mrs. Howard. Was glad to get rid of them after carrying them all the way from Peiping. She is not well.

Shanghai fascinates me. I had no idea it was such a city. Took a stroll along the Bund this morning. It could easily remind one of the Chicago lake front (Michigan Blvd.).

Louie and I walked down to the foreign Y this evening to see Mr. Silcock. Arrangements seem to be progressing. He liked the proposals we submitted. On the way back to the Navy Y we passed through a pretty open section. Girls and their "Mothers" were standing along the sidewalks trying to get trade. About a dozen tried to lead Louie and me astray. It was quite amusing, but also disgusting. But we remembered our upbringing and steered a straight course home and to our own beds.

NOV. 12 (Sunday, Navy Y Shanghai) Arrangements with the Friends satisfactorily completed

Saw a little of Shanghai last evening and today. There is really little difference between Shanghai's International Settlement and any of the world's big cities. Buzzing traffic, skyscrapers, lights (they go in for neon lighting in a big way) night life, and all the excitement and regulation of any big metropolis.

Had planned to attend church but Louie has not been feeling well. Compromise by staying in bed all morning and attending the Quaker service this afternoon. Some Chinese ignoramus tried to sell us memberships to a fanatic labor organization which was clearly a money making racket. A Quaker meeting is a poor place, as he found out, to try something like that.

Dinner with the Perrys, Silcock, Hodgkin and Dr. Li and then a meeting. Our suggestion received favorable action. Thus we are "Friends" now. Hodgkin thinks that Louie's trouble might be appendix inflammation. Will find out tomorrow.

NOV. 13 (Monday, Navy Y Shanghai) Louis loses his appendix

Louie felt fine when he got up this morning but breakfast set him back. We went down to the hospital to have a blood test. Nothing alarming about the blood count, but they think it advisable for him to spend a day or two in the hospital under observation.

Took Louie around to St. Luke at 4:00 PM. Feeling a bit lonesome by myself I spent the evening at the foreign Y. Had a swell steak dinner and then went to the Nanking theater to see "Zenobia" [*1939 Oliver Hardy comedy*]. On the way to the theater I passed pretty close to a shooting party. Four gangsters held up the Canton Restaurant. When leaving they left some curious pedestrian, who happened to be walking by at the time, with a bullet through his back. A few minutes later and I should have been walking by myself.

Got back to the Navy Y at 11:00 PM and found a note. "Mr. Whitaker will be operated at 6:30 this evening. Be sure to get there!" I had just missed it, but called up and found out that he is doing well.

NOV. 14 (Tuesday, Navy Y Shanghai) Louie pulls through his appendectomy. "Mother and Child doing well."

Went around to see Louie the first thing this morning. Poor fellow! He is feeling mighty uncomfortable, and disgusted with everything in general. He hates to hold up our plans any longer.

Its a good thing he's got the old appendix out. Its a whole lot better to have it out in a good hospital under a good doctor than it would be out on a mountainside with quack Sollenberger officiating.

Landed a temporary job this PM. Mr. Silcock was quite busy getting ready to leave for Nanking. He had quite a few errands to be run — to the bank, money changers, and travel bureau, and steamship company etc. I was put on the job and it kept me busy all afternoon.

Also got the ball rolling for getting a military pass back to Peiping. Paid a visit to the American Consulate. They will be able to get the whole thing fixed. They do come in handy once in a while.

NOV. 15 (Wednesday, Y.M.C.A. Shanghai) Visit to Shanghai badlands

I moved from the Navy Y to Mr. Silcock's room in the foreign Y. It is a much nicer room. [*Silcock had gone to Nanking for 5 days and Howard used his room during the absence.*]

Louie feels much better today. He is already getting restless, and is talking about getting up.

Missed lunch today, but for a worthy cause. Met Mr. Wilson of Jardine Mathison and Co. again. Asked him where I could get a camera fixed and he introduced me to a Mr. Boyson (factory inspector for the S.M.C.) [*Shanghai Municipal Constabulary, ie. foreign, mostly British, police. I remember*

them as Sikhs in big turbans with British officers.] Boyson knew a good repair shop and offered to take me out on his way to work. I had planned to return to lunch but when he offered to take me on a round of inspection with him, I let lunch go uneaten.

The circuit we were on this afternoon took us through the "Bad Lands" and along some of the Extra Settlement Roads that are being policed by both the S.M.C. and the La Tao police. There has been a great deal of trouble over this double policing, including several shooting parties. In several places we noticed that they were going about their business with pistols drawn. Ended up the tour of inspection by visiting the "Industrial Orphanage". Looks like it might be just another racket.

NOV. 16 (Thursday, YMCA Shanghai) The Shanghai debating society

It seems rather strange that in a city noted for its night life, one of the principal social functions is that sponsored by the YMCA. It sponsors no floor show, other than that which the debater may exhibit in expanding his thoughts to the audience. It is the Foreign Y Debating Society. It is well attended, even by Shanghai's upper set, and is supported with a great deal of enthusiasm.

The question this evening was — "Resolved; that married women should not accept remunerative employment." One speaker presents the affirmative and another the negative, after which the question is open for general debate. The response from the audience was excellent. Thirteen speakers participated in this evening's debate. In closing the two original speakers summarized the points that had been presented.

The discussion went to the affirmative.

Had dinner with Hodgkins. Interesting conversationalist.

NOV. 17 (Friday, YMCA Shanghai) Shanghai customs, refugees & a delightful secretary.

I have discovered, but not because I was looking for it, "Red Tape", that surpassed anything I had ever imagined. I was trying to get a small box of Mr. Silcock's books through customs. I started on the task at 10:00 AM and didn't get them out till 12:15 PM. That may not sound like a terribly long time. But in that two hours and fifteen minutes I was in fifteen different departments of the customs Bureau. It was something like an assembly line — get a paper here — fill it out there — pin it to some other paper over there, get it stamped upstairs, down stairs for another stamp, and upstairs

again — here, there, & everywhere, and finally a little slip saying, "Box released after satisfactory examination." I would rather smuggle than go through customs any day. (In Shanghai)

Miss Chen took me on a tour of the Shanghai camp for Chinese refugees. They take care of 15,430 in the one camp. But Miss Chen was much more interesting to me than the camp. Really delightful! She is secretary at the Friends' Center.

NOV. 18 (Saturday, YMCA Shanghai) The Shanghai Race Course

Silcock not returning until Monday. Free room for several more days.

The morning was profitably spent in recording references to Jewish refugees and Child Welfare work from the bulletin issued by the Nation Christian Council. While scanning through I happened up on some rather startling information, namely that during the course of the war some damage to Mission property and work is reported almost weekly.

An afternoon and tea at the Shanghai race course with our old personality, Dr. Hodgkin. The recreational set-up at the race course is splendid — not only racing but golf, hockey, football and soccer were all in progress simultaneously. And a good portion of the Shanghai international population turns out, especially on a Sat. afternoon such as this.

The high spot of the afternoon was a glimpse of two of Shanghai's big "Indian" police strolling about the race course hand in hand. He-man recreation.

A Chinese dinner this evening. Peculiar arrangement. I felt quite out of place. Something must be done to pull me out of my social rut. I fear I'm a pain —

NOV. 19 (Sunday, YMCA Shanghai) Quaker Meeting

Made a horrible social blunder today even after the little condemnation I gave myself last evening. Had a lunch engagement with the Perry's. And mind you I failed to show up. Most embarrassing when at the Quaker meeting this evening they asked "Why?" It was quite obvious that I had no reason — bad memory!

And the Quaker meetings — I am beginning to find them quite useful. In the forty five minutes of quiet meditation this evening I discovered what I believe to be one of my serious problems — that of romance, love and matrimony. Funny thing to think about in a Quaker meeting. But as good a place as any. This has nothing to do with Shanghai or the fair damsel

whom I haven't met here. I was just looking into the future when I would have returned from the wilds and must face the problem and "girl" to be.

I intend to incorporate this weekly hour in my program henceforth as a time for introspection; an hour when I shall stand myself in the corner for observation.

Delightful dinner discussion with Drs. Patterson and Hodgkin — Archeology.

NOV. 20 (Monday, YMCA Shanghai) Billboards & window shopping

Silcock returned from Nanking. Reports a very satisfactory trip. Little inconvenience or delay. I hope it is the same when we return to Peiping.

Window shopping is something that I don't frequently indulge in. But this PM I spent three hours and four or five miles of walking energy window shopping in Shanghai. But my waste of time and energy was not all aimless. I was looking for a fur lined half length coat. Didn't find it. However I purchased a suit of long handled underwear — really the next best thing to a fur lined coat if you are looking for warmth.

Billboard advertisement is as prevalent in Shanghai as in the States. Was much amused by one advertising the picture of "Livingston and Stanley. The immortal story of the world's greatest (At this point anyone who has read at all could supply the word. But to my surprise and amusement the word Missionary was not there.) NEWSPAPER man become's amusement best motion picture for '39." [*The movie must have been "Stanley and Livingston" staring Spencer Tracy (Stanley) and Cedric Hardwicke (Livingston). The focus of the movie was on the star Tracy/Stanley, thus explaining the promotion of the newspaperman.*]

Apparently Hollywood is afraid the word "Missionary" would cut gate receipts.

NOV. 21 (Tuesday, YMCA Shanghai) The return of Louie

Louie returns. Just a week and a day in the hospital. Its quite a remarkable feat when you can be out walking around in so short a time. The new method of parting the abdominal muscle fibers instead of cutting through them seems to be a great improvement. It leaves the abdominal wall strong enough to support the intestinal pressure a few days after the operation.

Made a startling discovery while reading an article on Chinese History and Sociology in "The China Journal". The Chang Chih valley in S.E. Shanxi was once a large lake bed. It was on the shores of this lake, now the

T'ai Hong mountain range, that the legendary Shen Nung, patron saint of agriculture and medicine, taught civilization of the "five grains" and "one hundred herbs".

The fact that this region was once the bed of a great lake helps to explain some of its present geological phenomenon; and also why there are vast fossil deposits. The place where I found the mastodon skull was likely near the edge of this lake bed.

NOV. 22 (Wednesday, YMCA Shanghai) Standard of living in Shanghai

Miss E. M. Hinder and Mr. Tsai, both working under the Shanghai Municipal Council, gave some most interesting and alarming information in a discussion of the standard of living of Shanghai last evening.

1. The purchasing power of the Chinese dollar for staple products (not foreign) has dropped to 40% of what it was in 1936, before the war started.

2. The average Chinese family living in the International Settlement averages 4.62 persons and spends $454.00 per year, while the average earnings per family is only $328.00. Of the $454.00 53% is spent for food, 8% for rent, 7% for clothing, 6 1/2% for fuel and 24 1/2% miscellaneously.

3. The average Shanghai male adult worker lives on $11.50 per month. This is considered the bare subsistence level.

4. Although the earnings are 119% as compared with 1936 the REAL WAGE is only 42%. If this continues the Chinese will gradually be starved out.

Mr. Silcock sailed for Japan today.

Dinner with a British discussion club. The dullest thing I have attended in Shanghai.

NOV. 23 (Thursday, YMCA Shanghai) A bad Day. And this is Thanksgiving

I am somewhat alarmed over the fact that there is no word from MacKenzie — No check, no money, my economics tells me.

Have you ever been depressed by the weather? Yes, today! Rain all day. Didn't leave the building once. Discouraged? Yes. A bit blue? Yes! Lonesome for someone? Also yes!

Plans have been delayed so long now that I am beginning to wonder if we will ever get to go through with them. Something of a fatalist today I guess. It seems as if something is trying to prevent our going. But damn it all. I am stubborn enough to go ahead and see the thing through to some

kind of conclusion. I only hope that my stubbornness will turn out for the best all around.

Spent a good part of the day playing games — chess, ping pong, billiards, and more chess. It helps, spend a morbid day and keep from becoming a misanthrope. Strange that I should have learned that word today. It means: a hater of mankind. I'm not that! I hope.

NOV. 24 (Friday, YMCA Shanghai) PEOPLE

Friday comes only once a week. But it should have been omitted this week. One of those days that nothing happens, and is important because it turned out that way. It puts a fellow in an environment where he must live with himself for a day and like it, or else! After yesterday it is good to have another day, today, just like it in order to straighten things out so that me, myself, and I can get along happily together.

Despite the drizzle outside Louie and I took a walk down through French Town. [*The French Concession.*] Had nothing particular in mind, just watched people. In Shanghai that's tremendously interesting. There are so many and such different types. A blind beggar carrying a blind baby on his shoulders, and being led by a little girl, A Chinese millionaire, a gangster in the hands of the police, painted ladies dragging in their prey from the streets, English men, French men, Pretty office girls, German Jews. And who are we? Just two more of Shanghai's cosmopolitan group.

NOV. 25 (Saturday, YMCA Shanghai) "Lady Precious Stream"

A walk out to the extra-settlement roads with a party of Englishmen and three German Jews (refugees) was a pleasant diversion from Shanghai city life. Walked through the ruined campus of the University. There is nothing left but a pile of crumbled cement. Intended to be the grave yard of Chinese intellectual activity, but actually a stimulus to the spirit that has flown from the shattered walls to achieve an even greater role in the West where China and her intellectual development is still "Free".

Attended, in the company of Dr. Hodgkin, a Chinese produced film, "Lady Precious Stream". It is the story of a princess who married one of the servants in her father's house. She was disavowed and went to live in poverty with her husband. He rose rapidly in fame becoming a general and nobleman but was betrayed by his two brothers-in-law into enemy hands. He was kept prisoner 18 years by the daughter of his captor whose romantic advances he refused to heed. He finally escapes and returns to his faithful

wife who is still waiting for him in their old cave dwelling. He is rewarded by the emperor and is at long last able to give his wife the position she gave up to marry him. Later becomes Empress

Check arrived! 8 days for an express letter —

NOV. 26 (Sunday, YMCA Shanghai) Chinese dinner with Miss Wang

Broke the Sabbath by purchasing a pair of field glasses 10X40. It set us, or rather Louie, back $100 N.C. Not a bad price for what we got.

Louie has gone out on a date this evening — a Russian Jewess I believe. This will probably be the last date he will have for a long time to come. Guess I should have one, but will forgo the pleasure this time.

Had dinner this evening at a swell Chinese restaurant with Miss Wang and Mr. Crocker. He is an English teacher in some school here and she is a pupil from the same school. She is hoping to go to school this coming year at Yenan and wanted to find out what she could about the place. Was sorry that I could not help her much. The meal was wonderful — a whole Sechuan duck, bamboo sprouts, chicken velvet, sprouting [*?*] cabbage, celery, cabbage beef soup, salted vegetables, Sechuan wine, and plenty of pumpkin seeds. Eating and conversing took three and a half hours.

Miss Wang is a smart little girl — interesting too. She made a vow not to attend the theater or cinema for the duration of the war. What she saves she will contribute to the cause.

NOV. 27 (Monday, YMCA Shanghai) Foiled again! Can't leave tomorrow!

Went a little further with my purchasing today and bought a miniature binocular for myself, $30.00. It is a delightful little instrument, but is quite old and scarred.

Plans useless sometimes. Here we are all packed and ready to go. We have our tickets, passes, and had even ordered a taxi to take us to the station. But in steps the doctor again and says "No, not yet!"

Have had a spot of cold weather these last few days. It hits Shanghai rather hard. I noticed in the paper this morning that thirty people had died of the cold in the last twelve hours. I saw one of the victims on my way to the station. He was an old beggar who had probably had to spend the night on the sidewalk. It was naturally a pathetic sight, but also a happy escape from the life he was forced to live. There seemed to be a smile on his cold face as though he realized the security that death had brought him. There are probably many in Shanghai who hope for the same escape.

NOV. 28 (Tuesday, YMCA Shanghai) Louie Officially Discharged

Louie has been officially discharged today, so unless the war comes to Shanghai we will be on our way to Peiking tomorrow.

Hodgkin sent us around to the Associated Drug Company to get some first aid supplies. We carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Vittaly. He is one of those grand persons that makes the world a lot nicer place to live in. We gave him a list of things we wanted. He went over to the shelf and started to pull the stuff down. "Here are two bottles of Potassium Permanganate tablets. They are good for a lot of things. I'll give them to you. You must have some of this Iozene. Here are two boxes of handy ready-made bandages. I'll have to charge you for these two hundred sulfamilamide tablets and quinine but you can have these two bottles of laxative and aspirin, etc., etc.. It ended by his giving us about half of our supplies. "You don't need to thank me. You are doing something I would like to do but can't. This is just to show my interest in what you are doing. I hope you don't have to use any of it." So do we, and I hope that we can pass on the favor some day.

NOV. 29 (Wednesday, Nanking, Chinese Inn outside North Gate) We see Nanking & a Japanese Movie

It was strange to find Shanghai so quiet this morning. But I guess that it goes to bed so late that it doesn't wake up at 6:00. The damned taxi took us way out around Chapei. It was desolate in those war ravaged areas so early in the morning. Ruins as far as one could see.

There must have been a big wreck on the left side of the tracks. The guards pulled the blinds and kept them down for two hours. They would get pretty tough if anyone tried to peek.

Walked from our inn which is outside the city clear down to the middle of town. There are very few people and business seems dead. The city seems rather scattered and spread out after being in Shanghai. Was quite surprised to find so many modern buildings. Of course a lot of them are in ruins.

Spent about an hour in a Japanese theater seeing some of their war pictures. They are the real stuff and not very pleasant to watch in places.

Imagine who we should meet in the evening — Uri Tass the Russian Jew who was on our train when we came down from Shanghai.

We seem to be in another one of these Hotel-Brothels tonight.

[*Excerpt from a letter to Miss Hofner, dated December 3 in Peiping*]

Had a day and a night in Nanking. We walked through the city for a "look see". It was terribly dead. Very few people besides Japanese soldiers. It was a pity that the new government buildings that Chiang just built should have been destroyed. Beautiful big buildings before the war; burned and bombed ruins now.

Spent the night in Nanking in another so called Chinese inn. Actually a den of vice. Some of the Japanese occupied cities are terrible now. A third of the people of Nanking are now using opium or heroin. The Japanese are forcing it on them, putting it in the tobacco they smoke, in the medicine they use and even in some foods.

Some of this business was going on in our hotel, and that's not all. Fourteen of the fifteen rooms were rented to soldiers. The hotel furnished the prostitutes. You couldn't walk a block in the evening without a couple girls grabbing you by the arm and trying to coax you to follow them. Thoroughly disgusting! It made me mad, but that's war I guess.

NOV. 30 (Thursday, on the train near Souchow) Cosmopolitans

It was cold but we slept well and late, not getting up until Uri pounded on the door. Together the three of us picked up a breakfast from the little street stands — baked sweet potatoes, sesame seed biscuits, fried lady fingers, and tangerines.

Crossed the Yangtze river at 9:00 AM. When getting off the ferry on the Pukow side a coolie dropped, by accident, a heavy suitcase down the hold of the ship on another poor coolie's head. The workmen below refused to give the suitcase back so I got my adrenaline up and jumped down in the hold and brought the suitcase back to its owner. The trouble was that the flow of adrenaline didn't recede quickly enough so when I was stopped by the ticket collector, a Japanese, who said that my ticket was no good and asked for another twenty cents I flatly refused, but after a few minutes we patched things up by my paying.

Traveling second class — so have good seat. Interesting company, also had dinner with an Italian Father and a Hungarian refugee. Had quite a time with conversation. No language that any two of us knew could be understood by the third person. I could talk to the Father in Chinese, but I had to use English on the Hungarian. And the Father & Hungarian had to converse in Italian which I didn't understand. Everything said had to be interpreted for someone.

DEC. 1 (Friday, Tientsin) Entertained by Geisha Girls

Spent an extra $8.70 for first class sleepers last night. Wasn't worth it because I got in with a Jap who couldn't leave his bottle. He was up twelve times during the night and made a row each time.

Woke up just as we were leaving Tsinan Fu and dressed in time to watch the crossing of the now dry Yellow River. The breaking of the dikes above Kai-feng has diverted all the water into the flood plains so that very little goes to sea by its old route. [*In fact, the mouth of the Yellow River was moved by 500 miles; it is back in its old bed now.*]

Was invited by two Japanese Geisha Girls to sit with them this PM. Had a most interesting time trying to converse, but I didn't get very far. They were quite amused by the hair on my arms.

Also met an interesting Japanese military architect. He has studied in US and England. He was very good company and did give me some help with the two girls.

Arrived in Tientsin 5:00 (China Time) A big tea party on at MacKenzie's when we arrived. It was quite embarrassing for us with our three day's growth of beard. The Boyd sisters are here yet. Swell! They are good kids.

Russia takes Finland!

Had pile of letters today, but none from Doe [*Helen?*].

DEC. 2 (Saturday, Peiping, Language School) Financial Matters Settled

Met with Mr. Mackenzie for an hour this morning to arrange financial matters. Each of us are to have $200.00 in US travelers checks for emergency use. $50.00 of this is our personal. Besides this we will carry one thousand five hundred of my personal money for our own use, and the same amount for travel. Other funds will be transfered to the Quaker Center in Shanghai in gold. It seems quite satisfactory.

The 12:35 train from Tientsin was a few minutes late, otherwise we would hardly have made it. Only allowed 40 minutes from MacKenzie's to the station. Fortunately we had no trouble getting through the barrier. Got situated just as the train was pulling out. Were crowded into the same seat with a German girl and a Bishop of the Greek Orthodox Church. He was a real specimen — a huge man with a huge beard. His features were finely chiseled and in grand proportion.

Arrived in Peiping at 3:30 PM. Found rooms at the Language School. Big celebration today. Wang K. Ming takes office as head of N. China government. [*The puppet government.*] A hall and big pilo was built for the occasion, but it was prematurely burned to the ground this morning. Strange coincident.

DEC. 3 (Sunday, Peiping, Language School) Russia in Finland

Haven't been out all day. Have been at my desk writing, writing, writing, — Three letters. One to Mother and Alberta, one to Helen and one to Minnich. The Embassy mail leaves early tomorrow.

Listened to two news broadcasts today. Finland takes the lime light now. The invasion of Finland by Russia is a new factor that somewhat changes the international situation as the invasion of Poland did. Of course it is impossible to see the actual results of this new incident, but it makes interesting speculation. First of all it throws American public opinion against Russia and somewhat against Germany. Secondly, it will likely cause Germany to divide into two camps. One for continuing the agreement with Russia and the other for breaking away. Germany has been more or less dominant in the Baltic and had hitherto felt quite secure in this domination. But the Bolshlavising of Finland would seriously threaten the German position in the Baltic. I presume many Germans are considering the price Hitler paid for Russian support too dear.

DEC. 4 (Monday, Peiping, Language School) Manchuria pays the price

Start completing our list of purchases. It's fun when you get to this stage of preparation. You are pretty sure you are going to leave in a few days, so you start checking off the list. Today it was such things as films, fur hats, soap, and chopsticks. We have certainly had long enough to prepare for this trip, so we shouldn't forget anything.

And I bought a new pen today. It doesn't seem to work particularly well so I shall exchange it tomorrow.

Dr. Cummings just came down from Manchuria. He reports things peaceful in that part of the country. But it seems that the government monopoly of nearly all business and industry has developed to the point where it is creating a shortage in nearly everything. It is almost impossible to get such things as cloth, flour, oil, gas, and even rice. Prices are also forbidding. Foreign merchandise has become a curio it is so scarce. Nothing is allowed in or out of the country unless it is Japanese.

DEC. 5 (Tuesday, Peiping, Language School) For the Traveler

A pleasantly peaceful day packing. I always panic in a case like this, rushing wildly about doing nothing.

Another day follows another night and my thoughts follow much the same pattern. Yesterday I was wondering what I could leave out of my pack

to make it lighter and I woke up this morning wondering the same thing. It's a job when you only have so much space and must crowd enough into it to last for six months. This is especially true when you may have to carry the pack yourself and want it light. I have gone over my list a dozen times and have checked off all but the absolute necessities. And I'm afraid that I may even find some of the necessities missing one of these days.

In what little experience I have had in traveling I would say that the most important thing is to travel light. And to achieve this travel comfort I have devised this formula and recommend it highly.

For a long trip: (What you think you may need)/2

For short trips: (What you think you may need)/3

There are really very few things that you can't get along without comfortably.

Dinner with Kenseys

DEC. 6 (Wednesday, Peiping, Language School) The operation on the late Marshal Wu Pei Fu

The other day the "Chronicle", Japanese owned English language daily, carried mournful streamers about the death of Marshal Wu Pei Fu, one of China's old war lords. The death was due to blood poisoning from an infected tooth. An operation was performed but was unsuccessful. Today I heard more of the affair from quite reliable sources.

Two days before his sudden death he was interviewed by the advisors to the new government and was asked to head the military side of the new gov. He refused saying that his services were not possible as long as there were Japanese soldiers in China. "I would rather go into that." he said pointing to the coffin which was in the room.

Two days later he got a tooth ache and called for a German dentist. Instead several Japanese dentists came. The street was blocked off and guarded by Japanese gendarmes while the operation was performed. The incision was made under the lower jaw and in the region of the neck. And poor Marshal Wu died soon after.

The Japanese regret the loss of the Grand Old Gentleman, and are even paying for the funeral.

DEC. 7 (Thursday, On the train) A pleasure trip to Tientsin

Things have turned out beautifully today. I was to go to Tientsin with MacKenzie to get money for our trip. Decided to go at noon with Mrs.

MacKenzie rather than in the evening. Mrs. MacKenzie and another lady that was with her both forgot their passports and they are British too. However they posed as my mother and aunt respectively and got through with much less trouble that they usually have.

But the beautiful part about the thing was a telegram that the boy handed me as soon as I entered the door. "Tell Sollenberger return to Peiping today. MacKenzie." It was after four already and the train back left at six. I snatched a bite and started for the barrier. Met a poor Chinaman who had been turned away three times today so I let him go through with me as my valet. That saved him from four to ten hours.

For some reason the train left early this evening at 5:45. I was still buying my ticket as it started. I dashed over the bridge to catch the last car which had just about reached the end of the platform. And here I am on the train going back to Peiping.

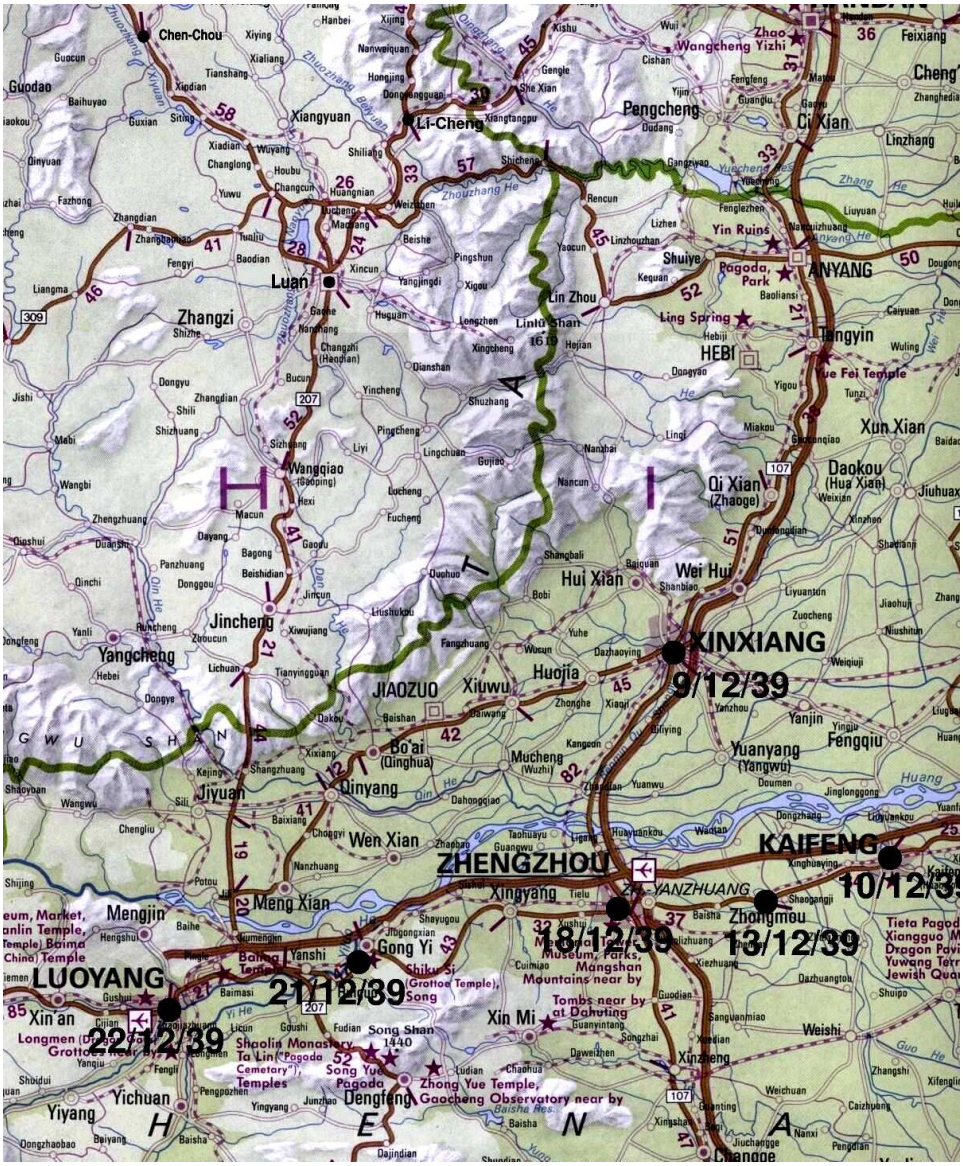


Figure 4.1: A map that shows the region around Kaifeng and Loyang. Principal stops with the dates of the arrival are given.

Chapter 5

Trip To Sian

DEC. 8 (Friday, Leaving Peiping. Train) We're Off!

The last day in Peiping. I didn't know that we had left so much to do, but we were on the run from the time we got up until we were settled on the train this evening.

I would have liked to have a picture of the start of the trip. We had four rickshaws, one for each of us, one for our baggage and one for Frances Schlosser's baggage. All the rickshaws, even the ones we were riding were piled high with stuff. It was dusk as we went through Chien Men [*The big gate just south of Tienanmen Square in Beijing. The wall and railway station are no longer there.*] toward the station. The outline of the big gate and the pitted wall could just be made out against the faded day. A bit of dust was conspiring with darkness to bring the night too soon.

At the station we met Frances with her NINE bags. Now we know why she wanted to go with us. But that is OK, she will be of help to us at Kai-feng. As Frances had not been able to get a sleeper I gave her mine. Now I'm standing in the aisle. Hope the conductor takes pity on me. At least we are off! Hurray! Off to grandma's we go!

DEC. 9 (Saturday, Catholic Mission. Sin Siang [*now Xinxaing*]) Catholic for the night.

They found me a sleeper about 11:30 last evening. Guess they took pity on my trying to sleep standing up. The train was in Shijaizhuang [*Southwest of Beijing, see map given in Figure 3.15.*] when I woke up this morning. We got together again in the same compartment Francis, Louie, a Japanese station master and myself.

There were several wrecked trains along the track. In one place we saw a big engine with its nose buried in the ground.

At Chang Teh, the place where the goat came from [*?*] there were several rather nasty pass inspectors. A Chinese fellow in particular was quite rude.

Didn't arrive in Sin Siang until dark. Had to wait for baggage inspection for 20 minutes, but they didn't look at much.

Went to the Catholic mission. They seemed very happy to take us in. Mr. Stiel, who was on the boat from Japan to Tientsin, was there.

Things don't seem to be very quiet in these parts. They tell us that we were lucky to get through OK.

DEC. 10 (Sunday, Gilliespie's Baptist Mission Kaifeng)

Because the Peiping Hankow line is torn up south of Sin Siang we had to change trains there for Kaifeng. This was a new military road put in by the Japanese. It crosses the old bed of the Yellow River. When the Japanese took Kaifeng about a year and a half ago the Chinese broke the Yellow River dikes between that city and Cheng Chow. They had intended to divert only some of the water, but it got out of control and [*the River*] has now completely changed its course. The old bed looks like a desert now. It stopped the Japanese; and since then the two armies have been facing each other across the River.

We were aroused by the alarm at 5:30 this AM. The fathers were already up and had breakfast. Had no trouble getting on the train. No inspection. Soon discovered why it takes so long to go from Sin Siang to Kaifeng [*The distance was only about 80 km*]. We had to stop and back track several times. And when we weren't backing up we were only creeping ahead at about 15 miles per hour.

Crossing the dry Yellow River bed was quite an experience. Something like crossing a desert. It took twenty minutes from bank to bank. The bed of the river is as high, or higher than the surrounding country. There is a whole series of Dikes which have been gradually built up to prevent flood since the time of the great engineer Yu. But through war the dikes have been broken and the water has spread out over the surrounding country to find a new bed. It is doubtful if it can ever be directed back to its old channel.

Arrived Kai-feng 3:45 P.M. Rigid questioning by guards but no baggage inspection. Wonder if we are suspected? Are staying with the Gillespies in the Baptist mission. They have three boys — Frank & James, twins and Paul 5 years old. [*The twins were in school with Gene and me in Beijing*

in 1946-1948. I have often wondered about them. REAL nice kids. At this point Howard and Louis have been traveling south-west from Beijing. Now they turn due west. The Yellow River is normaly flowing north of Kaifeng, but because the dikes were broken the main current was then running just south of Zongmou (which Howard spells Chung-mou), a town 34 km west of Kaifeng.]

DEC. 11 (Monday, Baptist Mission Kaifeng) We decide to try the River crossing.

What to do? That's the big question today. Whether to try to cross the river or whether to go by way of Shanghai. Went to see Mr. Vikner this AM. He says nothing doing — no can cross without pass and no can get pass. However Mr. Nyhus [*Rev. Arthur E. Nyhus of the Lutheran Brethren Church at Tung-Peh, Honan.*], who is going tomorrow says we can try. He has no pass but says that he has been promised a way across. He told us that it would probably be impossible for us to cross. But he was going to try it, so we thought we might as well give it a try ourselves. The River is suppose to be sealed by the Chinese for all but military purposes. Even foreign missionaries are not suppose to be permitted to cross. A Chinese, Mr. Li, who is with Mr. Nyhus, says that it is hardly worth trying.

This evening Mr. Laughton says "Sure you can get across." But he added, "The Japanese are on the move again so you don't know what may happen on the way."

The decision that we have arrived at this evening is that tomorrow morning we start. We will meet things as they come, and if we have to come back, we just have to come back.

Mr. Nyhus ... had a bitter experience not long ago. His home was bombed. He had two little girls. One was killed outright, blown out through the roof. The other was badly wounded, but has since recovered. His wife was also wounded and remained unconscious for over a day. Wouldn't that be a terrible experience for a family? But I suppose that many families in the world are experiencing such things now.

Had lunch with Mrs. and Miss Slancher at their home in the city. Kaifeng is rather dopey.

DEC. 12 (Tuesday, Hsou Kang [*Saogangji?*] in no man's land) Through no man's land

Up at five thirty and met Mr. Li and Mr. Nyhus at the C.I.M. [*China Inland Mission*] mission hospital. They weren't ready to leave however until

Figure 5.1: Louis takes his turn in the rickshaw. Their baggage cart leads the way. This was all the luggage they had for the two of them for one year.

seven thirty. Louie and I had a rickshaw and a rubber tired cart. The cart for the baggage and the rickshaw for us. Besides this there were six other carts in the party. Mr. Nyhus is taking a good many things to people on the other side. We have been into no-man's-land for most of the day and it certainly looks it. There is a stretch of that neither the Japanese nor the Chinese dare claim because it is within reach of artillery from both sides. Bandits have taken the region over so it is dangerous going through there from both angles. Fortunately it was quiet today. We heard less than a dozen shots. Didn't meet any Japanese soldiers when leaving and have not met any Chinese soldiers yet. The two forces seem to be facing each other across quite a stretch of no-man's-land. The outposts of the forces are about 15 miles apart with the Yellow River in between.

We are spending the night in a little village out here in no where. Since there are plenty of bandits around so we have to sleep with one eye open.

Figure 5.2: (Left) Loading the hand-cart on a small ferry to cross one of the flood branches of the Yellow River in no-man's-land. (Right) Chung Muo after war, banditry and flood.

DEC. 13 (Wednesday, Chung Mou [*Zhongmou*] Hsien). In Free China.

Here we are in free China but not across the river, and we don't know when we'll get there. We have done some crossing however. Had to take boats across two of the side kicks of the Yellow River. They weren't large but it took plenty of time and money to get over.

During most of the morning we were crossing land that had been flooded by the breaking of the Yellow River Dikes. The effects are still everywhere evident — trees are washed away — some villages are crumbled and in ruins, and much sandy deposit has been left behind.

It was good to see Chinese soldiers here. It was immediately noticeable that they are much more casual and friendly than the Japanese. These fellows also have some pretty good rifles — Belgian and Czech made. But they had received orders from headquarters in Cheng Chow to let no foreigners across [*the River*].

This city of Cheng Mu has suffered from flood, the war and banditry. It is in bad shape, but not ruined so badly as the burned cities in S.E. Shanxi.

We are staying in an inn outside the city. Not a bad place.

DEC. 14 (Thursday, Chung Mou Hsien Chinese Inn) Waiting to cross the River

This is early to bed and late to rise. We were in bed by seven last evening and didn't get up until 8:30 this AM. Nothing to do but sleep. Warmer too!

To pass the time we walked down to the banks of the Yellow River, five li from here, to have a look see. There were quite a few refugees waiting to

Figure 5.3: Rev. Nyhus and Louis on the Yellow River bank.

get across to the other side. The river was not as large as I had anticipated. Doesn't even have the depth or volume of water that the Ohio River has. Of course it is at its lowest now. But it is certainly yellow. The water seems completely saturated with loess soil and dirt.

This whole region was flooded when the dikes were broken and was flooded again this last summer. We walked around the city wall of Chung Mou Hsein this PM. About half the city is still under water. The main street was about all that escaped the water and that has been bombed and shelled until it doesn't look like much. Saw plenty of wild ducks in the city.

DEC. 15 (Friday, Chung Mou Hsien Chinese Inn) A week on the road! Still Waiting, Isabel's Birthday

A note from the other side tells us that Mr. Li has gone to Cheng Chow to see about the passes. The military across the river refuse to take the responsibility for our crossing. The River, they say, is officially closed. Mr. Li also added a little note, "Wait patiently a few days and I'll see what can be done." Guess he knows how restless Americans get when they have to wait.

For the River being closed there is an awful amount of smuggling going on; and it seems to be with the help of the military. Of course a little

Figure 5.4: (Left) The inkeeper's son; five years old and smoking. (Right) The Chung Mou Inn's cook in his kitchen.

greasing of the palm will go a long way out here. I'm tempted to try it myself.

The Pi Chang tells us to wait tomorrow at least and he will have some news for us. We have been pestering him enough and even threatened to leave our stuff with him and go around another way; so he is anxious to get us over the river and be rid of us.

Had a swell meal this evening. Pork chips, bean sprouts, and bean-cheese soup. The pork was especially well cooked. We eat in a dark room that has bed all around and generally a few people sleeping. The room is lit by a little oil lamp of about 1/2 candle power. Quite an atmosphere.

DEC. 16 (Saturday, Chung Mou Hsien Chinese Inn) A warning shot fired our way.

Only seven more shopping days until Christmas, and here we sit like birds in the wilderness, waiting, waiting, waiting for something to turn up. But you can't be in a hurry in China. Damn it all. I had hoped to be in Sian by Xmas. But if this keeps up, we will be in Shanghai instead.

Figure 5.5: (Left) Smuggler with opium pipe and smuggled goods in the background. (Right) Opium dreams.

Took a hike due south over the flood plains to the Y. River. We came upon the River at an open space. On the other side of the River was a small village on an elevation. There were several fortifications in the elevated embankments. I was remarking that if foreign troops were manning the fortifications they wouldn't let us stand there looking at their fortifications. A few minutes later Mr. Nyhus and I were walking over a little knob. Louie had stopped to comfort himself. A shot was suddenly fired in our direction and there was a splash as the bullet hit the water. It didn't take us long to about face and get back to the village. Guess the Chinese are on their toes these days. At least we have learned not to fool around Chinese fortifications any more.

DEC. 17 (Sunday, Chung Mou Hsien Chinese Inn)

Mr. Nyhus got exasperated and demanded to cross the river. He had to leave all his stuff as bond but he got across.

In the meantime the river behind us (between Kaifeng and Chung Mou Hsien) has been closed indefinitely. It looks like we are caught between with

no place to go. But I'll be damned if I stay here much longer. We sent a nice present of canned food and cigarettes to the officer on the other side.

Because of little else to do today I have been investigating the smuggling that is going on. In spite of a gov. edict with a death punishment for the smuggling of Japanese produce into Chinese territory, it is carried on under and with the consent of the local military. A little bribe does the trick. Today I saw kerosene, paper, opium, lye, cloth, flour, salt, matches, canned goods, cigarettes, and sugar being smuggled from Jap to Chinese territory. Going the other direction was Lan Chou tobacco, pig bristles and wool. Some of the people doing the smuggling are interesting characters. There is one fellow in particular with a brief case, dark glasses and a long blue silk robe. He is also an opium smoker.

Nyhus just returned. Says we cross tomorrow.

DEC. 18 (Monday, Cheng Chow.) Across the Yellow River, Dr Humphery's home Baptist Mission.

It can't be done! You can't cross the River! But here we are in Cheng Chow. The boat that came across to take us over the Y. River brought Mr. Lee over. He brought a letter from Miss Hoover saying that it would be impossible to get across because the officials couldn't take the responsibility. He had a letter which said that Nyhus could cross because he had some kind of promise. But they were sorry that they could not let the other two men cross. Stopped again, but not for long. But since the Yin Chong (leftenant) had not received these orders and said that it was OK we jumped on the boat. Once on the other side they could hardly break the decree again to send us back. As soon as we landed we thanked the officer and made a bee-line for Cheng Chow. We're just plain lucky to have made the trip so easily.

Took donkeys from the river, three of them. One for both of us to ride and two for the baggage. However we walked most of the 70 li.

All along the way people were busy fixing and building new dikes to keep the Y. River from flooding the land next summer.

A beautiful evening. Arrived at Cheng Chow just as the sun was dropping behind the western mountains. There were light clouds in the western pagoda which were lit up by the sun to form a background for the old Cheng Chow pagoda.

DEC. 19 (Tuesday, Cheng Chow, Baptist Mission) At Cheng Chow

Figure 5.6: Ch'ai flirts with Howard in Chung Mou. She had been playing the cat's cradle string game and still has the string wrapped around her fingers.

Figure 5.7: Howard takes his turn riding their donkey to Cheng Chow on the new Yellow River dike. In the right background workmen can be seen continuing the dike building.

We are staying with Dr. Humphrey. He has the sweetest little girl you ever saw. She is only five, has blond hair and blue eyes. Poor little girl doesn't have anyone to play with. I took the morning off and we had a grand time together. Played the organ awhile, then Chinese checkers and twiddles-li-winks, and ended with a good romp. It did me as much good, and gave me as much pleasure as it did her.

We had planned to leave for Loyang tomorrow but the truck is full, fifty people on the waiting list. Cheng Chow must have been quite a thriving city before the war. It is the junction between the Lunghai and Peiping-Hankow railways. But now it is about flattened out. Since the beginning of the war it has suffered over two hundred raids. And during one week this spring as many as a thousand bombs were dropped on the town. 27 bombs have landed in the Baptist compound.

The Baptist hospital has been doing a big piece of work for the wounded in this vicinity. Some times hundreds are brought in after a raid. Their hospital has about the only X-ray in unoccupied territory east of Cheng King.

There is a great deal of military activity around here these few days. But I don't know whether the Japs are trying to cross the River or whether the Chinese are preparing an attack. We heard this evening that the Chinese

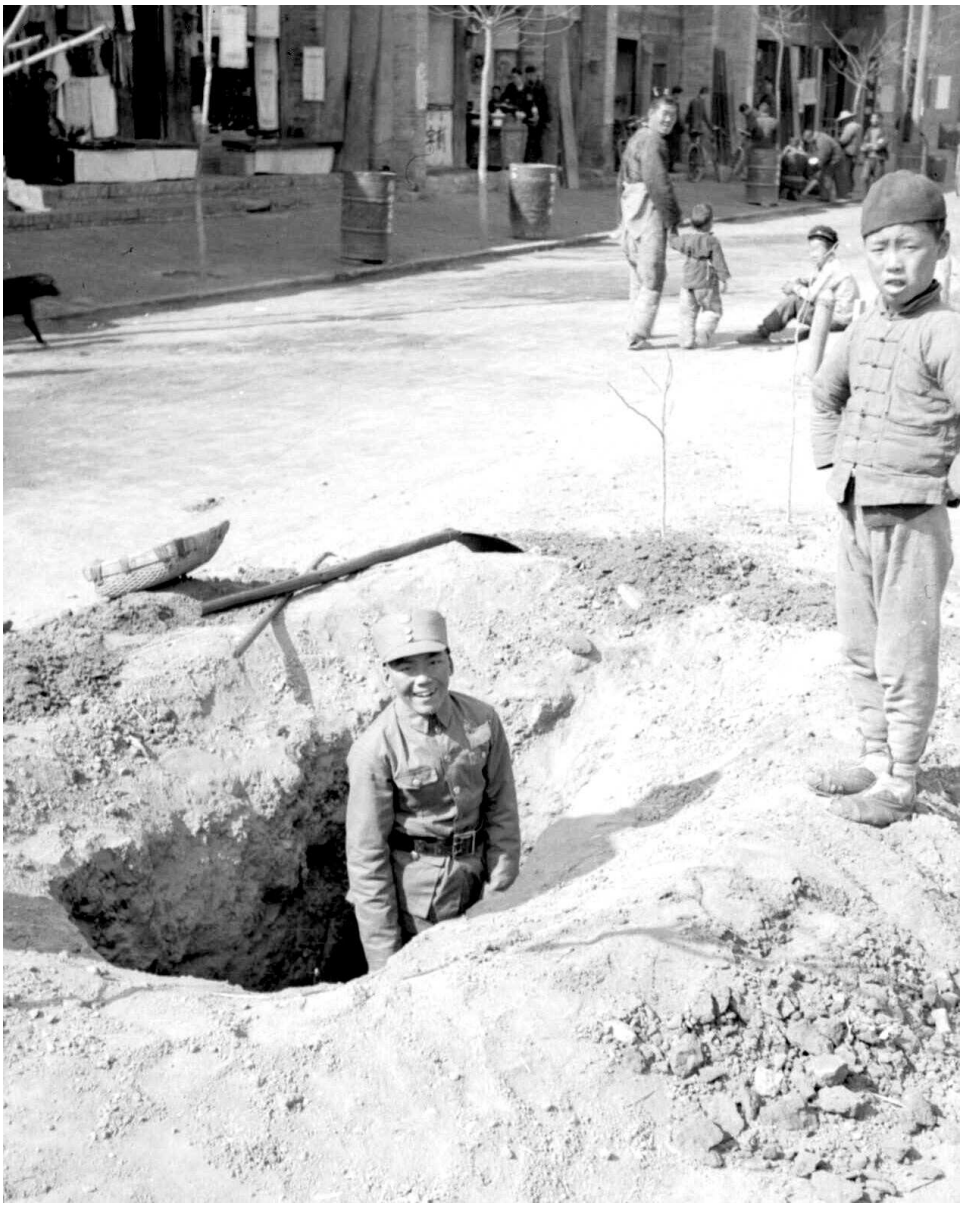


Figure 5.8: Digging a bomb shelter in Cheng-Chou [*ZhengZhou*]. Here, because of the high water table, only shallow shelters could be dug.

are fighting close to Kaifeng.

DEC. 20 (Wednesday, Cheng Chow, Baptist Mission) Air raid alarm

Louie and I were deeply engrossed in a game of Chinese checkers about 10:00 AM when the air raid alarm was sounded. There is a lookout on an elevation close to the compound. They have a siren up there that warns the people of approaching planes. As soon as an enemy plane crosses the Yellow River the news is telephoned to all cities in the vicinity and a warning alarm is sounded. They have developed a very efficient system for the protection of the civilians and army. The whole city is honeycombed with little pits which accommodate from one to five persons. They are just deep enough so that by squatting the head will be below the surface of the ground. There is usually a covering of a few boards with dirt piled on top to keep the debris and falling shrapnel from dropping on the heads of the people in the dugouts.

Strolled out past the Lung Hai railway station to the Lung Hai Gardens. The gardens were once quite a place but they are all badly ruined. So is the RR station which was bombed heavily. Saw many refugees along the tracks picking up bits of coal that had been scattered in bombings. Got our tickets for tomorrow.

DEC. 21 (Thursday, Hu Shih Kwan, Chinese cave inn) Trucking in China. A ride a while — walk a while – stop a while — fix a while cycle.

Little Evelyn hated to see us leave this morning. She had her mother wake her early so she may say good by. But as we prepared to leave she couldn't stand it. Tears came to her eyes and she ran into the bedroom. Poor little kid doesn't have many playmates.

A 1933 1 1/2 ton Chevrolet was warming up when we reached the bus station at 6:30 PM; but we didn't push off until 8:00. It almost scared me when the order to mount was finally given. There was a rush for the truck and before I knew what had happened the thing was filled and literally overflowing. Louie was a little closer than I and managed to get standing space. A count proved that there were 40 men either in or partly in the truck. They soon pushed out ten that had no tickets. That left thirty and when I got in it made 31 in all packed in the bed of the truck plus three in the cab. For the first five miles all I had was standing room. But finally the load began to shake down and I sat on another fellows lap. The load was so heavy that we had to get out and walk six times.

Figure 5.9: (Top) The truck to Loyang. Now we know why Howard was so late getting in the truck – he was taking pictures! (Bottom) Helping the truck up a steep slope.

The car being on the verge of breakdown, was unable to get us to Loyang today. We [*were*] only able to make 200 li. Are spending the night in a cave in Black Stone Pass. This was quite a famous place 1000 years ago when Loyang was Capital [*of China*]. Passed through very picturesque loess terra. In some places it is badly eroded and there are deep canyons. The road often runs between two vertical cliffs. There is some of the most complete terracing of hills that I have seen in China.

[*Here is an expanded version of this same trip; I think that this version was written a little later.*]

Hu Shih Kwan (Black Stone Pass) Dec. 21, 1939

I think that it can be safely said that the Chinese can make a new thing older faster, but can make an old thing run longer than any people on the face of the Earth. Any one who has done any traveling by Chinese bus or truck can verify this.

Louis and I were loaded into an old Chinese truck this morning and were started toward Loyang 300 li away. The old truck was badly overloaded with thirty one persons in the bed and five in the cab. It was only a 1 1/2 ton truck. The thirty one of us behind were jammed in like cheese in a press. I was a bit slow in getting in at the start, but I can truthfully accuse all the others of jumping the gun. Anyhow all I could find was standing room when I got there. It took five miles of rough road before the load settled enough to make room enough for every one to more or less sit. But I didn't mind standing so much. The truckees were packed too tightly around my legs that I couldn't have fallen had I wanted to.

Considering the road we were traveling, the load was much too heavy. We had to pile out six times to walk up steep inclines and hills. After having to climb one mt., about 2 mi., I was about ready to demand a refund on my ticket. But considering the fact that we had to stop on the average of once an hour to tighten screws, refit the wheels on the nearly worn out bearings or wire on some part that was about to fall off; it is a wonder that we have been able to make 55 miles.

To make the trip more pleasant 6 out of the 31 passengers got car sick. On several occasions the persons jammed in the middle were unable to to get to the edge of the truck in time. The rest of us had to suffer. Night came before Loyang did and as we had no lights, the car was parked at the nearest village, Hu Shih Kwan (Black Stone Divide) to camp for the night. Louis and I found a Hotel in a hill not far away. As nice a place as you would want any place along the road in China. It was a cave in the loess.

Had two entrances and half a dozen rooms. Our two beds were in a paper latticed partition of one of the bigger rooms. Were treated in regular hotel fashion:

1. Wash 2. Register 3. Eat 4. Prepare the bed 5. To bed

Good food — rice and eggs scrambled together (Zso Fan) Chipped meat and cabbage soup.

A little disturbance early in the night sort of irritated me as I was tired and wanted some sleep.

One of the guests wanted a girl, so he called the boss to see if they had any on hand. They did. So he asked what kind he wanted. He wanted the one at the door. So the bargaining began. The guest offered two dollars and the girl wanted 8. After humming back and forth between the two several times they got within a dollar; $4 offered, $5 wanted. Neither side would give in. The manager seemed to think $4 was pretty good and tried to persuade the girl to go into the guest. "$4 good business for one night." he would tell her. The agreement was finally arranged and they went to bed. I to sleep.

DEC. 22 (Friday, Loyang, Lindbeck's, Lutheran mission)

Didn't have a bad night at all even though it was a bit noisy at first. A fellow in the next booth had a girl in with him. She had a bad case of giggles which was rather annoying when we were trying to sleep. There was also a poor fellow in the cave that groaned all night. The old truck was waiting for us at 7:00 AM. Two more people were to get on here. I absolutely couldn't find a square inch of space, so I told the manager if he couldn't find me a place to sit I would walk. He knew that would cause trouble so gave me a seat in the cab and put the crank boy out on the fender.

Passed through some beautifully eroded loess terrain. Most of the mountains are cut by deep ravines (almost gorges). Nearly all the roads were at the bottom of the gorges. In inquiring I learned that these roads were once on the surface, but through hundreds of years of use they have been worn down in some places to 100 feet below the surface. Most of the people live in caves along the sides of the deep roads. Cave dwellers.

After a ride a while — walk a while — stop a while — fix a while, bus trip in a truck we got to Loyang. That's usually one thing you can say for them. They usually get where they are going, even though they get there late.

Arrived at Loyang at 10:00 PM. Would have been here half an hour earlier but several of us ran off to see a temple when the truck stopped for water. The temple was a beauty. It was built by an Emperor for a white maned horse that carried him across a river when he was trying to escape from an enemy. It has two beautiful urns, one white jade about a foot in diameter and the other cast bronze about fifteen feet high. [*This must be White-Horse (baima) Temple, still a tourist site near Luoyang*]

Tried to get visas for our passports this PM. Ran all over and even out of town before we found the place, only to be told to come back tomorrow as they had never performed the service before and would have to read up on the rules & regulations etc. This is as bad as Japanese red tape.

DEC. 23 (Saturday, Loyang, Lutheran mission)

Went into the district Magistrates office this AM to get our visas. He said that foreigners were not suppose to be in Honan because this is the front line war zone. It would be impossible for us to get our visas, particularly as our passports did not state the particular mission that we are on. Both Louie's and my passports give our occupation as being students, which the Chinese interpret as being aimless travelers. We talked a long while and finally left our passports with him. He said that he would try and get them fixed for us.

On the way back to Lindbecks we found one of the entrances to a bomb proof cellar. We went down to have a look around. There are steps descending about 60 feet into loess. From there a network of tunnels and small rooms spread out and finally lead into another entrance about 100 yards from the first. Besides the two entrances there were two air ducts to keep the cellars ventilated. It was terribly dark down there, but we finally felt our way through. But when we got to the surface we noticed a big crowd of people rushing our way. An alarm had been sounded while we had been exploring the dungeon. We went back in and waited 1/2 hour until the all clear sounded. Another alarm interrupted our lunch. Put on our coats and took our plates out in the yard so we could hear the planes if they came and could rush for the big cellar they have in the compound.

Got our visas this evening. No trouble at all.

DEC. 24 (Sunday, Loyang, Lutheran mission) Santa Claus visits us

Loyang is an extremely interesting city. It would be fun moping around for several months. This region is considered the cradle of Chinese civilization so it holds particular interest for the historian and archeologist. Since

Figure 5.10: Unexploded Japanese bombs in Loyang.

the beginning of Chinese history Loyang has been ten times the capital of the country. There are still many land marks which the Chinese point out as being built during such and such a dynasty by Emperor — who had his capital here.

Things that have any dust on them are usually considered old. If that is any criterion for judging a city, Loyang would be considered ancient. Everything is covered with inches of dust. It is impossible this time of year to walk down the streets in oxfords without getting a shoe full of dust. Even a wheelbarrow stirs up such a cloud of dust that you would think a car was speeding down the road.

After Xmas Eve supper we gathered around the old organ and sang Christmas Carols. There were five of us — Mr. and Mrs. Lindbeck, Miss [*blank*], Louie and myself. Then Mrs. Lindbeck read the Xmas story. And last on the program was the distribution of gifts. There was one apiece. Louie and I each got a shoe horn from the Lindbecks.

DEC. 25 (Monday, Loyang, Lutheran mission) A Merry Christmas in Loyang

A.M. 6:00 Merry Christmas every one! For me it is a Merry Christmas

compared to last year. A year ago today and just about this time I was leaving Wu Hsiang on a stretcher. There had just been a big snow and it was cold — plenty cold (about 16 below zero). Three days later I arrived home nearly frozen.

This morning I have just returned from the early morning Lutheran Christmas service. It is the practice of the Scandinavian Lutherans to have their Christmas service in the early morning before the sun comes up. It makes a very beautiful service. A Chinese military officer was the speaker — a captain of artillery. He seems a very fine man.

P.M. 10:00 Wanted to take a walk this PM but the dammed police insisted on following us around. They say its to protect us but it looks like inquisitiveness to me. Anyhow it spoils the fun of looking around the city.

A Chinese lady brought a large calcified egg around. It had been found floating down the yellow river near Cheng Chow. A fellow thought it was a man drowning and swam in after it. The egg is in perfect condition. Measures about 8-in from end to end along the axis and is about 20-in in circumference. Quite an egg. Probably belongs to a big prehistoric bird something like an ostrich.

Had a heck of a time getting tickets, but we are on the train and have tickets.

DEC. 26 (Tuesday, Tung Kwan [*Tong-guan*] Tien) Where the train can't go take a donkey.

Traveled in comfort last night. I had never expected that we would be able to get sleepers back behind the lines in China.

There was a wounded officer in the same cabin. Poor fellow, his left hand and leg were nearly blown off, and the side of his face was badly messed up. He kept saying, "Ten days ago I was a strong healthy man — now look at me."

We were making good time until an air raid alarm was sounded. The train had to stop out in the country until the all clear sounded. Nearly everyone left the train and scattered in the surrounding fields.

Following along the S. bank of the Yellow River quite a while. Most interesting terrain. Also passed a couple of big bridges that the Japs had blown up with artillery fire from the Shanxi side of the River. 3000+ shells to blow one up and 500+ shells for the other. [*The Japanese artillery men in Liao Chou Shanxi were good shots, if these were the same, it just took a lot of shells to bring down a big bridge.*]

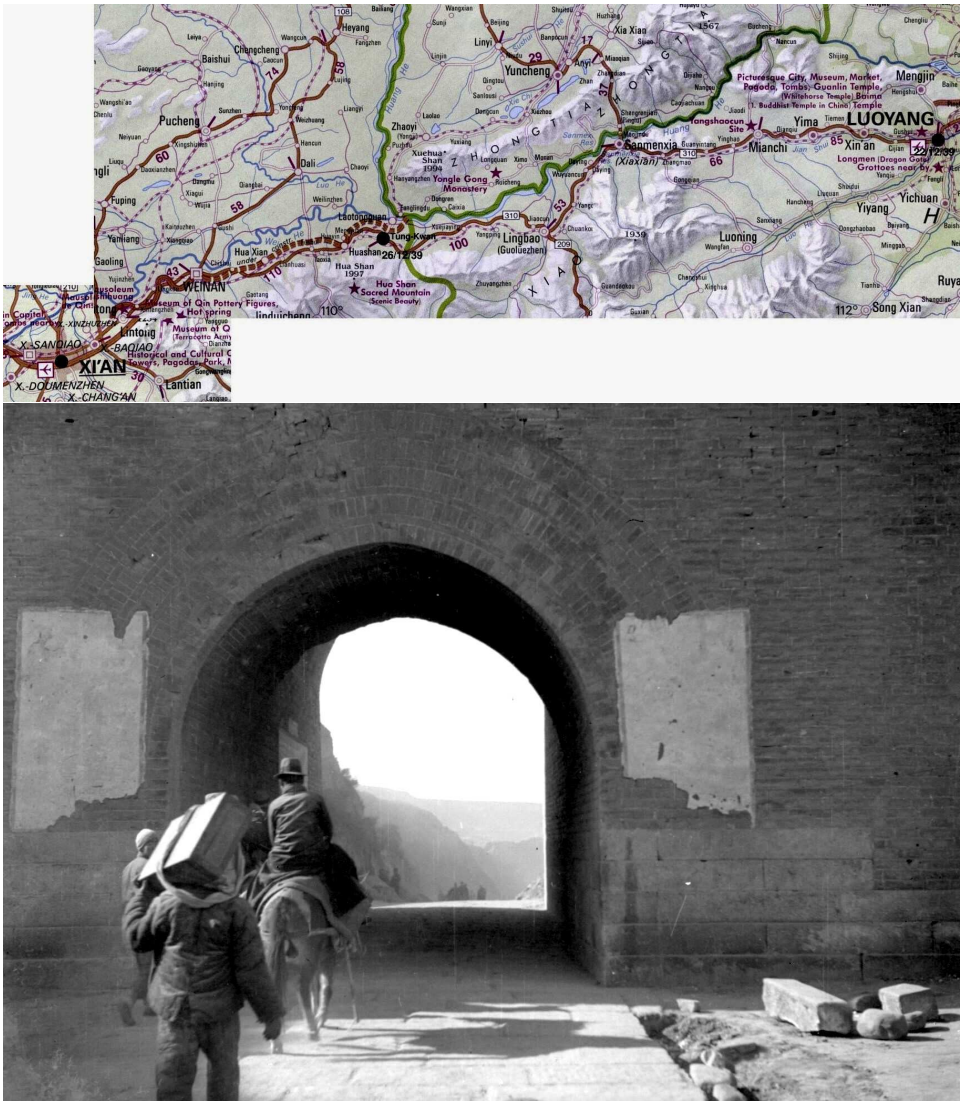


Figure 5.11: (Top) A map that shows the rout between Luoyang and Xian. Principal sites with the arrival dates are again given. (Bottom) The gate at the Shaanxi/Honan border near Tung-Kwan.

The Japanese have been in the Southwestern tip of Shanxi, across the Yellow River from Tung Kwan, for two years now. They have never been able to get a footing on the south bank of the river. But from their position in Shanxi they can easily shell Tung Kwan and the Lunghai Railway which run through there. Because the Japanese have their big guns trained on the tracks, it is impossible for the trains to run on that stretch. Thus on our way from Loyang to Sian we had to leave the train 20 li East of Tung Kwan and go by foot and donkey around the city and to the train from Sian which came to within 25 li on the other side. (Both places where the train stops is a mile out of range of the heaviest Jap guns.) Most of the people took donkeys to ride, but Louis and I wanted to walk. But we got a poor little animal to carry all our baggage. There was a tremendous traffic of carriers, animals, and pedestrians on the road. We were quite surprised because we had heard that the road followed the bank of the river and in some places it was only a mile from Jap fortifications on the opposite side of the river. But again Chinese geographical terrain made possible safe travel so close to the enemy.

The territory around Tung Kwan is quite hilly, so the Yellow River has had to cut quite a gorge through the loess hills. The old road, although running close to the bank of the river is on the hill side and is worn down considerably below the surface so it is completely out of sight of the Japs. There are a few places where the wall between the road and the river has been washed away. But in these places they have cut narrow paths below the surface of the road. There are guards standing there to make sure everyone takes the low road.

At Tung Kwan the north and East gates, being in full view of the Japs, are kept closed, and we had to skirt around to the south wall. It sounds easy, just going around to the south end of the wall; a little detour around the city. But it took no less than four hours to make the two miles. There were three things that make it difficult: 1. Traffic. 2. The grading of the road; 60-degrees in some places. 3. Dust, the dust was as bad as I have ever seen. Terrible!

There were literally thousands of donkeys, mules, horses, and men trying to get through a one way pass over the hill. At one place which was just at the top of the hill in a narrow cut there was a jam. Donkeys etc. must have been jammed up along the path for about half a mile on either side of the divide. We waited at least half an hour way down the line. Then I climbed up the bank and went around the jam to find out what the trouble was. Just at the top where the road was the narrowest two mule caravans had met. Their load was too bulky to pass each other in the cut. They had

stopped to argue as neither would turn back to a wider place in the road so the other could pass. It wasn't long until animals and men had jammed in behind them so that it would have been nearly impossible to turn back had they changed their minds. The pushing had become so bad that some poor animals in the middle didn't have all four hooves on the ground. There were several military men on the bank above where I was, [*were*] shouting to the drivers below to clear the road so they could pass. But that was only a small squeak compared to the din below — what with hundreds of animal drivers cursing and swearing.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to break it up before it got any worse. Being a foreigner, and being dressed somewhat in military I was able, more-or-less effectively, to take on an air of authority. By shouting at the top of my voice I was soon able to get their attention. But my words of advice had no effect on them. Getting my adrenaline up a bit I slid down the bank and walked across the donkeys, as I couldn't get my feet on the ground, to where the trouble was. They saw that I meant business, so that when I told the head of one of the caravans to turn back he tried to, but alas, he couldn't. The jam behind was too tight. I wiggled my way down to the ground and started down the road telling each donkey driver to get his animals lined up orderly on the side of the road. Had trouble with several at first until I threatened to commandere all animals that were out of place. Pretty soon the line began to back up, so I went back, took the head mule, turned it around and led it down the opposite side of the road until we got to a wider place in the road where the mules could pass. Then I led the first caravan back through the divide. By this time they had gotten the idea that the two lines should stick each to its own side of the road. Things began to move a bit, but still they tried to crowd too much. So for the next hour I stood in the divide directing the traffic. I don't like to brag, but things were going pretty good during that hour.

Later when I overtook some of the donkey drivers on the road, they said that they had never gotten around the detour so quickly. They said that the thing usually broke up only after there had been sever casualties such as a donkey being pushed off a cliff or having its legs broken in the jam. What we had experienced must be a daily occurrence.

Caught the train for Sian 25 li west of Tung Kwan at 2:00 PM.

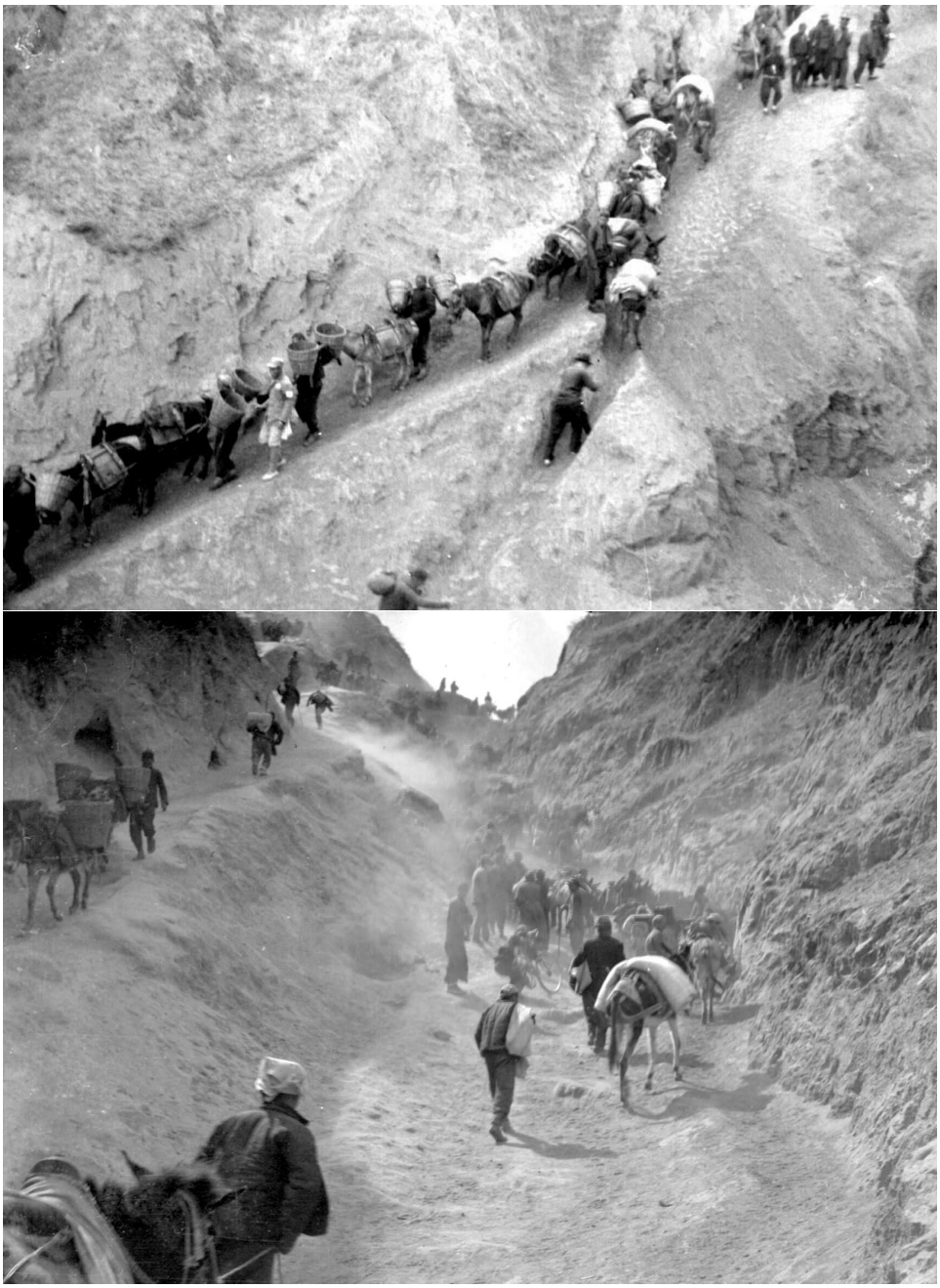


Figure 5.12: (Top) Movement again after Howard cleared the traffic jam in the sunken road near Tung-Kwan. (Bottom) With traffic moving again, the dust returns.

Chapter 6

Sian Interlude

DEC. 27 (Wednesday, Sian) The guest house

Arrived Sian 3:00. The engine broke down once and we had to stop for several air raid alarms. We are told this morning that 102 planes visited Lan Chow yesterday. I guess that's good reason for our having moved cautiously last night, although I was rather restless and eager for them to get going.

The rising bell this morning was an air raid alarm at 9:20 AM. After having heard about yesterday's raids on Lan Chow it didn't take us long to get out of bed and jump into our clothes.

The Guest House used to be quite the place. But from present appearances it is quite run down. It's a Chinese owned and managed European style hotel. And really the accommodations are not bad — electric lights, bath in each room, spring beds and even clean sheets. But the only food you get now is of the Chinese variety but not including the usual square meal. Service is also uninspirational. That is to say, it takes a suggestion, or even a request before anything is done. But all in all it is remarkable for an interior city and particularly in war time.

Visited the London Mission Hospital this PM. Met Dr. Clau, (?) Dr. Stock and Mr. Upchurch. Then saw Yen's [*Yen Shi-shan, governor of Shanxi province.*] representative and sent our request to see the Governor. Also arranged to move to Burgstroms tomorrow.

DEC. 28 (Thursday, Sian, Burgstroms) C.I.M [*China Inland Mission*] & S.A.M. [*Scandinavian Alliance Mission*] Sian, or Changan, or Siking.

Sian is one of China's four largest walled cities. Nanking is first, Peiping second with Sian and Chungtu following. Nanking has a circumference of 78

Figure 6.1: Yen Shi-shan, warlord Governor of Shanxi province. A photograph given to Rev. E. M. Wampler on the occasion of the marrage of the Governor's daughter in December, 1936. The text in the upper right is Rev. Wampler's name in Chinese. The Governor's name is given in large characters on the left, below that is the date.

li, Peiping (blank), Sian 42 li, and Chengtu 36. And as in Peiping it consists of 3 cities one within the other. The Imperial city surrounded by the Tartar or Manchu city, surrounded by the Chinese city.

Sian has two other names — Changan, the old name and Siking the new name. Historically the city is of great importance. It has been many times the capital of China. The inhabitants have a peculiar sense of civic pride. It was first illustrated by their refusal to let foreigners into the city. During the present war the outlet for their people has been directed into keeping the city clean and built up. The city may be heavily bombed one day and two or three days later you would never know anything had happened. It is only rarely that the eye can see any evidence of the several hundred raids the city has suffered. There is even a considerable amount of new building going on.

We have moved from the Sian Guest house to the C.I.M hostel.

DEC. 29 (Friday, Sian, Burgstroms C.I.M Hostel) The Forest of Tablets

Went to the first war district offices today and found out that they have telegraphed Gov. Yen already. We should have a reply very soon. Sent a letter to Li Wen Yü asking him if he would join us. [*Li was in Liao Hsien. In August, 1939, Howard had suggested to the Ping Ting Mission meeting that "we get in touch with Mr. Li Ti Hua (Li Wen Yü) and ask him to help. Particularly in the region close to our station, so that the mission might not be embarrassed by a foreigner working too close. We could keep in touch with Mr. Li from some point further behind the lines. ... Mr. Wampler can give you the necessary information concerning Mr. Li." This seemed a good idea as the Japanese had let Howard know that they did not want him in Shanxi province (and in fact they later had put a price on his head.)*]

Visited the forest of tablets this PM. The city has gathered stone tablets from all the surrounding country and has put them together in a temple yard. Unfortunately for us many of the most interesting and valuable tablets have been encased by a heavy mud and brick plastering to prevent their being damaged by bombs and shrapnel!

I must confess that I didn't get very much out of most of the tablets because I couldn't read the characters. And I haven't had the experience necessary for the appreciation of the Chinese art of calligraphy. I marvel at the Chinese who can stand in front of one of these tablets, which has only characters carved on it, and seem to thoroughly enjoy the beauty of what seems to be a mass of lines and blots to the occidental.

I did enjoy very well the pictures in low relief. Some were excellent.

Figure 6.2: Li Wen Yü in his uniform as educational Director of South Eastern Shanxi. He was also known as Li Ti Hua (see June 6, 1940 ff). In 1939 he had offered to resign his post and work with Howard as a 'front' man, so that Howard, under suspicion by the Japanese, could stay away from the Japanese lines. Rev. E. M. Wampler put this proposition to the mission meeting at Ping Ting in August, 1939.

Among these tablets is one from the early Nestorian Christians of about 600 B.C. [*sic, I think I remember a date of about 800 A.D. from the last time I was there.*]

Purchased several original stone prints from the pictorial tablets in The Forest of Tablets.

DEC. 30 (Saturday, Sian, Burgstroms C.I.M. Hostel)

This is the last day of the year but one.

A great surprise today — A letter! I hadn't hoped to get one for another two months, but here it is. Margaret Friburg wrote to Frances Schlosser saying, "Give my love to the boys ... We are remembering them in our prayers — even Mrs. Van Dyke told me this PM that she had prayed for them last night." Francis added this remark, "I wonder if you have ever been prayed for so much in your whole lives." I had no idea that people were so concerned about us. Mrs. Van Dyke in particular surprises me.

Visited a club that publishes a daily war map. I got two subscriptions and had them sent to Manchester and Minnich. There were two very pleasing young men in the office. We talked with them for some time concerning propaganda. It ended up by my writing several sample letters advertising their map publication. They would like to have several organizations in the states subscribe to it.

The City is already preparing for New Years. Many new posters and slogans are up. "1940 is the year the tables will turn." "This year we start driving Japan out of China."

Sent a long letter to [*Andrew*] Cordier today. Want to get in the office [*at Manchester College*] next year.

DEC. 31 (Sunday, Sian, Burgstroms) And so passes the Old Year — 1939

We are getting dangerously close to the New Year. Another one like the one we are closing today will just about do the old world in. There is one great thing the New Year can do for us. It can, and may, bring in peace. We hope it will.

Strolled out through the West gate into the country this AM. This is a barren country in the winter. Everything is dusty dull brown. Even the atmosphere seems dull and hazy instead of clean and sharp.

Looking back over the past year I can think of many unpleasant things. It's a year which I wouldn't care to repeat from a standpoint of general

happiness and satisfaction. Of course I did get a certain sense of satisfaction from the work I was doing. But the suffering I saw and was unable to help, more than overbalances the other, and tended in the direction [*of*] creating a feeling of helplessness and despair. Helping others for personal satisfaction is not what it is cracked up to be. It's harder to distribute relief funds honestly than to make the money. The problems are tremendous.

I have another half year of work out here. I'm not sorry. It will be interesting. But I will be more than ready to return to college when the time comes.

I have only one resolution to make. That I will stick to my purpose and not lose my nerve.

Going to bed early. Not feeling too well.

[*Here, at the end of the year, young Howard (he was 22 years old) was expressing the feelings of, I think, most aid workers at the time. Even later, in the summer of 1948 I can remember that in Tai Yan Fu one day the Methodist Mission hospital received about 30 wounded soldiers that had been lying out on the battle field with no attention for a month. By the time they got to the hospital there was little the doctors could do for them. My mother brewed tea for those who were calling for water.*

On another day we went outside the city walls to visit a refugee camp with a thousand or so refugees. I particularly remember two women: one was clearly dying, and was being tended by her family. She was not old but was horribly bloated, nude with her fly covered skin stretched tight over her entire body. Her relatives were trying to keep the flies off. The other was older and very skinny with unnaturally white teeth. She begged us to help her, but we could do nothing. After WW II the UN and the Chinese Government had relief agencies in China. The first was UNRRA and the second was called CNRRA. Known to relief workers as "You Never Really Receive Anything" and "Certainly Not, Racketeers Receive All."]

JAN. 1 (Monday, Sian, Bergstrom's, C.I.M. Hostel) Happy New Year!

Well, it's here — The New Year. At long last I can start writing on the front half of this diary. [*Howard had started the diary — the 1939 part — in the back of the 1-year 1940 journal.*]

The coup d'etat, when 1940 came in power, was unusually quiet. Even the first day of power brought no disturbances. Many had thought that the Japanese bombers would help celebrate. But fortunately weather conditions are not favorable. There was some local celebration though. Every store had a flag and little red lanterns out in front. Even a few firecrackers were shot

Figure 6.3: Propaganda poster in Sian.

off, probably illegally. School and army parades were on the streets most of the time. But most interesting were the posters that were exhibited at nearly every public spot. They were hardly what one would call artistic. In fact some were quite crude. And the subjects of most of them were enough to turn even a "t'eh du" (iron stomach). Atrocity was the favorite subject material. The Chinese are just testing this method of propaganda and haven't learned moderation. They show Japanese soldiers molesting and raping Chinese women, cutting little children up, boiling people in oil, etc. I know that such things have happened, but it is disgusting to see these representations of it. It is decidedly biased, and not at all like the Chinese I know.

Dinner out in a Chinese restaurant this evening. Saw a most beautiful vase — wonderful lines.

JAN. 2 (Tuesday, Sian, Bergstrom's) Passport inspector or Cameras?

We didn't stir around much today — never left the court. But in the middle of the morning we were disturbed by a very pleasant gentleman —

Figure 6.4: (Left) A baby in Xian examines Louis' pocket watch. (Right) A father keeping his baby warm by holding it in his coat.

an inspector of passports. His name was [*Chinese character pronounced So*] which happened to be the name I go by, (only the second person I have met outside our family by that name) so we conversed on that topic for five minutes. Then he wanted to know about our trip, where we had come from, where we were going, had the Japanese treated us with respect, what progress were the Japanese making, and did we think they could win the war. Next he wanted to know our impression of free China. That explained, I thought it about time he was looking at our passports, so I asked him if he didn't want to see them. "Oh, no! No, that's not necessary. Do you have to use them in Japanese occupied territory?" We explained that their military papers were more important than passports to the Japanese. He wanted to know if we had ours along and if he might see one. Guess he hadn't seen one before. Finally he got down to the business he was after:

"I suppose you have cameras?"

"Yes, we carry them with us all the time."

"Of course, of course, it is very common to carry a camera these days. Are you getting good pictures?"

"Yes, we hope."

"You know these are special war times. I hope you will be careful in taking pictures. But of course you understand that. Awfully sorry to have bothered you. If there is any way I can help you, please let me know."

Thats a nice way of telling us that we have been too free with our cameras. Sort of an honor system.

JAN. 3 (Wednesday, Bergstrom's)

My patience gave out today and I went to see if an answer hadn't come from Yen Shi Shan. A telegram was sent a week ago and still no answer.

Louie was out taking pictures on the street today and the police caught him. We were out twice after that and noticed plain clothes men following us each time. Looks mighty like we are under some sort of suspicion. We'll try to be careful hereafter. Purchased a Chinese flute so I'll have to start practicing now. [*This last sentence only means that Howard was musical and liked Chinese instruments.*]

JAN. 4 (Thursday, Bergstrom's) The great goose pagoda and Lady Precious Stream

We wanted to go to the "Ta Yen Ta" (The Great Goose) Pagoda which is several miles south of the city. Wanting to take pictures but not wanting to be under suspicion we reported our intentions to the police. And sure enough they wanted to send a police along. (That adds further evidence to our guess that they suspicion us). Policeman So was the fellow they sent along so we didn't mind. He is really a swell fellow.

It was a beautiful day except for the dust. But since there was no wind we could stand that.

The pagoda was large and rather plain. It is of the square type with seven stories and crowned with a large cast bronze pinnacle which gives it a total hight of 196 feet. But despite its solid plain surface it is not altogether artless. In fact it seems to fit into the countryside as any other part of the landscape might. [*Now it is all built up around the pagoda, and it has lost its setting.*]

Imagine my delight after having seen the picture "Lady Precious Stream" in Shanghai to find that the cave where she spent the 18 years waiting for her husband was only two miles past the Great goose Pagoda. I had to see it, so the others agreed to go along. Near the cave I found two little children digging a kind of weed that they use in their food. It was particularly interesting because the Lady Precious Stream had done the same thing for

Figure 6.5: The children gathering winter herbs as "Lady Precious Stream" did 2000 years ago.

18 years two thousand years ago. I took a picture of them. Hope it turns out.

There is now a temple built around the cave. And in the cave itself there are three images. While explaining the images to us, the priest delivered quite a lecture on Buddhism. Buddha gave up riches, comfort, and other worldly pleasure to seek nirvana (the Buddhist heaven). It is a difficult task to finally achieve the Buddhist nirvana. It's too easy to go to your Christian heaven. All you have to do is believe. In Buddhism you have to go through many stages of reincarnation. In this way you are also given many chances. The life of Lady Precious Stream exemplifies the Buddhist

sacrifices for future happiness. Through her faithfulness she received her reward early. Thus Buddhist have erected this temple in memory of her.

JAN. 5 (Friday, Bergstrom's)

Spring is here. It's been a beautiful day. But I'm afraid its too soon to last. Sian hasn't had any snow this winter and maybe they won't get any.

A Mr. Ratzlaf, also of the S.A.M is now staying with us here. He came from 100 miles N. West of here — drove a car. He was a sight when he got here, being covered with dust from head to toe. He might just as well have been a man that has gathered dust for the past 2000 years.

Louie and I are having a bit of chess these days. There doesn't seem to be much else to do. Of course there is but Louie likes chess and I am willing to play a game or two a day.

Fixed up a Chinese chess board today so now we can vary our recreation between the European Chess (war) and the Far Eastern Chess (war).

JAN. 6 (Saturday, Bergstrom's)

This is a heck of a situation we're in. Ten days in Sian and we don't know any more about when we can leave than when we arrived.

The Chief at the 1st war district office was not in when we called this A.M. Been feasting all day, they said, and told us to come back tomorrow. [*New Year, both the occidental and the later Chinese one, is a bad time to do business in China. People are visiting relatives, temples, feasting and resting.*]

Personally I'm of the opinion that they have received a telegram permitting us to go, but that they are first trying to find out more about us. We should have brought papers from the mission.

Today's paper says that heavy fighting is in progress in S. Shanxi now. If the Japs are able to get control of the North bank of the Yellow River we would have a difficult time getting into that part of Shanxi.

There is also a report of tension between the Reds and the Gov. troops in the N.W. border between Shensi and K (blank). It seems that the Reds are either being crowded or are wanting to spread out. The government advised a missionary living up there to move away because of threatening trouble. I hope they can hold together in a United Front.

JAN. 7 (Sunday, Bergstrom's)

Went to see General Huang of the first district war office first thing after breakfast. He was in a conference but another fellow saw us. No answer, but he promised to send another telegram — express this time. We offered to give them more references but they threw up their hands in horror at the idea. No! No! That wasn't at all necessary. There was nothing more that we could do, so thanked him and left. I have a feeling that something will happen now. It seems strange that they should be holding us up.

Took all my films down town to have them developed. They seem to do pretty good work here.

Louie, Ratzlaff and I walked over to the foreign church this evening. Met most of the English Baptists that we didn't meet at the Dr's house. Mr. Glenn delivered the sermon. Arcangelsky, (sp?) an old Russian nobleman was there. He is a most interesting person.

On the way home Mr. Ratzlaff tried to convert me to his brand of Hellfire Christianity. I'm afraid our conceptions of God are different.

JAN. 8 (Monday, Bergstrom's)

Another day wasted. Played half a dozen games of chess. We will have to put a stop to this.

Mr. So of the passport office was here to see us again. I think that we were able to straighten things out for him this time. Happened to remember that we had brought a letter of introduction to Mr. Mudd, so we sent So over there to find out about us.

We were playing chess when So came and before he left I persuaded him to have a game of Chinese chess with me. He got started on the wrong foot or something. Anyhow, I beat him rather badly and he left somewhat disgusted with himself.

Got my film back this evening. Not so bad at all with 28 usable negatives out of a possible 32. I seem to be doing OK with distance & composition, but am still having a bit of trouble in getting accurate exposure.

There are several pictures that I'm almost proud of. One is of the little girl at Chung Muo Hsien [*Figure 5.6*]. The other is of a bunch of bombs in Loyang [*Figure 5.10*].

Bergstrom has almost persuaded me to put my pictures on slides. It seems like a pretty good idea.

JAN. 9 (Tuesday, Bergstrom's)

Mr. Bergstrom woke us up at 4:00 o'clock this morning. He wanted to know if we wanted to see a big fire. I was a bit sleepy and wasn't sure. But

when I opened my eyes and saw the sky to the East was all aglow, I jumped out of bed in a hurry and into my clothes. A machine shop only four doors down the street from us was in blazes.

It was interesting to see how the fire department went at the job of fighting the fire. There is no water system in Sian, but the fire department had two motor pumps hooked up to movable tanks. The whole neighborhood was out with buckets trying to keep the tanks filled with water. But every little bit they would run out of water and have to stop the pumps. They finally got the fire under control.

Miss Hoover arrived from Cheng Chow early this morning.

Came back to Bergstrom's to find So waiting for us. He wants more information about us. I flew off a bit and asked him what all the suspicion was about. It embarrassed him a bit to have me say it so blankly.

JAN. 10 (Wednesday, Bergstrom's) My Irish is up

It certainly must be hard to snow in these parts. It was nice and cloudy when we got up — just right for a good snow. We did get three or four flakes and then it cleared up.

Dr Clow called up this P.M. and said that the police had been over to ask about us. He told them that we were good citizens, but they still weren't satisfied. Clow invited us to lunch tomorrow. We will plan our attack with him. But I'm getting tired of waiting and if things don't clear up tomorrow I'm going to the headquarters and blow up. There is absolutely no sense in their being so ridiculous.

I have three cards to pull:

1. Threaten to drop the whole thing and go to Chungking
2. Wire the American embassy that our passports are not being respected and that we are being kept from our work. [*Some provisions of the extraterritorial treaties that covered foreigners were still in effect. The Chinese Government was bound by treaty to allow the missionaries to evangelize and to protect them in their work.*]
3. Give them our passports as a bond.

I wonder which one of these they would choose. I don't like to do it, but sometimes that is the only way to get things done in China.

JAN. 11 (Thursday, Bergstrom's)

Lunch with the English Baptists proved very profitable. I recalled that they had a copy of the "Star of China" in which my name is recorded under the title "Director of Relief". Besides that Dr. Clow wrote an affidavit for us. These two bits of evidence, A&B, satisfied the police so our names are clear once more.

It wouldn't surprise me to hear from General Huang now in a day or two. Our horizons are a bit brighter this evening. However, there are reports that there is extremely heavy fighting in Shanxi these few days. We may have difficulties even after we do get permission.

There are rumors of peace being spread about these days. They say that Japan is willing to withdraw to their positions as of July 1937 [*the date hostilities between China and Japan began*] if General Chang will resign. But it seems that China will not come to terms on that basis. They want Manchuria back and they may get it.

JAN. 12 (Friday, Bergstrom's) Miss Hoover

Miss Hoover is the real sort as the Britisher would say. She impresses me as a very capable and thoroughly alive woman. A C.I.M. [*China Inland Mission, a British outfit*] loaned for the duration of the war to the Int. Red Cross. She is usually very quiet and unassuming. But you can gather from her remarks from time to time that she has had an enviable experience and is accomplished in many lines. She was for several years stationed in Northwest Kansu, has made the raft trip through the Yellow River rapids, and likes well played Chinese music better than occidental music. [*The Yellow River rapids are a LOT hairier than the Yangtze River gorge.*]

From reports of others she must be too independent to get along with others, but by giving her a free hand she can do almost anything. She just came from Cheng Chow with ten cases of gasoline. Remembering the trouble we had getting by Tung Kwan she performed a Herculean task. She even lost one of the animal drivers in coming through. The poor fellow fell off a cliff on the road around Tung Kwan.

Miss Hoover is on her way to Kwei Yang where she will continue in Red Cross work.

JAN. 13 (Saturday, Bergstrom's) Prices in Sian

China is having the same problem that other nations have when at war. Profiteering abounds, prices skyrocket, and wages move gradually up.

Staple prices now sell for: rice $40 per ton, millet $30 per ton, Flour $8.10 per 40 lb. sack, coal $15 per 100 catties, firewood $12 per 100 catties, ordinary factory cotton cloth $1 per foot, local coarse cloth $.60 per foot.

Tires now cost $450 a piece, typewriting paper $7.50 per 100 sheets, Kerosene $60 per can, gas $80 per 5 gal. can, ordinary cloth shoes $4 per pair.

Ordinary labor that used to cost 30 cents per day has jumped to 80 cents to $1 per day.

Generally speaking money is a good deal freer than in pre war days, but there are many who suffer.

JAN. 14 (Sunday, Bergstrom's) Kumbum Lamasery in Kansu

Miss Hoover has told us of something we very much want to visit some time. She is a good saleswoman.

The place is the Kum Bum lamastery near lake Koko Nor (Tsinghai) in N.W. Kansu. It is about 90 li southwest of Sining Fu.

She tells us that every Chinese New Year there is a magnificent butter festival held there. Images of the many incarnate buddhas are placed in public places in the lamastery for worship. Lama priests dress in devil costumes and dance. It is considered one of the most interesting festivals in the world.

At present this place is also of particular interest because the newly chosen Dali Lama (a boy of five) is now there. It is interesting how he was chosen. Four lads are chosen from the four Lama regions N-S-E-&W. The 4 lads are observed for a year and then one is chosen. This little boy was chosen one day when high Lamas were carrying on devotions beside the sacred pool in Lhassa. In the reflection of the Golden Roof Temple they saw three Tibetan characters — "ah", "ka", and "mu". These characters are contained in the word for the Eastern District of Tibet, so the boy from Kumbum was chosen. He is a cute little duffer.

JAN. 15 (Monday, Bergstrom's) Miss Hall

Met another interesting lady today. A Miss Katharine Hall of the Hsung Kung Huai. [*Miss Hall was a member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (S.P.G.) Mission in North China. A biography of her life has been published by Mr. Tom Newnham ("DR. BETHUNE'S ANGEL, The Life of Kathleen Hall" (Graphic Publications: Auckland, New Zealand (2002))) I'm indebted to Mr. Newnham for my copy of this book and two*

earlier biographies of Kathleen Hall that he wrote.] I had met her before with Hubbard in Peiking but not to talk much. She is middle aged and as Dr. Rough (?) said, "She hasn't taken notice of the styles for the last twenty years. But there's a sparkle in her eyes and an enthusiastic snap to her voice so you soon forget the impression of first glance."

Miss Hall has had some difficulty with the Japanese so left her station in Hopei. She is now on her way to Wu Tai Shan to join up with the Chinese Red Cross units that are helping the wounded soldiers of the Eight Route Army [*Communists*]. She really is quite an enthusiastic sort. Came running out to meet us as though we were old friends. Quite a talker too. I didn't get half the things asked that I had intended.

Miss Hoover leaves tonight. I'm sorry to see her go. She has been a lot of fun. Even got down on the floor to play sticks with us this morning.

JAN. 16 (Tuesday, Bergstrom's)

At twelve thirty more guests arrived. Miss Nelson & brother Fred Nelson, Mr. Becken, & Mr. Rubin Gust. They came in an old Ford with a trailer on behind. Mr. Becken & Mr. Gust were in the auto caravan that came up from French Indo China. They certainly have some stories to tell of their adventures. "Leaping Leona" the hybrid Ford truck they had along is the favorite subject of conversation. It saw service in Spain, England, Hongkong, and by considerable coaxing made the trip from French Indo to Sian. [*See* DR. BETHUNE'S ANGEL, The Life of Kathleen Hall *(above) for a more complete description of Kathleen Hall and her trip with "Leaping Leona" that so impressed Howard.*]

They passed through Nanning the day before it fell, turned their cars over several times and had innumerable breakdowns.

The Missionaries back here have all the adventures of an exploring expedition. Boy, I wish that I had been with them on that trip.

This was the day that we were supposed to hear from General Huang. Nothing yet. I will give him one day of grace — tomorrow. Then I shall start another line of attack. Will probably start on the Eighth Route next.

JAN. 17 (Wednesday, Bergstrom's)

Have another expedition planned for some time in the future. The highest Mt. in North China "Tai Pu Shan" is only a hundred miles from here. There has only been one foreigner ever to climb the Mt. and he committed suicide shortly after. There is only one time of year that it can be done —

on the sixth moon. That comes July 4 this year. It happened to be just about the time we will be leaving these parts.

We might be able to get up quite a party to make the trip. Most of the guests that are here seem interested.

In the mean time we must get to work and do some relief distribution. I am beginning to think that we may be thwarted in our plans. It wouldn't surprise me in the least to discover a negative response. They don't want us to get in with the Eighth Route and find out that there is friction. It's more than the Jap trouble.

JAN. 18 (Thursday, Bergstrom's)

Sent another telegram to Shanghai today to order some color film. Six 127 Kodachrome rolls and ten 155. I hope Mr. Fish is able to get it for me. The folks here have about sold me on the idea of using color film for slides.

JAN. 19 (Friday, Bergstrom's)

Enjoyed a stag breakfast at a Mohammedan restaurant. There were seven of us altogether and boy did we ever have a time. You would think that we were a bunch of college boys off to a football game.

The breakfast consisted of mutton soup and dry cakes. Good! I say that's the best breakfast between here and San Francisco.

JAN. 20 (Saturday, Bergstrom's) Gov. Yen says "No"! We insist

Got up this morning to find that my world was out of line. Decided to throw up the idea of seeing Gov. Yen and to tell General Huang either to let us go directly into Shanxi or to tell us we couldn't go. Then I was going to see the Eighth Route people and see what they could do for us. Decided to go to Dr. Stockley first and get an introduction to the Eighth Route office. But on the way over we had a change of heart and stopped in to see Gen. Huang. Luckily we did so as the telegram from Gov. Yen had just arrived and Gen. Huang was on the verge of coming to the C.I.M. compound to see us. As soon as I saw Huang I knew that something was out of order. And sure enough as he read the telegram to us our hopes began to deflate. "Received your two telegrams concerning the two Americans who want to enter Shanxi to distribute Relief. We much appreciate their spirit. But winter is here, the roads are bad and in many places impassable. The situation in Shanxi is also such that we cannot guarantee their safety. Under

these circumstances we can not permit them to enter Shanxi now. If they choose they can wait and see if things clear up."

That's the Governor's reply. I told the old General that since we had come here with funds from America it wouldn't look very good if it was the Chinese who wouldn't let us distribute. Americans at home wouldn't understand. Then I suggested that he let us cross the River and work in the Southern most counties of Shanxi where the Chinese still have complete control. That seemed to be a good approach, at least there is another telegram on its way to Gov. Yen. In the meantime I'm going to see the Eighth Route.

It seems that there is something in Shanxi that Yen doesn't want foreigners to see. And if I know anything about it at all I would diagnose it as friction between the Reds and the government or provincial troops and dissension between the younger and older sets in Yen's provincial government.

And I would go on to say that it is a result of 1) Russian's demands on China (probably for increased influence in Korsu and Shensi and Sinkiang). 2) The Government troop pressure that is slowly driving the Reds north and east into Jap territory. The government is trying to break the Red strength by making them the spear point of their attack against the Japs in Shanxi. To counteract this the Reds are playing hide and seek with the Japs and are conserving their strength by not fighting.

JAN. 21 (Sunday, Bergstrom's)

Snow! Ah but the beauty of this winter coat. But with it, "The owl for all his feathers is cold."

I went to a little city church with Mr. Beckman, Mr. Nelson, & Mr Ratzlaff. It was an independent Church run by Chinese. However Mr. Beckman was asked to lead the service when we arrived on the scene.

He spoke of how the Lord had opened the way for him to come to China, bringing him through almost impossible situations. In conclusion he pointed out that most people believe in the teachings of Christ but there are few indeed who actually believe in Christ. It makes all the difference in the world.

Had a word with Dr. Shockley after church this morning. He has heard through Mr. Smith (the postal commissioner) that there IS friction, even fighting between Reds and gov. troops in Shanxi. This more or less substantiates what I said on these pages yesterday. It may be that we can't get into those parts. But we'll see the Reds tomorrow and see what they say.

JAN. 22 (Monday, Bergstrom's) We Visit the Eighth Route office.

More snow during the night!

"Thoughts come and go as flakes of snow that fall to earth and melt on yet unfrozen ground." I wonder what we can do. I get bright ideas every once in a while but they soon melt as the snow.

This A.M., after getting an introduction from Dr. Stockley, we paid a visit to the Eighth Route offices here in Sian. Mr. Wang, whom I had hoped to see was not in, but we presented our situation to a lady — who was in charge. She seemed very sympathetic toward our aim but was afraid that they couldn't help us much as long as we were on this side of the River. Once on the other side they could help us get almost any place in S. E. Shanxi. But they have no jurisdiction over the River crossing. She also admitted that they were having troubles with certain government factions [*in*] Shanxi.

— seemed to be a most interesting person. She was very gracious. But it was quite noticeable that she had lived a very strenuous life. [*Howard only drew a line for the lady's name. I suppose that he was trying to protect her, as it seems impossible that he had forgotten her name.*]

JAN. 23 (Tuesday, Bergstrom's)

I feel like a squirrel today — have a nut in my cheek. One of my teeth on the lower right is causing me some trouble. That side of my face is swollen up — thus the squirrel effect. Spent a miserable night. I think that I would forgo the wisdom just to be rid of my wisdom teeth.

Discovered a new and more expressive term to describe Japanese action in China. The term is *penetration* instead of the usual "occupation". For most of the Japanese action has been that of penetration of China.

"Penetration" not "occupation."

JAN. 24 (Wednesday, Bergstrom's)

Taking full advantage of the snow this A.M. a snow ball battle was arranged. Mr. Bergstrom, Mr. Nelson and Miss Bergstrom were doing battle against Miss Nelson, Louie and I. Peter, the dog, shifted from side to side until the heat of the battle became too intense. Then he decided to be neutral. The battle finally ended in an armed truce.

Saw seventy some camels on the main street. They were all loaded with mail from or to Chungking. No wonder it takes so long for some of our mail to get here.

JAN. 25 (Thursday, Bergstrom's) Our patience gives out.

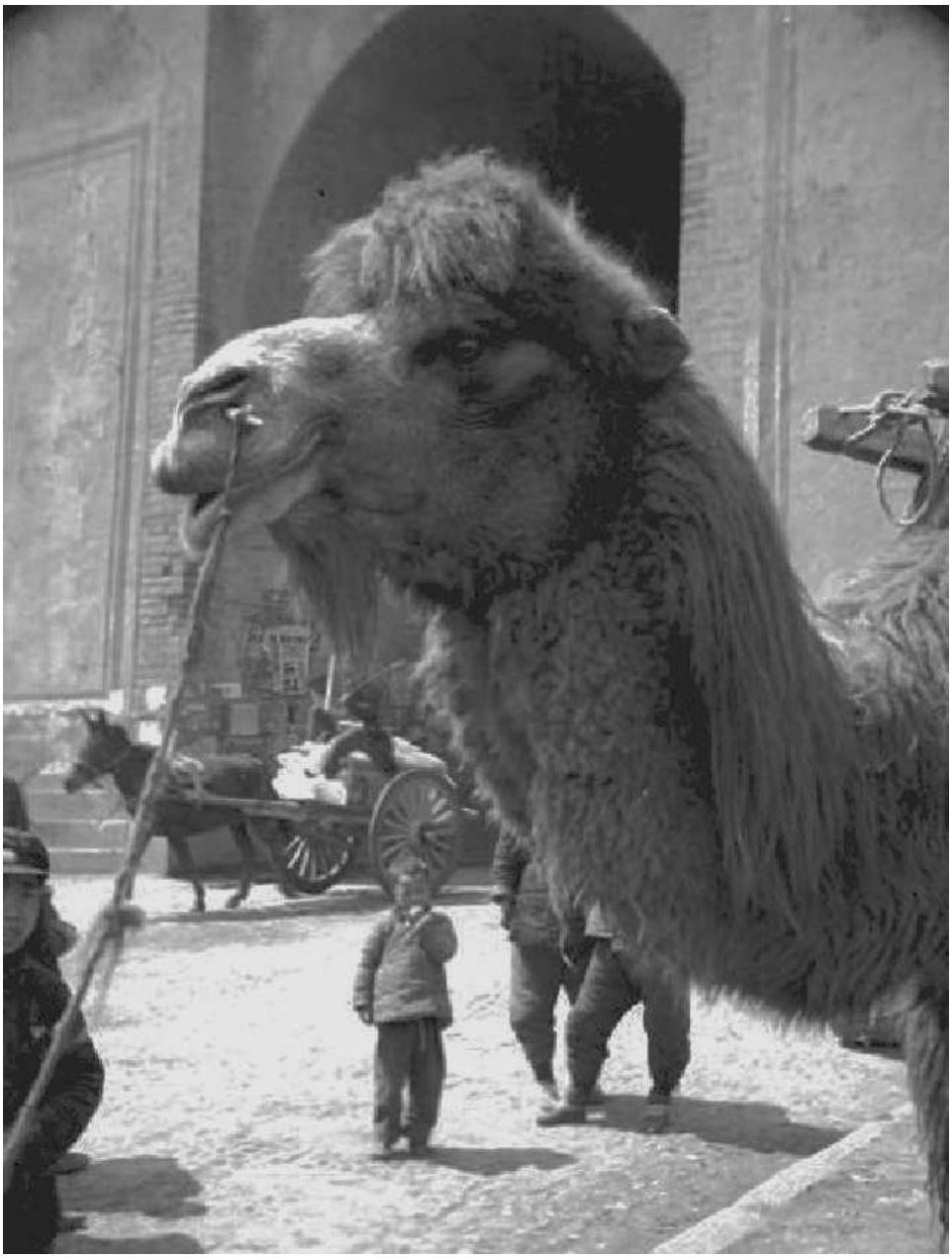


Figure 6.6: A camel in Sian waits for a load of mail to take to Chungking.

Today our decision is made. If nothing happens before Monday we leave regardless. There is a point where patience gives out and something else begins. We have reached that point. Tomorrow we break the news to all concerned.

JAN. 26 (Friday, Bergstrom's) Ultimatum

Made the announcement of our intention to leave at the breakfast table. Every one looked knowingly as if to say, "we'll wait and see."

Right after breakfast we took our passports to the bureau of Foreign Affairs to get a visa for Shanxi if possible — otherwise at least to Loyang. The man there thought it would be possible to get one for Shanxi. All the better. We could use that and maybe get through without military consent. They promised to have our passports back by Monday so we could leave.

The police having been informed we went to break the news to General Huang. But he had a surprise for us too. A telegram from Yen's headquarters saying that the telegram of refusal was not meant for Messrs Sollenberger and Whitaker, but for two other foreigners who wanted to go to Shanxi. We know good and well that there are not two other foreigners. It is just a face saving telegram so that the Governor can change his mind. That sounds good, but we presented our ultimatum. Either we get word by Monday or we go. It had the desired effect. They begged us not to be hasty as everything would soon work out.

We came back to the hostel feeling better, but none the less determined to leave Monday if things didn't begin to move faster.

JAN. 27 (Saturday, Bergstrom's) Good News

I was right in the middle of a hair cut this A.M. when Mr. Bergstrom informed us that a call had come through from the second district War Office saying that General Huang was on his way to see us. It was the hardest thing that I had ever done to sit still while the haircut was being finished. What news would he bring? But the haircut was finished long before he got here. The General couldn't find the place so it took him over an hour to get here.

We didn't any more than get him seated before he pulled out a telegram. "I wish to express my appreciation to Director of Brethren Relief Mr. Sollenberger and his associate Mr. Whitaker for their interest in helping the refugees in Shanxi. We put our offices at their disposal and will help them in their work."

Wonderful! Success at last! As the General left he told us to make our plans and he would do all in his power to help us carry them through.

This P.M. we went to the office to arrange passes etc. The government pay check is leaving for Yang Cheng soon. We are invited to go under their escort.

Made inquiries about money transfer. We can apparently get a bonus from the merchants.

[*I wonder if Howard isn't giving Gov. Yen more credit for efficiency than he deserved. It was Chinese New Year. Both the Sollenberger name and the Brethren mission in Shanxi were well known to Gov. Yen (see his photograph that he gave to Howard's colleague, Rev. E. Wampler (Figure 6.1). Howard's father had also been feasted by Governor Yen after the completion of a work/relief road project during a famine in the 1920s. The first telegram did not mention them by name, while the second did. Maybe the old fox, who had the habit of pinning his medals to his dress uniform with safety pins, suddenly realized who they were.*]

JAN. 28 (Sunday, Bergstrom's) Business on Sunday

I fear that we greatly broke the Sabbath by doing a $50,000 business. We found two stores that were willing to give us the money here if we would deposit the same amount to their account in Shanghai. They were even willing to give us a bonus. Their first offers were $150 on a thousand. We played them off against each other finally getting an offer of $175 per thousand. We took it. That means that we will get a bonus of $8750 on the $50,000. Not bad.

One of the stores was trying to find out which store was bidding against them. They sent a little boy to follow us and find out where we went. We saw what was up, so we went to the second War District office. Our little shadow followed us there. He didn't know what to make of it. The place didn't look like a store. He went back and reported. Meanwhile we had slipped around to the store to conclude our agreement. We got a good laugh out of that.

We are promised a feast after the conclusion of our business transaction. That's good Chinese style.

JAN. 29 (Monday, Bergstrom's)

Sent off the telegram today.

SILCOCK CHICONCOM
SHANGHAI

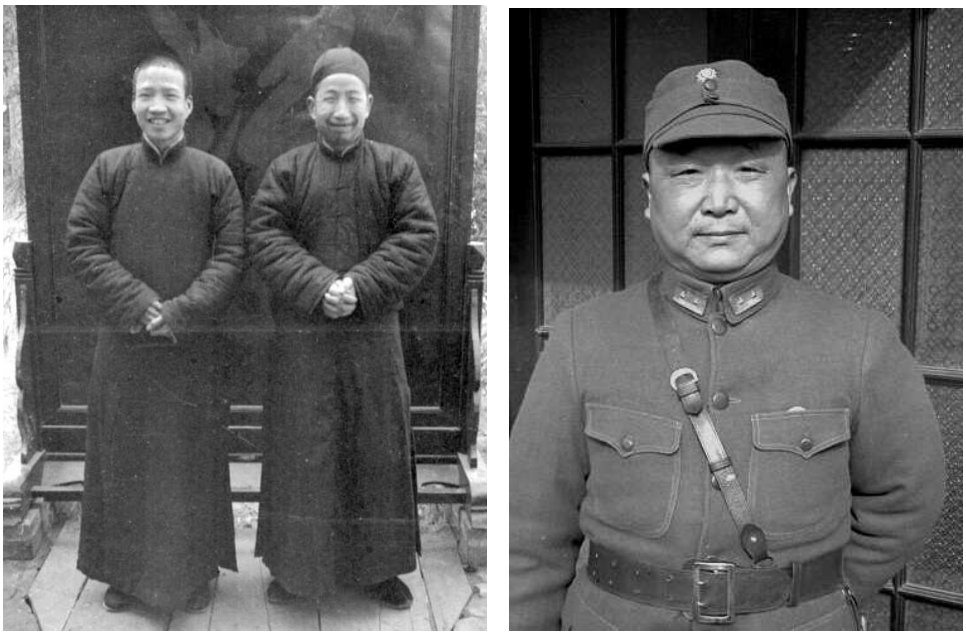


Figure 6.7: (Left) The Merchants who supplied the money for Howard and Louis. (Right) General Huang.

PAY SHANGHAI COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK FIFTY
THOUSAND 50000 SHANGHAI CURRENCY ON DEMAND
REPLY IMMEDIATELY
ON PAYMENT GO YANGCHENG SHANSI THURSDAY
SOLLENBERGER

And it cost me $27 to send it. Now I have to wait and see how my business transaction turns out.

Had another grand snow ball fight this A.M. —Bergstrom and Nelson vrs Whitaker and Sollenberger. The Chinese enjoyed watching the foreigners at play.

Mail this P.M. Two letters from home and two from Helen, boy does that ever make me happy. Its great that Helen is enjoying her work at Stephens as professor of humanities.

Spent the evening looking at color slides and singing songs to the accompaniment of Mr. Bergstrom's accordion.

JAN. 30 (Tuesday, Bergstrom's) Bath in a bath house.

Went to the store today to see if they had sent their telegram. They invited Louie and me to go to the bath house with them in the evening. Never having experienced that kind of bath before we took the invitation.

From both the outside and inside appearance of the place the bath house must be one of the larger establishments in that city. It is as big as a good sized hotel in the states, and also quite modern.

We had a room with couches all to ourselves. After undressing and lounging for a while in bathrobes and with a pot of tea, we went in to individual baths with a bath boy in attendance.

I had three rubdowns — soap, fresh water, and towel. After that a fast massage and toe nail trim.

We lounged around another hour drinking tea and talking. During this time the boy would bring towels every few minutes.

Its a great way to have a bath. But still the Japs have them beat. There you have a girl to rub your back instead of a boy.

JAN. 31 (Wednesday, Bergstrom's)

Spent a good portion of the day drawing and studying a map of South East Shanxi. You can't study the map too much before making a trip such as we are going on. And it is tremendously interesting to plot and plan with a map.

I am on the verge of weakening to the sales talk of this place — Cameras. In fact I am almost persuaded to invest in a movie camera with which to invade Shanxi.

A Mrs. Fisher came today from Mien Hsien. She is one of the party of Britishers that fled Shanxi before the Japs started on them. Her station was Yi Cheng not far from Lin Feng.

FEB. 1 (Thursday, Bergstrom's) Made a momentous decision, "Movies"!

Julius has interested me sufficiently in movies that I made the decision today. He sent a letter to Fish ordering the Siemens 8 millimeter if the wide angle and telephoto were included. Otherwise he was to get the Filmo 8. I also ordered five spools of Kodachrome and five of black and white. That's enough for 40 minutes of showing.

The trouble is that it will be a month or so before I get it. But it will certainly be grand to have a moving picture record of our trip.

I can think even now of a dozen different scenes that I want to take. The outfit will set me back $100 U.S. But it will be worth it if I can get some good pictures.

FEB. 2 (Friday, Bergstrom's)

Julius handed me a telegram first thing this morning:

INLAND MISSION CHANGAN
PAID DOLLARS 50,000 FOR SOLLENBERGER
SILCOCK

We took the telegram down to the store right after breakfast. They will bring the money around this evening or tomorrow.

Then we paid the second war district office a call. They said that we will be on our way in two days — or less. We got Generals Huang and Ting out and took their pictures. They seemed to enjoy that. Huang even put on his dress military uniform for the occasion. He looked like a typical Chinese general, quite stout and a round puffy face. There was an officer just back from Shanxi whom we talked to for a few minutes. He tried to discourage us from going. The roads, I guess, are terrible, and food scarce.

Purchased a beautiful and fragrant yellow flower for the biggest room: "Winter [*?*] La Mei." [*Must be a type of narcissus; the Chinese force them in January.*]

Official says that we leave tomorrow. We get our passes, collect $41,000 today. The rest tomorrow. Invited out to dinner.

FEB. 3 (Saturday, Bergstrom's)

Boy but we had a swell dinner last night. The merchant must have spent at least $40 on it. There were only sixteen courses but some of them were more than elaborate. The last, for example was a duck soup brought to a boil on the table over a flame of spirits. After boiling the fish, live fish, that had been shown to us a few minutes earlier, but now sliced was put in the soup. This was followed by noodles, grated cabbage and spices, the net effect was an extremely delicious soup — hot too.

Instead of paid entertainment at most Chinese banquets the guests themselves do the entertaining. They will take instruments of various kinds along to the feast where they will sit and play. They will also quite frequently compose poetry in rounds. The guest of honor writes the first line.

When the rest of the money, $17,750 was delivered this PM we started in packing. My half of the cash I hid in the bottom of my bag under a false oilcloth bottom.

Was given a $2 tea leaf as one of the benefits from our transaction. Only the emperor used this kind of tea before 1911.

Our train was suppose to leave this evening at 12:00 but Lt. Wang, head of the party came around at supper time to tell us that they would have to postpone the leaving until tomorrow morning at 6:00 o'clock.

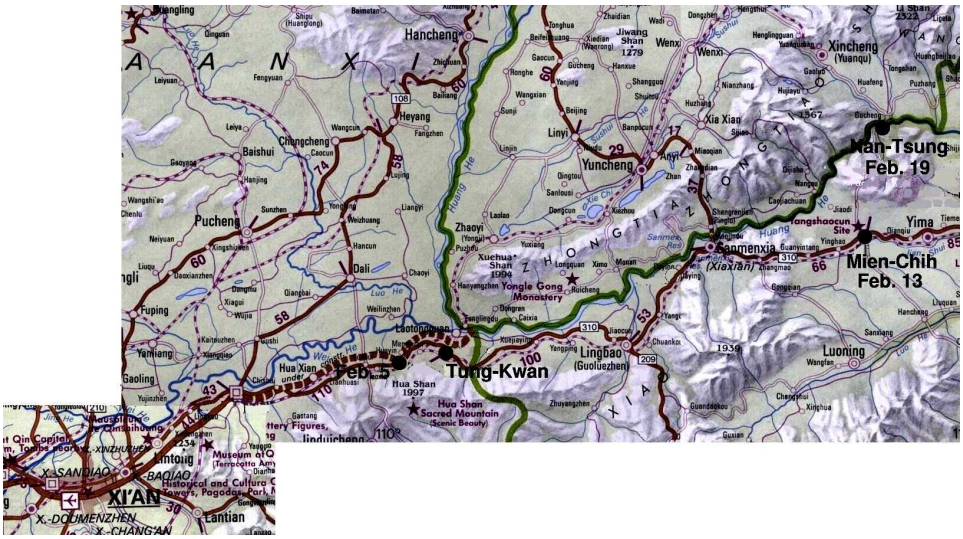
Had ice cream for supper and then a sing. That's a nice send off. The people here are grand folks. We feel like one of the group already.

FEB. 4 (Sunday, Bergstrom's) Postponed again

We got up early enough — 4:00 o'clock. But it was five before our rickshaws came. We had ordered them last night, but they had changed their minds on account of the snow fall. It is four miles to the station, so we were a bit restless and justly so for they were ringing the bell when we arrived. We grabbed our stuff and ran for the platform. But just before we got on two soldiers greeted us with the ill sounding, "We'll not be able to go this morning. Very sorry. We can't get our money on this train so we will have to wait until noon." Postponed again! But there is nothing we can do about it. We are lucky to be allowed to enter Shanxi. Found out yesterday that Miss Hall has been refused entrance.

P.M. – Lost track of our escort today. I raced all over town without finding them. Finally concluded that they had gone on the noon train. But we got a phone call about six o'clock saying that they would be on the six o'clock [*morning*] train.

Saw a whole crowd of people standing around a bird cage hung in the middle of main street. They were listening to its song. It was beautiful.


Hancheng
Heyang
Baishui
Chengcheng
Pucheng
Dali
Fuping
Yaoxian
Yaoxianzhen
Yuanqu
Xincheng
Wenxi
Xia Xian
Linyi
Yuncheng
Nan-Tsung
Feb. 19
Mien-Chih
Feb. 13
Sanmenxia
(Xiexian)
Yima
Lingbao
(Guolüezhen)
Luoning
Tung-Kwan
Feb. 5
Hua Xian
Hua Shan
1997
Hua Shan
Sacred Mountain
(Scenic Beauty)
Yongle Gong
Monastery
Xuehua Shan
2004
Jiwang Shan
1279
Laotongguan
Yangpingguan
Lantian
Gaoling
Yamiang
Liuqu
Wangshi'ao
Chenlu
Neiyuan
Qianqiu
Yinghao
Sanmenxia Reservoir
Huang He
Luo He
Wei He
Jing He
Xie Shui
Huang Shui
Qingtou
Santousi
Laolao
Zhaoyi
Xiaoshuang
Yuxiang
Longquan
Xinmo
Maxian
Ruicheng
Dongpan
Caisia
Xiaoyi
Yangpo
Chuankou
Zhuyangzhen
Guandaokou
Guxian
Xinghua
Chengyihui
Wangfan
Sanxiang
Hanchang
Liuquan
Huaxian
Gaotai
Huafeng
Puzhang
Tongshan
Huangbaishan
Huangshuiyuan
Nianzhang
Huzhang
Shuiyu
Shangguo
Wenjing
Beijing
Fangzhen
Wangxian
Ronghe
Gucheng
Hanxue
Baifeng
Xiadian
(Weirong)
Tonghua
Zhaidian
Wadi
Dongzhai
Hengtou
Hengtouguan
Yankouliang
Shipu
(Huangtong)
Beimatan
Qingyan
Fengyuan
Leiyuan
Leiya
Wangcun
Caocun
Geoyuan
Henjing
Sunzhen
Yongfeng
Weichuang
Liangyi
Hancun
Chaoyi
Qiangbai
Xiaqui
Wuju
Wellinzhen
Kantouzhen
Xiangguo
Qiushi
Chidong
Yujuanzhen
Gattang
Lindujicheng
Museum of
(Terracotta Army
Historical and Cultura
Towers, Pagodas
Park,
Qin Capital
Tombs, Pearl
-XINZHUFENG
X-SANDIAO
-BAOJIAO
XI'AN
X.-DOUMENZHEN
X.-CHANG'AN
Lintong
Tangjiagou
Xiqipeng
Huangjiaqiao
Xiaoyi
Yongji
Pudi
Yuanqu
Yuncheng
Anyi
Zhandian
Miaoquan
Banpocun
Xiaoshuo
Dongcun
Xiezhou
Zhan
Qiaotou
Yuanqu
Yinghao
Guanmiantan
Zhangmao
Gangcun
Qiangqiu
Site
Shengrenjie
Qiaodi
Qiaozi
Dayao
Nangou
Lanyachuan
Yangshaocun
Site
Huang He
Sanmen
Res.
Xiaqiao
Yangqu
Xiaocun
Xiaoyi
Yuanqu
Yongji
Pudi

Chapter 7

On the Road to the Yellow River

FEB. 5 (Monday, Inn at Hua Yu Mieu [*fire jade temple?*])

Off today on the 6:00 A.M. military train. Stood around on the platform for a good long time before we found our party. They had spent the night in a steel freight car on a siding. When we crawled in they were just beginning to stir from their beds amongst the straw and baggage. There were over thirty in the car. We were immediately made to feel at home. They made us a couple of seats with the baggage.

There is one fellow traveling with us whom I dislike very much. He is a fat puffy fellow with popeyes staring out from behind oversized crystal glasses. He is forever arguing about what Roosevelt should and shouldn't do in relation with Japan. I agree with him on some points, but the way he presents it is obtrusive.

The village we are staying in is right at the foot of Hua Shan [*"Flower Mountain"*] (one of China's famous sacred mtns.) I am sorry that we haven't time to climb it now. Maybe next summer if all goes well.

I'm under the weather today. Have a bad cold.

FEB. 6 (Tuesday, inn in Hua Yu Hsien)

I almost wish that I were back in Sian today. I feel like an old man with a dozen ailments. But I guess that it is no worse than a very bad cold or influenza. Had a fever of over a hundred and one this afternoon. Am taking a course of Sulfanieamide now. I hope it will fix me up pretty soon.

Figure 7.1: Louis looking out of their boxcar.

Since I don't feel like traveling I'm glad that we can't go today. It is so near New Years that no one will take us. New Years is the one time the Chinese take a few days off.

This is a good place to be just now. There is heavy traffic on the road so business is good, and with New Year so close everything is on the move.

Visited Hua Yu Mieu (Hua Shan temple) this PM. It is, or was, quite a place. Now it is old and more or less dilapidated. General Feng [*the "Christian General" who baptized his troops with a fire hose*] even had an arsenal here a few years back. Now it is a base hospital for over 400 wounded soldiers.

FEB. 7 (Wednesday, inn at Hua Yu Hsien)

Feel fine today. Hope it lasts for a while. Had half a notion to climb Hua Shan today but they said that we couldn't make it there and back in one day.

Took a turn about town and bought a big round cake (bread) to eat over New Years. It is about a foot and a half in diameter and an inch thick. The stores and restaurants will nearly all be closed tomorrow and next day.

Figure 7.2: The four big ox carts move out of Wu Tsung to take the load around the bad trails at Tung Kwan.

We also purchased a couple of dollars worth of firecrackers to help celebrate. The soldiers who were along with us had a grand time shooting them off. They are mostly young fellows and had probably never had so many firecrackers to blow up at once.

The inns along the main roads are full of prostitutes these days. Many of them were once soldiers' wives. They still have their children with them. Their husbands have been killed in the war so they sell themselves to make a living. They could also be classed as refugees as most of them have worked their way from the big cities along the coast to the West & free China.

FEB. 8 (Thursday, inn at Hua Yu Hsien) Chinese New Years Day

We woke up to the tune of fire works today. This is New Years day in China. One of the most important and interesting times of all the year. It is a time to change clothes, buy new chopsticks for the coming year, to take down the old paper gods and put up the new ones, to settle all old accounts

so that the New Year can be started with a new slate, and most important of all, at least to us is that Spring begins. It is certainly like that today.

Had a shooting affair this P.M. Some wounded soldiers went over to the magistrate and demanded $10 apiece for New Years. He gave them one dollar apiece and when they started to act up he opened fire. Three were killed and quite a few wounded.

The carts came this P.M. — four of them drawn by oxen. Boys I see a mighty slow trip ahead of us.

FEB. 9 (Friday, Wu Tsung, Officer's home) Wu Tsung Receives Us Royaly

An early start proved to be 9:00 A.M. It took them the longest time to get the old oxen hitched up and the carts loaded.

We made quite a spectacle leaving that little village this morning. Armed guards before and behind. Four huge ox carts, two foreigners and a motley group of officials sandwiched in between. Quite too formal we thought, but it loosened up as soon as we got out in the country.

Before we started out some had hopes of getting through in a day. But when they saw the remarkably slow time we were making the time was lengthened to two or three days.

We had gone about 10 miles today when we had to begin to think about sleeping quarters for the night. All agreed that the next village would be the place. But when we got there it proved too small to accommodate our party and the village gates were too small for the carts to enter. The next village was some bigger but full of soldiers. However an officer had heard that two Americans had come. He came out to see. From then on we were treated like ambassadors. The officer's wife cooked us supper, he gave us his sleeping quarters, and four armed soldiers stood guard all night.

FEB. 10 (Saturday, She Yao Tsung, Honan, Chinese home) Special

The officer who took us in last night had us around for a breakfast of New Year's pork dumplings [*traditional New Year's food*]. They were about as tasty as I had had. While eating we received an invitation to witness stilt players perform. They had planed a special program for us. We were anxious to get on the road, but had no way to gracefully decline the invitation.

We got about a dozen pictures apiece of the performance. The old fisherman trying to catch a fish was excellent. All of the costuming was all brilliantly colorful. Why don't I have some color film along?

Figure 7.3: The propaganda stilt performers on parade. By being on stilts the performers don't need a stage in order for the crowd to see them.

Figure 7.4: (Propaganda stilt performers.

Passed another place along the road where soldiers were putting on a theatrical. I was more interested in the soldiers than the theatrical, however. They were well dressed and well equipped.

Had more dumplings for supper.

FEB. 11 (Sunday, Wen Tei Chen) Freight Car

We are at the Railway again, but it doesn't look as if we can get a train for a while. They gave us a big steel freight car for the trip. We crawled in with our baggage hoping that they would hook us on to some train during the night.

Just before dark a train load of refugees from the Yellow River flooded areas arrived. They were in a sorry shape. Clothed in rags and living on 20 cents a day that the government gives them.

Quite a few of them had their wheelbarrows along for carrying their few possessions. There were quite a few old and sick among them. The gov. is sending them to N. West Shensi to take up homesteads on vacant land. — I gave a few of the sick a little extra money for better food.

We are going to have a time finding a place for everyone to sleep. There are about forty of us and that will darn near cover the floor of this old freight.

The Pi Chang [*captain (?)*] is not feeling well this morning. It looks like influenza to me.

It has taken us the better part of three days to go 35 miles on those old ox carts.

FEB. 12 (Monday, Shan Hsien) Freight Car

Nothing happened last night except that it began to snow. We had breakfast in the station. Then about the middle of the morning they hooked us on and shipped us down the line. It felt great to be on the road again, or I should say railroad, after traveling on those slow old ox carts. Our train consisted of one engine and two cars, so we made pretty good time. But at Shan Hsien our joy turned to sorrow. They put us on a siding to wait for another freight train. We tried everything from love & kisses to bribery on the station master. But nothing happened.

Just a few minutes ago we were informed that we would be pulled off sometime about midnight. With that we go to bed hoping to wake up in Mein Chih tomorrow.

We have had our chess out on the train. Several of the folks seem to enjoy it considerably.

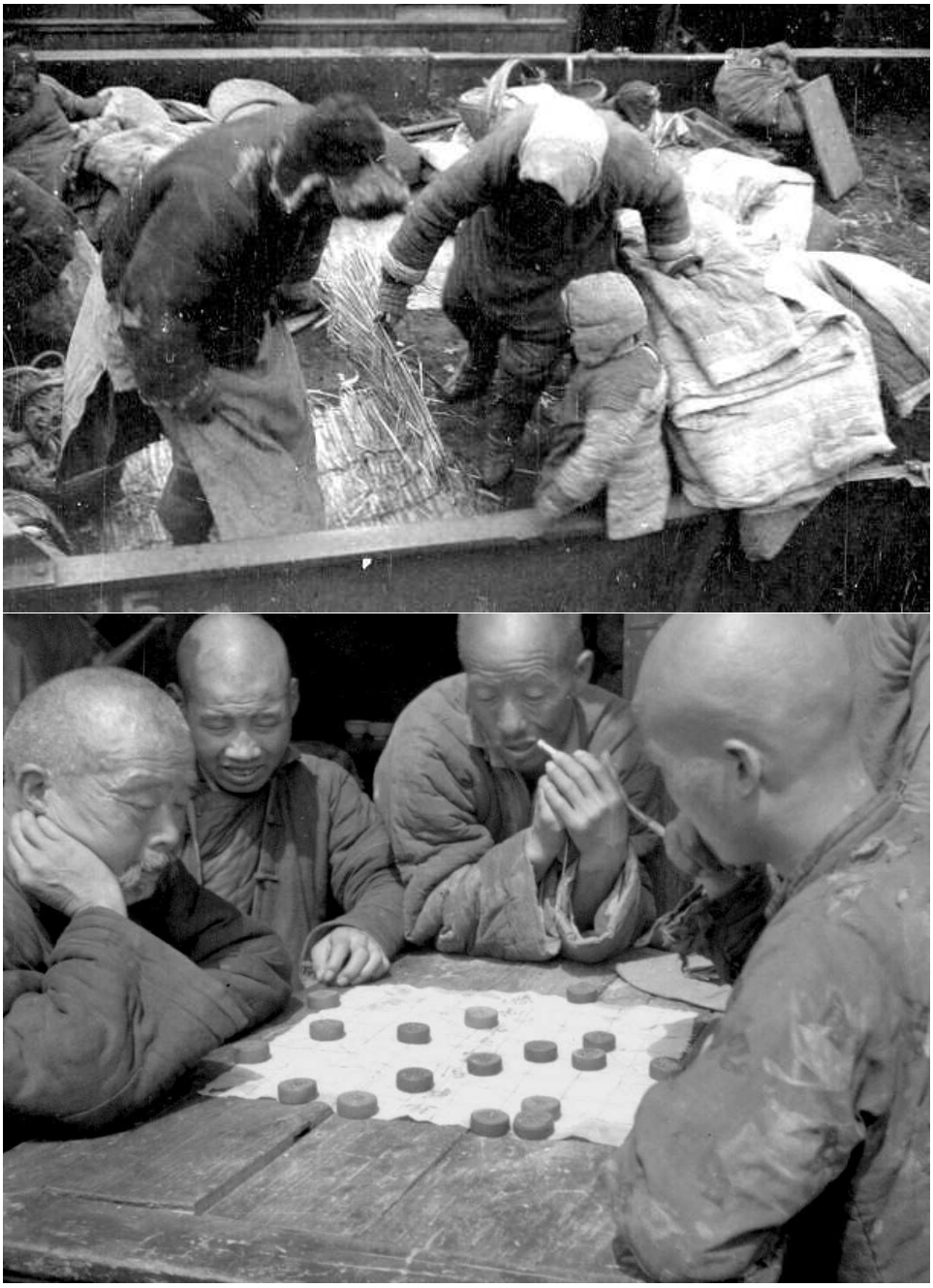


Figure 7.5: (Top)It is cold at the beginning of February. The refuges in their open railway car needed bedding and straw to keep warm. (Bottom) Even on cold days a good game of Chinese chess warms things up.

FEB. 13 (Tuesday, Mien Chih, Inn)

We were suppose to have left Shan Hsien at one o'clock this morning but we were still sitting in the station when I got up (6:30). I was just getting ready to go and see the station master when an engine came along and picked us up. Once started we made good time, hardly stopping at the stations until we got within 20 li of Mien Chih. Stopped again. They were going to put us on a siding to wait for another train — maybe one day, maybe two. They wanted to use our engine to haul coal. We went to the station master and raised a rumpus. After several telephone calls etc. they agreed to take us to Mien Chih, but only because the coal cars weren't loaded.

When we arrived at Mien Chih the snow had already started to melt. The streets are covered with a soupy mud. There were a bunch of soldiers marching through when we arrived. I should have liked to have a movie of them splashing down the street.

Went to the bath house with Mr. Fang. Went into the big pool this time.

Pi Chang is quite sick today.

FEB. 14 (Wednesday, Mien Chih, Inn)

The roads were too muddy for traveling so we have stayed over in this mud hole another day. Spent most of the day in conversation and eavesdropping. Have discovered some most interesting things:

1. The anti-communist feeling among the Provincial troops is very high — almost critical.

2. There are certain factions in the Shanxi army that seem on the verge of joining the Eighth Route Army [*the Communists*]. Principal among these is Po-I-Poa. (See page 8.)

3. The United Front in Shanxi is almost at an end. In some places there is fighting between the Reds and the other troops.

4. The Chinese gov. troops and the provincial troops are thinking it about time to leave Russia, as Russia has joined Germany, Italy and Japan in aggression, and as her supplies are not coming to China now. They also feel that Russia has territorial aims in N. West China.

5. Gov. and provincial troops are gradually pushing the Eighth Route Army North and East, hoping to make them suffer the brunt of the

Japanese attacks. The Eighth is responding by not fighting. They are again using their old tactics of evasion.

FEB. 15 (Thursday, Ta Luo (happy) Tsung) Bridal Chamber in the village's wealthiest home.

Pulled out of Mien Chih early this morning before the mud had melted. But before we had arrived at Ta Luo Tsung (10 li from the city) we were wading in mud.

The Eighth Division of the Shanxi Provincial Troops has an office here to take care of their Army supplies etc. General Wang Jeh (Ray) is in charge of the office. He is going to get carts to send us on from here. When we arrived, (about nine thirty) he was just getting up. Not knowing he wasn't up we walked right in. It rather embarrassed him when we caught him still abed.

General Wang is quite an energetic fellow. He ran all over the village trying to find us the best room in the place. I think he found it too. We are living in the Bridal Chamber of the home of the wealthiest man in the village. Its all fixed up for New Years too.

Louie is not feeling well this evening. I fear he is taking the influenza. He makes the 9th one. I'm afraid that something serious is happening.

FEB. 16 (Friday, Ta Luo Tsung, Bridal Chamber)

Still loafing on the road. Damn it all, why can't these Chinese get in a hurry once in a while? I suggested running on ahead today, but they were horrified at the idea. "Even we don't go on the road unless there are quite a few in the party. There are too many bandits and runaway soldiers in these parts." Maybe they are right, but if it were not for the $50000 sum we are carrying, I would go on regardless.

There is a saying back here which I have heard now several times. It more or less represents the attitude of the people towards the soldiers:

"Chun an chun shih chen meng kan
Lu chun t'a king tao luw an
Shun chun pu ta shih king chih fan."

"The government troops really fight
While the Eighth Route Army disturbs the peace.
And provincial troops do nothing but eat"

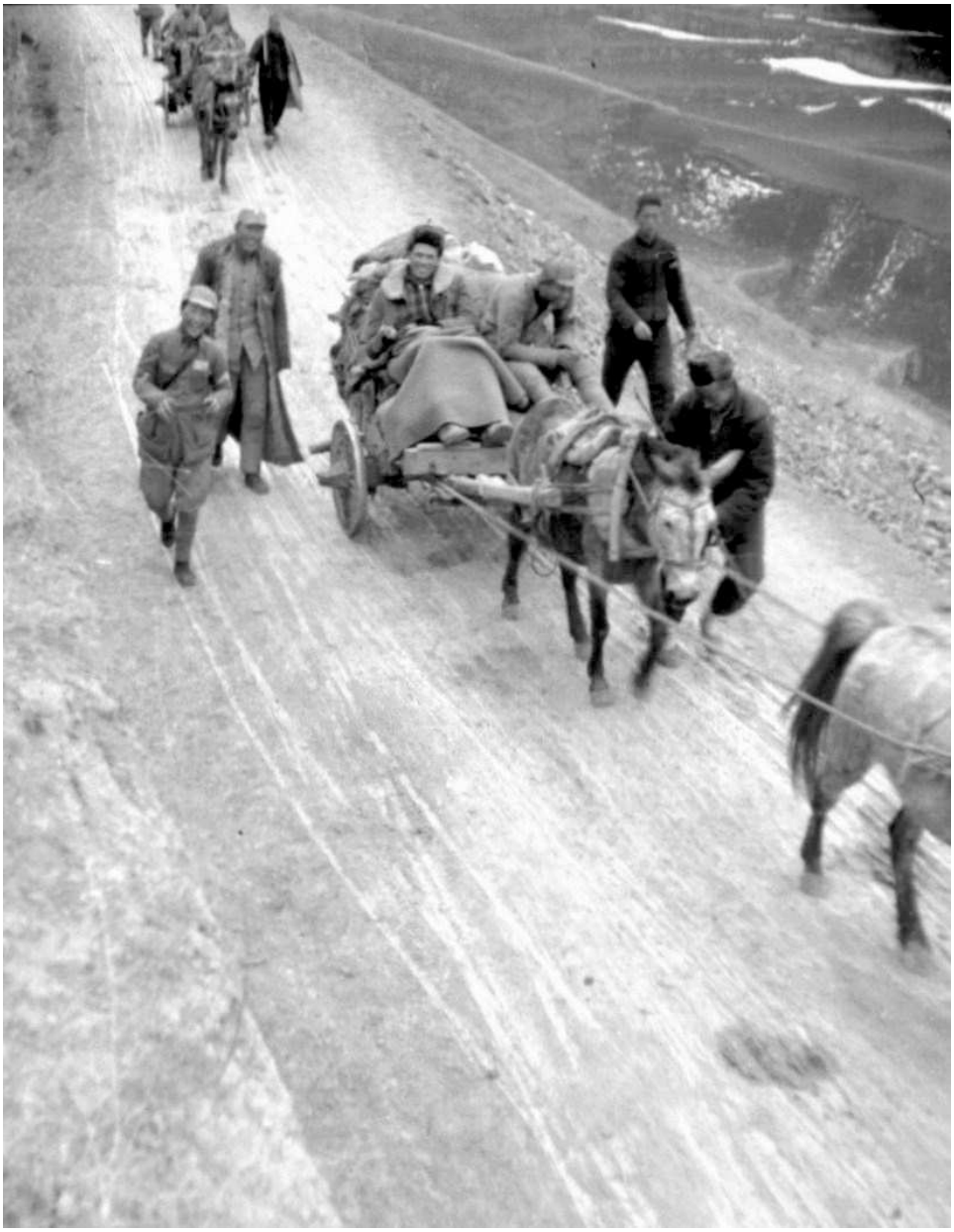


Figure 7.6: Louis was feeling weak, so he rode a cart with one of the sick soldiers.

Had dinner this P.M. with General Wang. It was very plain but good. He is bubbling over with talk and can be quite entertaining.

FEB. 17 (Saturday, Ta Luo Tsung)

It looks like we may get off tomorrow if it doesn't snow some more. They have arranged four carts to take the remainder of the party. Twelve will stay behind because they are not well. Several of the soldiers are quite sick. It looks like about three of them will not pull through.

I wonder if Louie and I are getting the influenza too. We are both feeling a bit tired today. We will try going on anyway. Have just as good a chance of getting through as not; and we have been so long on the road already.

Took a walk into Mien Chih this A.M. The road seems to be drying up considerably. We shouldn't have too much trouble tomorrow unless the rest of us get sick.

FEB. 18 (Sunday, Twan Tsung) Not Feeling Well

Left Ta Luo Tsung early this AM with four carts. Louie was feeling quite tired so we have fixed a place on one of the carts for him. I wasn't feeling too spry myself, but so many of the other folks were riding that I didn't have the heart to pile on too — particularly as the drivers had to help push up the hills. It turned out that I walked all day and half the night too. The old ox carts moved so slow that we didn't even reach the top of the mountain by dark. We didn't dare stay there with what we had along. There are too many bandits in these parts. Four of us — three guards with hand machine guns & myself went on ahead to the village we planned to stay at. We got there about 11:00 to find every place, even the streets full. There seemed to be no place to stay. I was sick as a dog too. Finally found an empty house. Got a few hours sleep on a couple of boards.

FEB. 19 (Monday, Nan Tsung, Inn) Sick, fear the influenza.

Arrived at Nan Tsung this noon. Not feeling at all well. Gave Wang (the leader of our party) and one of his friends a dinner. Had a good fish but neither of us could eat much. Went to bed right after lunch and made decision to stay. Wang decided to stay over a day in hope that we would be well enough to go along. He hated to leave us behind, especially as we had considerable money with us.

Long (Wolf) Twan Chong who came with us from Ta Luo Tsung is going on ahead. He will have Sung Su Ling send an escort to the river to take us

to Yang Cheng if we don't wire him that we have gone with Wang. That will give us about seven days to rest. We ought to be over the darn flue by then. Louie and I have separate rooms — although side by side in quite a new military inn. They ought to be quite comfortable unless they are too damp.

Temp. 102 this P.M.

Chapter 8

Typhus

FEB. 20 (Tuesday, Nan Tsung, Inn)

From here on to the sixth of March I was too sick to write in this diary. These pages have been filled in during convalescence. My memory during most of this time is quite vague, but I shall fill in as best I can.

Both Louie and I felt considerably worse this morning so I told Wang to go on. At first he wanted us to cross the River and stay in a little village over there. An aeroplane flew over in the morning and he was afraid that the Japanese might start bombing. But I was feeling bad enough not to care whether they bombed or not.

I asked Wang to leave one of his soldiers with us. The inn people were not very helpful and I was afraid that we might not be able to take care of ourselves. As it turned out it was a lucky request. I don't know what we would have done without Nue Pao Kwei.

FEB. 21 (Wednesday, Nan Tsung) Maybe we have Typhus!

Louis called over to me in the morning wondering if we didn't have Typhus. I had been thinking over about the same thing myself, but didn't hardly think that it could be that as we had taken the inoculations in Peiking. And I had been exposed before and didn't get it. I was feeling terrible and didn't even answer him. Later in the afternoon it came to me all of a sudden that we did have typhus. I gathered enough strength to tell Louis that we did have typhus.

Later in the evening I lost consciousness for a while and when I came to I thought the end was near. The lower part of my body was paralyzed.

Didn't know where my legs were. Was so weak that I could only whisper a few words at a time without resting. I asked Pao Kwei to ask Louis to come over if he felt like it.

[*Here Howard had used the word "boy" which is how Nue Pao Kwei would have been referred to by the westerners of the time. He was quite young – probably in his late teens, see picture 8.2 — but I'm taking the liberty of using his name instead of "boy" since clearly Nue Pao Kwei not only saved the lives of Howard and Louis, but also saved their money for them. I think Howard would approve of this minor change.*]

(He [*Louis*] said he felt pretty good earlier in the day.) I wanted to tell him what to do with the $56,000 if I didn't get well. He came over and took my dictation. Turned out to be sort of a will. Was sorry that I had done it later because it worried Louis.

FEB. 22 (Thursday, Nan Tsung) Sent a telegram — Fire works!

Came to the decision to wire Stockley for medical help. We were a bit presumptuous I fear. Louis tried his hand at it first and then sent it over to me. I tried, got something written about having typhus and where we were and sent it back to Louis. He said that it was alright so we told Nue Pao Kwei to send it. Fortunately the military were cooperative and sent it for us. From then on we lived in hopes of a doctor coming.

We were being bothered considerably about this time by firecrackers. On three days around the 15th of the first month of Chinese New Years there is a celebration in connection with the return of the kitchen god. I don't know why it takes so much noise to bring the old boy back. You would think that he would get hungry enough in 15 days to come back of his own accord.

With the headache I had, every firecracker caused me as much pain and distress as pulling out a handful of hair. I got plenty mad about it, but couldn't do anything.

FEB. 23 (Friday, Nan Tsung) Our Inn (and hospital) turns out to be a brothel.

The inn we were staying in was a bad place. There were about five prostitutes kept there for the pleasure of the guests. But they certainly drove this guest to distraction. In the first place they were terribly noisy creatures, particularly from the hours of 4:00 P.M. until about 2:00 A.M. Then they insisted on paying me several visits daily. They would stand in the door and look for a while. Then one of the bolder ones would come in

and sit down and try to start a conversation. Several times they came in and looked at the things on my table, asking what this was and what that was used for.

On one occasion, I was told later by Pao Kwei, I got mad at them and rattled off a whole string of English which they couldn't understand. And when they wouldn't leave I tried to get up and chase them out. It scared them plenty and they didn't even come back to say goodby.

When Dr. Chiang came [*on the 27th*] I told her about the bothersome girls. She told the general and next day he chased all of their kind out of the village. It was considerably quieter.

FEB. 24 (Saturday, Nan Tsung) Received reply from Stockley:

"SOLLENBERGER WHITAKER — REQUEST MIENCHIH RED CROSS DOCTOR VISIT STOCKLEY"

There seemed to be hope of getting medical help. But I was too far gone to appreciate. Couldn't even understand the telegram when it was handed to me.

Man from medical hospital came over to see us. Wanted to give me injection of quinine and some kind of pills. I refused. Temperature was 105 that noon. Higher in the evening. I asked for an enema. Bowels hadn't moved since I had gone to bed. Two orderlys came from the military hospital to give it to me. It was a miserable failure. I was too weak to do it. Became delirious about half way through. Bad Mess.

Had the feeling again that I wouldn't pull through. It didn't bother me though. I was feeling so rotten that I hoped that I would go in a hurry.

FEB. 25 (Sunday, Nan Tsung) While Delirious

From the first evening I went to bed until my temperature returned to normal I was delirious. Most of the incidents from this period I have second hand from Pao Kwei. There are a few things which I remember however as one would remember a bad dream, as ——

On one occasion a big green eyed monster appeared on my bed. It apparently wanted to share my sleeping bag. Being in no state to resist, I had to submit. But fortunately I am a poor bedfellow so it soon left to crawl down its own hole. The Damn rats! I don't think that I can ever look a rat in the face without turning pale and trembling in the region of the knees. [*Rats were common in the village inns. They could dig their tunnels through the packed earth walls and go pretty much anywhere they wanted. Rev. E.*

M. Wampler tells a tale of waking up at night to find a rat pulling his false teeth across the inn floor. He managed to grab them before they disappeared into the rat hole.] Again one night I was having battle with the beastly little lice. They were as big as tortoises on this occasion, and millions of them. They would come in waves, swarming all over me, biting, scratching and dragging me about. I fought for a while (supposedly with the lice, but actually with Pao Kwei who was trying to quiet me). Then as I just about was overcome an angel came to my rescue. It stood over me fanning the lice away with its mighty wings. (I guess the angel too was Pao Kwei when he started putting a cool wash rag on my head.)

FEB. 26 (Monday, Nan Tsung) Filthy Lucer — 107 Degrees Boiling!

Between us Louie and I were carrying fifty six plus thousand dollars — some of it in money belts, most of it in our leather cases. Besides worrying about Louis, it was the filthy lucre that caused me the most mental anguish. We had been told before how bad this part of the country was for robbers and bandits. Besides that I overheard bits of conversation between transient guests who stayed in the room next to mine. Sometimes it was bandits along the road who had shot someone. Again it was of incidents in our own village — of people being robbed and one murder while we were there.

And what could I do if they came and demanded my money. Pao Kwei told me later that he had found me more than once half off the K'ong with one hand on the handle of my leather case. I must have talked and carried on about it considerably as Pao Kwei knew all about it. Only he thought we had $410,000 instead of $56,000.

Fever 107 degrees this evening. Felt like the blood was boiling and bubbling in my head — Military Dr. worried!

FEB. 27 (Tuesday, Nan Tsung) Then came the Doctor with apples.

One evening someone came into my room who could speak English, perfect English. My heart leaped up — the doctor! Not Dr. Stockley nor Dr. Clow. But none the less a truly delightful and real doctor. It was Dr. Jean Chiang (Mrs. Dohan) of the Chinese red cross. She has been in the US six years, so can speak excellent English. She went right to work on us, and it wasn't many days before we began to feel better. I don't remember what she said, or what I said, if anything. But I do remember her putting a big red apple in my hand. You bet I knew what it was and it started the first gnawing in my stomach that I had experienced since my first day in bed. But when she gave me a slice to eat, I could take only a few mouthfuls.

Even before she examined me I managed to tell her that we had $56,000 with us. I didn't need to explain, she understood the situation immediately and took steps that same evening. The money was [*sent north*] across the River and in [*to*] the hands of Yü Kuw Tsan of the First War District. What a relief! The next day all the prostitutes were chased out of the village. At last we could rest with a bit of ease. (Not comfort as she could do nothing to make the k'ang any softer.) [*The Chinese k'ang is a raised, usually masonry, platform with a fire pit under it for heat and covered with a woven reed mat. Howard's sleeping bag was rolled out on this hard-as-stone surface.*]

FEB. 28 (Wednesday, Nan Tsung) Food

Ten days with little or no food and water really takes you down. Dr. Chiang tells us that we were nearly starved and dried up when she found us. Our lips were so dry that they would crack open and bleed when we opened our mouths. She went right to work pushing food and water down our throats. It was no easy job because we didn't want the stuff. Every time she would bring in something for us to eat, we would make a remark something like, "Do we have to eat this?" She tried to make things as appetizing as possible with what was at hand. I fear that we did not appreciate it then. She tried bone marrow, arrow root jelly, beef soup, but we invariably went back on rice and millet broth.

There were a few things that we did want, and I guess that we asked for them — ice cream and oranges. We didn't get the ice cream, but Dr. Chiang wired to Miss Hall to bring oranges when she came. Yü Haw Tan also sent us a dozen oranges and a can of condensed milk.

The food and water must have done us good. We began to improve.

FEB. 29 (Thursday, Nan Tsung) Letters

I think that it was about this time that my temperature began to wane, and everything began to clear up. I wanted first thing to send some letters off. Dr. Chiang agreed to be secretary so I dictated three cards. The first to Harry Silcock of the Friends Center telling him of our misadventure, but that we were again on the mend.

The second was to the Bergstroms. I knew that we would be wanting to return to Sian to recuperate, so I thought that they should be warned. Then too, I wanted to know if Ed Fish had returned with my color film and movie camera.

Figure 8.1: Louis sick in his room at Nan Tsung.

The last card was to Wang Jeh at Ta Lo Tsung to inquire about our fellow sufferers; the thirteen men that we had left behind. We know now that they too had typhus.

Dr. Chiang seemed surprised that I didn't write to my parents. But I told her that I didn't want to let them know until I got back on my feet.

Pao Kwei, God bless him, made a straw out of bamboo with which to drink water and broth. It came in mighty handy.

MAR. 1 (Friday, Nan Tsung) Normal

Dr. Chiang had planned to return to Mien Chih the day after she arrived in Nan Tsung. But then she decided that she had better not leave us until after Miss Hall arrived. We were glad of that.

I think that it must have been around the first of March that Miss Hall arrived. Anyhow, it was the same day that my temperature touched normal in the morning. That was a wonderful feeling. But gosh I felt weak and washed out.

It was good to see Miss Hall, particularly as I had known her before. She was as merry as ever. Walked most of the way from Mien Cheh [*over 20 miles as the crow flies*]. She took over as soon as she arrived. Dr. Chiang prepared to go.

The bed pan was a big problem. Quite early in our illness we were able to get a satisfactory urinal. But a bed pan? Fortunately I did not have to use one often while I was in bed because all we had was a big wash basin. It was most uncomfortable and inconvenient. It also leaked. (See Figure 8.3, Top).

MAR. 2 (Saturday, Nan Tsung)

Dr. Chiang left the morning after Miss Hall arrived. Her farewell was cheery and was accompanied with an invitation to spend several days at her place in Mien Chih on our way back to Sian. She would also try to get us a car from Nan Tsung to Mien Chih. She is a great girl!

Miss Hall spent a lot of time trying to get food to taste appetizing. Mrs. Aspburg had given her a can of powdered milk for us. That helped out a lot. When our temps went down we began to want to eat more. Miss Hall would toast steamed bread over a charcoal fire. We also put away a good many eggs those few days.

MAR. 3 (Sunday, Nan Tsung)

Was propped up for a few minutes in bed this A.M. Weak? I felt like a dish rag trying to sit up. But my appetite is beginning to develop. And with food strength will soon return.

Miss Hall read me a sermon and half a dozen prayers from the Anglican Prayer book.

MAR. 4 (Monday, Nan Tsung)

Sat up a little longer today.

My bedding is terribly damp. I must have it aired as soon as possible, or I shall rot away with it.

MAR. 5 (Tuesday, Nan Tsung)

To get away from the rats and the dampness I decided to move to a room on the other side of the courtyard. In the process I sat out in the yard for about an hour while my bedding was getting a bit of airing. It certainly

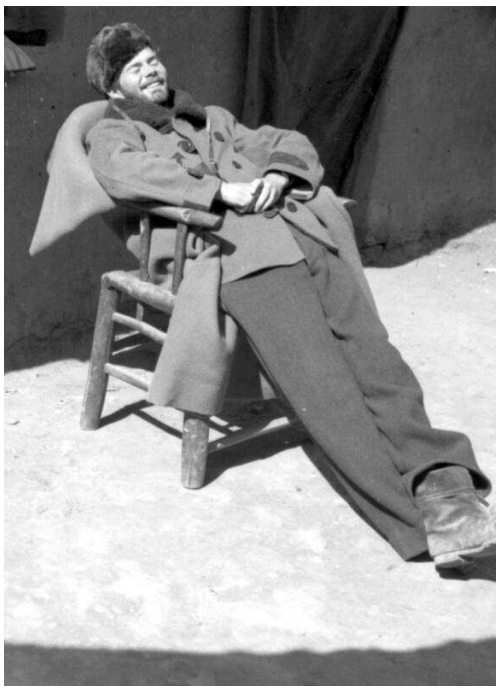


Figure 8.2: (Left) Nue Pao Kwei who nursed Louis and Howard at Nan Tsung. (Right) Howard recovering in the inn yard.

needed it. The quilts underneath had molded. They were covered with green fungus. It was probably due partly to the damp room, but mostly to the high fever.

Couldn't sit up very long.

MAR. 6 (Wednesday, Nan Tsung)

Sat outside in the sun for the better part of an hour. It's great to see the sun again.

Another aeroplane flew over today. Somehow it gives me a sinking feeling whenever I hear one. We are still so weak that we can't seek shelter. Should they bomb we would have to trust to God to protect us. There is nothing we can do to protect ourselves.

MAR. 7 (Thursday, Nan Tsung)

Didn't get a wink of sleep last night. Don't know whether I got too tired sitting up yesterday or whether my stomach is causing the problem. At least

I don't worry particularly about anything. Wondered a bit about when and how we would get to Mien Chih.

Mr. Yü of the First War District office across the River in Shanxi sent us a present of oranges and a can of something. There is no label on the can so I don't know what's in it. He also sent word that there would be a car for us Sat. I hope so; otherwise we will have to start out in an old cart.

Had a good sunning this P.M. — 1 hour. Also, had a good look and chat with Louie. Its good to see him again. He seems to be getting along a bit slower than I. First time I have written in my diary since Feb. 19. Haven't felt like it before.

MAR. 8 (Friday, Nan Tsung)

Woke up feeling pretty peppy this morning. Took a bath by myself and then sat in the sun for over an hour.

Opened the can that Mr. Yü sent. It is not fruit as I had supposed, but condensed milk. I am glad that it is; tastes good on our millet in the mornings and evening.

Arrangements have been made for our going to Mien Chih tomorrow. They can't send the ambulance as had been planned because they can't get gas. Neither are there rubber tired carts, so we will go by stretcher. I suppose that's the most comfortable way anyhow.

Took a few pictures of the inn and the boys who have been helping to take care of us. I'm afraid that they won't be very good as I took them from the chair I was sitting on.

Am leaving $50,000 with Mr Yü. Will pick it up when we come back this way. Am taking $6,000 with me.

MAR. 9 (Saturday, Yang Hsu Wa Mt. Inn) On the stretcher all day.

We have been all day in stretchers. It didn't seem particularly amusing at the time. But now when I think back over it we must have made quite an amusing precession. I'm sorry that I don't have a movie of it. Little Miss Hall usually led the precession in the front. She refused to ride the donkey that was provided for her. Next in the precession were two soldiers of the 97th army – rifles over their shoulders and packs on their backs. These were an advance guard the military insisted on sending with us. The two stretchers, Louis and I in them, followed. Each stretcher was carried by two peasants. There were two alternatives for each stretcher. There was also an orderly with each stretcher. They had been sent along by the military

Figure 8.3: (Top) Just before leaving the inn at Nan Tsung, Louis and Howard pose with their leaky bed pan. (Bottom) The stretcher corps heads for Mien Chih with Howard and Louis (with the white quilt behind Howard).

Figure 8.4: (Top) Stopping at an inn on the road to Mien Chih. (Bottom Left) Miss Hall knitting during the break at the inn while Louis tries sitting up. (Bottom Left) The trip to Mien Chih was tiring for the recovering lads and rest stops were frequent.

hospital that provided us with stretchers. Behind walked an officer. He was supposed to be responsible for the party. Following him were two baggage carriers and Miss Hall's donkey. And bringing up the rear were two more guards. The stretchers are a bit narrow and quite uncomfortable. It sure makes me feel like a baby to have to be carried around like this. But in a way it seems rather humorous. We go boldly forth full of ambition and expectation. Then we come back seemingly defeated riding in a stretcher.

It has been up and down all day. These are some real mountains that we have to cross. We are spending the night in a dilapidated inn near the top of the highest peak.

Could hear the Jap cannon blowing off their steam north of the river this evening. It was quite plain. Stomach not good today.

MAR. 10 (Sunday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

After a rather restless night in a very poor inn we pushed off again. Succeeded in persuading the four soldiers and officer that their protection was not needed any more, so they went back to Nan Tsung. Even though our party was depleted by five, we still made quite a formidable procession. Arrived in Poa To 7:30 A.M. and had breakfast in an inn. Changed two stretcher carriers who were not feeling well. Also got one donkey and a horse to carry the baggage instead of carriers. They couldn't seem to keep up with the stretcher carriers.

Arrived in Mien Chih at 12:45. Dr. Chiang was not here. Miss Hall couldn't find the place for some time. They left us out in the street while she looked. It wasn't long before quite a crowd gathered to see the foreigners. It was interesting to hear their remarks. Most of them thought that we were Russians that had been wounded in Shanxi. They thought that I was an old man because of my beard (I hadn't shaved since I got sick). And there was some speculation as to whether Louie wasn't a woman because he had no beard. I shaved this P.M. Feel and look like a new man.

Bad Weather today. Cloudy, windy & dusty.

MAR. 11 (Monday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

It seems to make a lot of difference being in Mien Chih. Both Louie and I are feeling much better today. Sat up most of the morning. Wrote a long letter to Fern and Ron [*Howard's sister and brother-in-law*] today telling them about our siege of Typhus.

Had a Chinese barber come around this P.M. to give me a hair cut. And boy he really cut. I look like I've been skinned.

Dr. Chiang is coming back from Loyang tonight. We will be interested in seeing her again. Even though I was quite sick when she came to Nan Tsung she seemed to have a very interesting personality.

I'm getting to know Miss Hall considerably better. She is quite a live wire and is quite liberal in her thinking. She is quite free in discussing English and Dominion affairs, and offers fair criticism of their policy. She seems to have been a pacifist but the Chinese Japanese war has gradually changed her over. She has a feeling now that China and the Chinese would become anemic if they did not resist the Japanese.

MAR. 12 (Tuesday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

Dr. Jean Chiang and her husband Dr. Dohan arrived about 4:00 o'clock this morning. The fellow that went to the station to meet them didn't get there, so they had quite a difficult time getting their baggage home. They must have been pretty tired as they slept until noon.

Just as we were ready to eat Wang Jeh came in from Ta Loa Tsung. He was bubbling over as usual. Stayed until two which delayed our lunch considerably. He told us all the news since the time we left. The sick folks that we left behind had a tough time of it. About twenty other soldiers in the same village got infected with the same thing.

Dr. Chiang is even more interesting than I had anticipated. I am very much attracted by her personality. She is quite western and yet Chinese. Her husband Dr. Dohan is also quite interesting. He is an Austrian refugee. Has been in China about a year. Is quiet but has quite a sense of humor. They have been married about three months.

MAR. 13 (Wednesday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

Found out that Dr. Dohan likes to play chess. Louie tried a game with him and got beaten. Then I tried my luck and was successful. But it was more luck than skill.

Met the Eighth Route representative in Mien Chih. He tells us that the headquarters have moved from Liao Hsien and Wu Hsien clear down to near the southeast corner of the province. [*Liao and Wu counties, these were in the Church of the Brethren mission district, and hence well known by Howard*]. He gave the reason that there was not enough water for all the soldiers up there. I know better. Wonder what the real reason is. — Maybe they can't rely on the people any more. — maybe not enough food — more likely they saw a chance to break through the encirclement of Gov.

Figure 8.5: (Top) Outside lunch at Jean Chiang's place in Mien Chih. (Bottom) Dr. Chiang and Nurse Hall pose for a photo after lunch.

and Prov. troops that were gradually pushing them North. The gentleman also said that the friction between the various groups is dying out — I hope!

[*Letter to his mother and sister.*]

Mien Chih, Honan March 13, 1940

Dear Mother and Alberta,

I am sitting on a deck chair sunning myself in a little Honan city along the Lung Hai Railway. It has been some time since I have written to you, so will take this opportunity in getting one off to you. I am a bit discouraged these days and am sorry that I have to write under these circumstances. The plans that I have been working on for the last few months, and which were just about to be realized have been postponed again — and this time due to illness. Both Louie and I are just now recovering from Typhus fever. We had taken the precaution while in Peiping of taking the shots to prevent Typhus. It didn't prevent our getting it, but it probably made it slightly less severe. It was bad enough though the way it was.

We had gotten to the Yellow River which is the boundary between Shanxi and Honan when we took sick. Both came down on the same day. We had been traveling with a party of about 35, 12 of whom got sick before we did. They were left behind near Mien Chih to recover while the rest of us went on. I thought then that it was influenza.

As we were unable to go on when we got to the Yellow River, we too were left behind in the little village of Nan Tsung. One little soldier boy was left behind to look after us. If it hadn't been for him I don't know what we should have done. He stood faithfully by us for twenty days. He knew nothing of taking care of sick folks, but did his best.

On the second day my fever was 104, Louie's was going up a bit more gradually. We decided then that it must be Typhus. Although we were more or less delirious, we managed to get a telegram off to the English Baptist Hospital in Sian. About a week later someone came into my little 6 by 8 room who could speak English. I think that did me more good than anything else. It was Dr. Jean Chiang of the Chinese Red Cross. The English Baptist had wired her in Mien Chih asking if she could pay us a visit. She brought us each a big foreign apple and a can of Campbell's chicken soup. I don't believe that any thing has tasted quite so good. I guess that she knew what we needed — something to eat! We must have been nearly starved.

Dr. Chiang stayed with us four days nursing us through the crisis. She

is a most delightful person. Her father is one of China's famous scholars. She took her medical work in P.U.M.C. [*Peiping Union Medical College*] has been six years in the States and several years in Europe. Just recently she married an Austrian Refugee doctor, Dr. Dohan. He is also serving in the Red Cross.

As soon as she got to Nan Tsung Dr. Chiang wired for one of her nurses who was in Loyang. So before she left we had a good nurse with us, a Miss Hall. It will interest you to know that Miss Hall is from New Zealand. It happened that I had met her before, both in Peiping and in Sian. She took good care of us and brought us back to Mien Chih by stretcher several days ago. We are now resting a few days before returning to Sian. If we develop no complications we shall rest up and get fat for several weeks and then head for Shanxi again.

Everyone has certainly been helpfully kind to us. The Military at the river did everything they could to help us. They sent our telegrams for us, provided stretchers and carriers when we left & took care of our money when we were sick. The General there even managed some how to get condensed milk and oranges which he presented to us. And of course we are very much indebted to Dr. Chiang and Miss Hall.

I am feeling quite well but very weak yet. Louie is progressing a bit slower. But Dr. Chiang is quite sure that neither of us will have serious after affects.

I will drop you another letter when I get back to Sian. —

Love, Howard

MAR. 14 (Thursday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

Spent most of the day reading a book that I have already forgotten the name of. Anyway it was a detective story, and a poor one at that. Don't know why I read it except that I was restless and wanted something to do.

I find that my mind is a bit dull after this spell of Typhus. I can read, but it doesn't mean much to me a few moments later. The mental activity also tires me considerably.

Our meals here are quite a variety of experiences. Breakfast in bed — usually millet, eggs and toasted steamed bread. At noon we take our meal outside in the sun. Ah! And here we have the variety. Dr. Chiang orders the dinner and it comes as a surprise — never the same thing twice unless it is that scrambled meat and vegetable dish that her husband likes so well. In the evenings Louie and I are usually back in bed. One or the other of us toasts the bread over a charcoal fire with Miss Hall's knitting needles. The

toast tastes fine when warm. I fear that we eat one slice for about every three we toast.

Miss Hall throws a big Chinese feed for the group. Swell meal.

MAR. 15 (Friday, Mien Chih) Dr. Chiang's residence

Decided that we leave for Sian this evening. Express.

Read a really delightful book today, "I discover the English" by Madam Kwn. She not only discovered them, but she has made her discovery delightfully known to readers. What a descriptive vocabulary! — And she is writing in a foreign language. There was, however a bit of monotony in reading the book through in one sitting. She invariably jumps from almost exalted praise to condemnation and then back again to praise. I liked the first part of the book much better than the last. It seemed that she had discovered England more thoroughly than the English people. Of course my contact has been quite limited. My knowledge of the English comes almost entirely from my contact with them here in the far East.

MAR. 16 (Saturday, Tung Chuan Tien) On the train

This has been a big day. We were up at two o'clock this morning to catch the train. Although we had wired to Loyang asking for four berths there were only two left for us when the train arrived. Louie and I shared one while Dr. Chiang and Miss Hall shared the other. It was a bit crowded, but we managed.

There were no trucks leaving Wen Lu Chen today so we had to get animals — three donkeys, one mule and one horse. I got terribly sore riding my old mule. It was partly the poorly shaped saddle and partly the lack of padding on the back of my lap.

At Tung Kwan they wouldn't let us go through the East gate. We had to go over the hill to the south of the city. At the south gate we had a little better luck. After talking a bit with the guards they let us through. That was luck for us as it is about five miles shorter through the city and we were getting plenty tired.

We had just gotten well out of Tung Kwan when whom should come along but the railway inspector that we had met on the train this morning. He was on a hand car. He recognized us and stopped. And although we were four and baggage he insisted on piling us on the little hand car. He took us all the way to Hua Yu Hsien and put us on the green express. [*The animals would have gone back home with their drivers.*]

Figure 8.6: On the hand car with the railway inspector (Left).

The wind and dust had been terrible all day. We were a terrible sight, hardly distinguishing one from the other because of the dust masks we were wearing. Had a good wash on the train — had supper and turned in. Each has a berth to himself tonight.

MAR. 17 (Sunday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Arrived in Sian about midnight. Didn't want to get Bergstrom's up so decided to go to a Chinese Hotel. Went to three or four, including the Guest House, before we found a place. We each had a bed, but it wasn't too comfortable. Didn't get any sleep the rest of the night.

Called up Bergstrom's early in the morning, and got there in time for breakfast. Boy, it was good to sit down to an American meal again.

I'm beginning to get sleepy at last. Had a good long nap this P.M. and could hardly stay awake for supper. It's about time after a month of

sleepless nights. These spring beds with mattresses feel swell but peculiar after having been on those hard brick k'angs (beds) for so long. All my bony parts are sore from rubbing the hard bricks. I wonder if I will ever be able to sleep on a K'ang again.

Went to English Church service this evening. Good sermon — text from proverbs, "God hath made even the seeing eye and the hearing ear." The point of the sermon was that you see what you look for and hear what you listen for. He drew a good illustration from one of the stories about an American pioneer family that lost a little boy from the back of their covered wagon. He was found and brought up by Indians, learning to love Nature. Later his parents found him and he was given a modern education.

One day, while walking down one of New York's busy streets with a friend he stopped and said, "Listen!" "Listen to what?" his friend asked. "Why don't you hear that cricket." His friend thought he was crazy, but he went over to the curb and found his cricket in an old box. He took out a coin, flipped it into the air so that it fell clicking to the pavement. Half a dozen people stopped to look for the coin. He turned to his friend and said, "You see, people hear what they listen for and see what they look for."

MAR. 18 (Monday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Spent most of the day in bed. Digestive system seems to be out of order. Also running a bit of a fever this P.M. No Supper!

MAR. 19 (Tuesday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Feeling some better today. Went over to the Baptist Hospital this A.M. to get looked over. Nothing serious, he says, "You will just have to take it easy." From what he says we are pretty lucky to to get off without any serious complications.

Dr. Chiang was also at the Hospital. She had foreign clothes on this time, a blue suit. I don't like her in European dress. She seems so much more natural in her uniform.

Also met Dr. Kirk of the Chinese Red Cross. He seem to be quite an interesting character. He never grew up as far as height is concerned. He is hardly five feet high. But there is one part about him that is big — his nose is tremendous. He has an even better specimen than W.C. Fields. White haired, awfully nervous now (probably due to a recent illness), but with an energetic desire to be busy. Speaks with quite a German accent. Is probably a German-Jew refugee.

Figure 8.7: (Left) Dr. Jean Chiang in her blue suit at the Baptist Hospital. (Right) The magnolia tree at Miss Franklin's. This type of Magnolia is strongly scented. It must have been spectacular.

Sent a letter to Silcock [*in Shanghai*] telling him of our misfortune.

MAR. 20 (Wednesday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Am getting into the full swing of letter writing. Answering all the letters that I have received this time. Although I'm writing I fear that my letters aren't so hot. In the first place, I don't know how much sense they make. I fear that I'm a bit dopey.

Went to Miss Franklin's this P.M. to borrow some books. In her front yard there is a most beautiful magnolia tree. It's in full bloom now. The tree is quite famous here in Sian. It is over a thousand years old.

The 14th United Army captured a Japanese interpreter during an engagement in S.E. Shanxi '39. He could speak pretty good Chinese. They treated him pretty good, as the Chinese do all their prisoners. He told his guards one day that if he had known that he would be so well treated by the Chinese he wouldn't have waited for them to capture him. Later he changed his name to Wang San Min. Wang because he had a friend by that name;

and San Min because he believes in the "Three People's Principle". He is now working in General Wei's headquarters.

MAR. 21 (Thursday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

A bit of a "Jehovahan" today. Gustinson and family arrived, bringing with them grandmother Bergstrom. — Philip had his tonsil removed — Dr. Chiang and Miss Hall were over for coffee — and Fred Nelson started for Cheng Chow and the river to meet Ed Fish. Oh yes, and Miss Christian[*son*] came. She is a lady who is holding revival meetings in various stations of the S.A.M.

We are having terrible weather these days. The sky is constantly overcast. I can't seem to get warmed up. Even wear my coat in the house. [*Howard still didn't have any fat on him to keep himself warm.*]

Started filing my negatives in a little book. I have a better bunch of pictures than I thought. Some of them aren't half bad. It makes a pretty good record of our trip so far. I find I'm not taking as many pictures as I could. I'm too cautious with my film.

MAR. 22 (Friday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Good Friday has been a very ordinary day. Louis and I got up early and took a walk along the moat and beneath the city wall.

Sent a letter off to Fran Smith and Father. That took most of the morning. Started reading a bit of P. G. Wodehouse. I don't care for him as much as I did a few years ago. He is still alright in small doses, but that's all.

Paid a visit to Miss Hall this P.M. but she was not home. Wanted to talk to her a bit more about getting into Shanxi.

In the Chinese theater now a picture of General Chiang is flashed on the screen before the show starts. The audience all stand in silence for about a minute. It reminds me of the British who stand at the end of each show to sing "God Save the King". But I think that I like the meditative silence better.

MAR. 23 (Saturday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Finished reading "Jews Give Warning" by P. G. Wodehouse. The plot didn't turn out so bad, but I was a bit tired of his style by the time I had finished.

Dropped around to see Miss Hall again this P.M. She and Miss Franklin were sitting in the sun warming themselves. Miss Hall gave me a receipt for the two thousand dollars I gave her in Mien Chih for medical relief. Stopped for tea — a good English cup of tea while I was there.

A Chinese dinner this evening at the Great China Restaurant. Those present: Dr. Chiang, Miss Hall, Mr. Hogg, Louis and I. Mr. Hogg was the stranger whom we were to meet. He is a young English fellow who is working with the Chinese industrial cooperatives. Northwest Headquarters, Paochi Shensi. He is on the publicity end. Started out as an independent newspaper man from Peiping last summer. [*See "DR. BETHUNE'S ANGEL, The Life of Kathleen Hall", above for more about Mr. Hogg*]

Had a swell meal. The fish in sweet-sour sauce was particularly good. Also the "Race Horse" omelet. Hear that Loyang and Yinnan were bombed the other day. Looks like we are next.

MAR. 24 (Sunday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Easter Sunday brings the first clear day we have had for a week. But with it comes the fear of bombing. Another place north of here was bombed yesterday. They probably won't pass Sian by as it is the most important city in the northwest. But if they come they won't have the sky all to themselves. There are several, I don't know how many, planes at the airfield here. We could hear them warming up this morning.

We have two more visitors with us today. Miss [*blank*] and Miss Nelson from Ping Liang.

Dr. Stockley gave an excellent sermon at the English Easter service this evening. He is always good.

MAR. 25 (Monday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Got a bit of a fright this morning when the old air raid sirens began to screech. Lord but they make a terrible noise. More than that of which they warn us.

The report was that thirty six bombers were headed this way. We all went out and hung around the mouth of the dugout until the drone of a distant motor was heard. The women and children went down first followed by the men. I stayed above board to report on the activity. One loan scouter came, circled the city and went back. The 36 bombers must have visited some other place.

Went to the theater and had dinner with three Chinese lady doctors. — Dr. Wang of Pao Ting, Dr. Sung of Hankow, and our ever better friend,

Dr. Chiang. The picture we saw "A Star is Born", stars Frederic Marsh and Janet Gaynor [*released in 1937*]. The picture was good, but the talking apparatus so poor that it was difficult to understand what was being said.

Had a new Chinese dish at dinner, eel. It was excellent (Shan Yu).

MAR. 26 (Tuesday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Mr. and Mrs. Bell and two children have arrived enroute to the Tibetan border. They are Canadian and had quite an experience coming through Kaifeng. The Japanese evicted them. How childish.

Another air raid alarm just at breakfast time. Heard that a city a little east of here was bombed by five planes. The RR bridge was damaged so trains to and from the East will not be running these few days. The place [*is*] Way Wen I believe.

A telegram this noon saying that Mortinsons and Mrs. Becken are across the River and are at Cheng Chow. Mr. Becken was to cross the next day. Nothing was said about Ed Fish but they wanted to know where Fred Nelson was. Bergstrom was elated at the news. Couldn't finish his dinner. I hope they have my movie with them.

Went shopping this P.M. with Louis & Rubin Gustinson. Visited about two dozen shops, but bought hardly anything.

MAR. 27 (Wednesday, Sian, Bergstrom's) Night Alarm!

I lost several hours sleep last night that I am going to hold against the Japanese. Woke up at two thirty this morning to hear the air raid alarm shrieking out its warning. Louis already out of bed getting dressed. I followed suit. The waning moon was just at the apex of its arc across the heavens. [*The moon would then have been about last quarter and still very bright.*] It was sliding in and out behind high light clouds. I went out to the street to see what was happening out there. We could hear plenty of noise. The street was a mass of frightened people stampeding for the city gate and the open fields beyond. Mothers were carrying half dressed and crying babies. Every once and a while you would hear a yell as someone was knocked down and probably stepped on. Pitiable! Then the urgent sounded. I didn't stay to see more, but hurried to our dugout. Here too was a turmoil. This night business gets on one's nerves.

Soon the drone of aeroplane motors could be heard in the east. The women and children went below. As it came nearer we too bounded to the shelter of our small dugout. We waited expecting any moment to be rocked

by a series of explosions. They never [*came*]. The planes flew back and forth over the city. Motive? Probably terrorism.

Finally the planes disappeared to the North. Forty minutes later the all clear was sounded. Again I went to the street. This time to watch the people returning. Now they walked slowly instead of running. The crowd was relieved. None of their number had been blown to bits. But within their hearts probably is stored up a bit more hate which someday will seek revenge.

MAR. 28 (Thursday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

A beautiful clear spring day. We were expecting planes all day, but they didn't come. But they did their dirty work none the less. We heard this evening they had bombed Tung Kwan and vicinity continuously from 9:00 A.M. until 4:00 P.M., using fifty planes.

Delivered my lecture to the Sian Rotary this evening. "My experiences and work in Southeastern Shanxi." There were about forty five in attendance — eight foreigners and the rest Chinese. They represented the most important and influential men in Sian. Bankers, industrialists, railway men, aviation men, educationalists etc. They all go by nick names. For example banker Li is "Drafty", Eurasia manager is "Wings", one of the doctors is "Physic", RR manager is "Loco", & Postal commissioner Smith is "Stamp". My speech came after a very good Chinese meal. It was well received. Everyone seemed interested. (I was not as nervous when the time came as I had feared.)

Smith of the P.O. drove us home in his car. We are invited to his place for dinner on Monday. He wants to give us letters to all of his postmen in Shanxi. He seems to be an interesting fellow, but I fear very hard at times.

MAR. 29 (Friday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Happy Birthday Dad!

Woke up this morning to find the heavens giving the earth a light spring rain. We were all jubilant at the prospects of a peaceful day free of air alarms. But we had no more than started breakfast than the sirens started shrieking. The urgent, then the planes. But they flew over, 23 of them, and bombed a city sixteen miles west of here. We could hear it distinctly.

They came this A.M. to tell us that our passes are ready and we can go Monday with a Fu Kwan Chiang if we choose. But I think that we will wait a few more days.

MAR. 30 (Saturday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Haltons arrived last night. They said that Fred Nelson is still in Loyang trying to get Beckens on Ed's pass. That's a pretty mess with Beckens already across the River.

Breakfast interrupted again by an air alarm. They passed us by again and bombed San Yuan 90 li north. We could easily hear three series of explosions.

Mildred and Miss Christianson returned this P.M. Also Miss Nelson and Jeannitte and Philip.

MAR. 31 (Sunday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Spent the day studying some of Holtens books on photography. Dipped into the color section as I hope soon to have some color film. Close ups! Close ups! Close ups! seems to be the general theme.

Bell preached this evening. Not so hot. He deals too long on the subject of Hellfire etc.

[*Excerpts from a letter to Helen dated March 31, 1939*]

... we are back in Sian. The typhus has gone, and the beastly little lice with it. But we are still weak and feeble. My eyes are quite poor, one ear not so good, and worst of all, my head's a bit foggy most of the time. (I hope this letter makes sense.) Had a checkup at the hospital yesterday. The Dr. says that I'm doing fine, and that the complications will pass off as I get stronger.

It's discouraging to say the least. For a while I didn't know which way to turn or what I should do. Sometimes I thought that I would drop the whole business and return to the States. But now my determination to carry my job through has returned. My plans remain unchanged. Suffering for China has made her cause my own. That needs explanation — but wait.

My but I'm glad that Ed [*Howard's room mate in college who later married Helen. There was some talk of his joining Howard in China.*] wasn't with me through this. I'm afraid that he couldn't have made it. Most foreigners can't. I'm sorry that I brought Louis into it. It's quite a relief to see him doing so well.

Forgive me for bothering you with all this. It probably wasn't as bad as it sounds. We have been mighty lucky compared to a lot of folks who get it. ..."

Figure 8.8: The Bells and the Noltons load onto their truck for the Tibetan border. One of the Bell children, about 2 years old, can just be seen on top of the truck.

APR. 1 (Monday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

An awful day — rain and wind. And to think that Bells and Noltens started out today for Lan Chow sitting on top of all their baggage in an open truck.

Smith's car called for us at 11:00 A.M. It was a nice drive, despite the rain. Out to the gardens where the P.O. headquarters is located. There were three Chinese postal commissioners besides Louis, Smith, and myself at the table. Smith did all of the talking. We were willing as he was quite interesting. He has been in Postal service thirty some years and still doesn't know Chinese.

He gave us a pass on the truck around Tung Kwan and introductions to the postmen in S. E. Shanxi. That ought to help us out a bit.

Had dinner with the Young's of the Baptist Mission this evening. Had to

walk all the way there and back through the rain. The streets were terribly sloppy.

APR. 2 (Tuesday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Hung around the hostel reading most of the day. Started on a detective story, "The Nine Taylors" [*by Dorothy Sayers*]. Don't know why I read such stuff.

Out to dinner again this evening. The ladies of the Baptist mission invited us to their home. We were two amongst six women. But the food was good.

APR. 3 (Wednesday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

They came this morning, nineteen of them. Eighteen bombers and one scouting plane. Every one was brave when the alarm was sounded. We stayed at our breakfast until someone in the yard shouted that they heard the planes. It did sound like they were coming, but we didn't see anything. Then someone saw a formation of ten big bombers almost directly overhead. They were flying extremely high. At about the same time anti-aircraft opened fire. We ducked in a hurry, but before we reached the bottom of the dugout, bombs were landing two blocks to the East. They took their time today — about ten minutes to unload their one hundred odd bombs. Most of them landed just a bit North and East of the Bell Tower. The communications building had a direct hit. Ten people were killed in all and three wounded. About two out of every five bombs didn't explode. They just buried themselves about 20 feet in the ground.

I was out on the street an hour after the bombing. Everything seemed normal. The stores were all open and the streets full of people. Work gangs were filling up bomb holes and cleaning up the streets.

Had a wire from some one up near the Shanxi border. Their little boy was desperately ill — high fever. Dr. Stockley and Mildred left this afternoon to see what they could do. They took some of Louis' blood along in case it turned out that the boy had Typhus.

Had dinner with Gunn [*probably Rev. William Gunn of the Baptist mission in Sian*] this evening. It was good to listen to the radio again.

APR. 4 (Thursday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

An overcast sky put us at ease this morning. Planes could come, but were not likely to.

The merchant who changed our money for us when we were here before came around this morning and invited us out to Chinese this evening. He orders an exceptionally good meal, so we just couldn't refuse. It turned out even better than we had anticipated. There were only ten courses, but they were of the best — every morsel being a choice bit.

Today is children's day in China. Flags are out all along the street. They also had a big anti-opium drive parade this evening. Most of the city organizations had floats. All the city police also participated. I didn't know that there were so many police around. There must have been about two thousand. The city is exceptionally well policed. We expect the Mortinsons and Beckens this evening. They left Loyang yesterday.

APR. 5 (Friday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Didn't hear the end of last Wednesday's bombing story until today. It is confirmed that 20 Japanese planes participated in the bombing of Sian and fifteen visited another city. These planes carried out their purpose and then returned to their base, the days work supposedly ended. But they were no more than comfortably settled on the ground before Chinese planes appeared in the air above them. They had followed on the tail of the Japanese and took them completely by surprise. According to reports thus far received only five of the thirty five planes escaped. The Chinese don't use their planes often, but when they do, they make it count.

Many of China's most influential leaders have come out of retirement to serve their country in a time of need. Yü Kao Tsan is such a person. He had retired to the hills southwest of Nanking and had started a Tung tree plantation. He is now at the front directing military transport and helping in civilian distress areas.

APR. 6 (Saturday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Mortinsons, Beckens and Fred Nelson came in early this A.M. No movie camera! No color film! What a disappointment. All the stuff is with Ed Fish. And alas, Ed is still on the other side of the Yellow River! Guess we will have to go to Shanxi without the desired equipment.

[*Actually, I think that for us this was a good thing. If Howard had taken a lot of color pictures back then, I expect that those primitive dyes would have faded by now. We are lucky to have his fine collection of black-and-white pictures.*]

APR. 7 (Sunday, Sian, Bergstrom's)

Another day loafing around the hostel writing a few letters, reading a few pages, and sewing a few stitches.

[*Excerpts from a letter to his mother and Alberta. It is hard to read the date, but I think that it was written on the 7th.*]

... Well, we are both well and strong again. The Typhus has done us little apparent harm. Tomorrow we leave for Shanxi again. With Typhus behind us we should make it this time. The weather is much nicer now for travel. ...

... I have just finished sewing up a mosquito net for use this spring and summer. We have been warned by everyone to take that precaution against malaria. We also have been told to take 2 grams of quinine every day. Malaria seems to be much worse than it used to be.

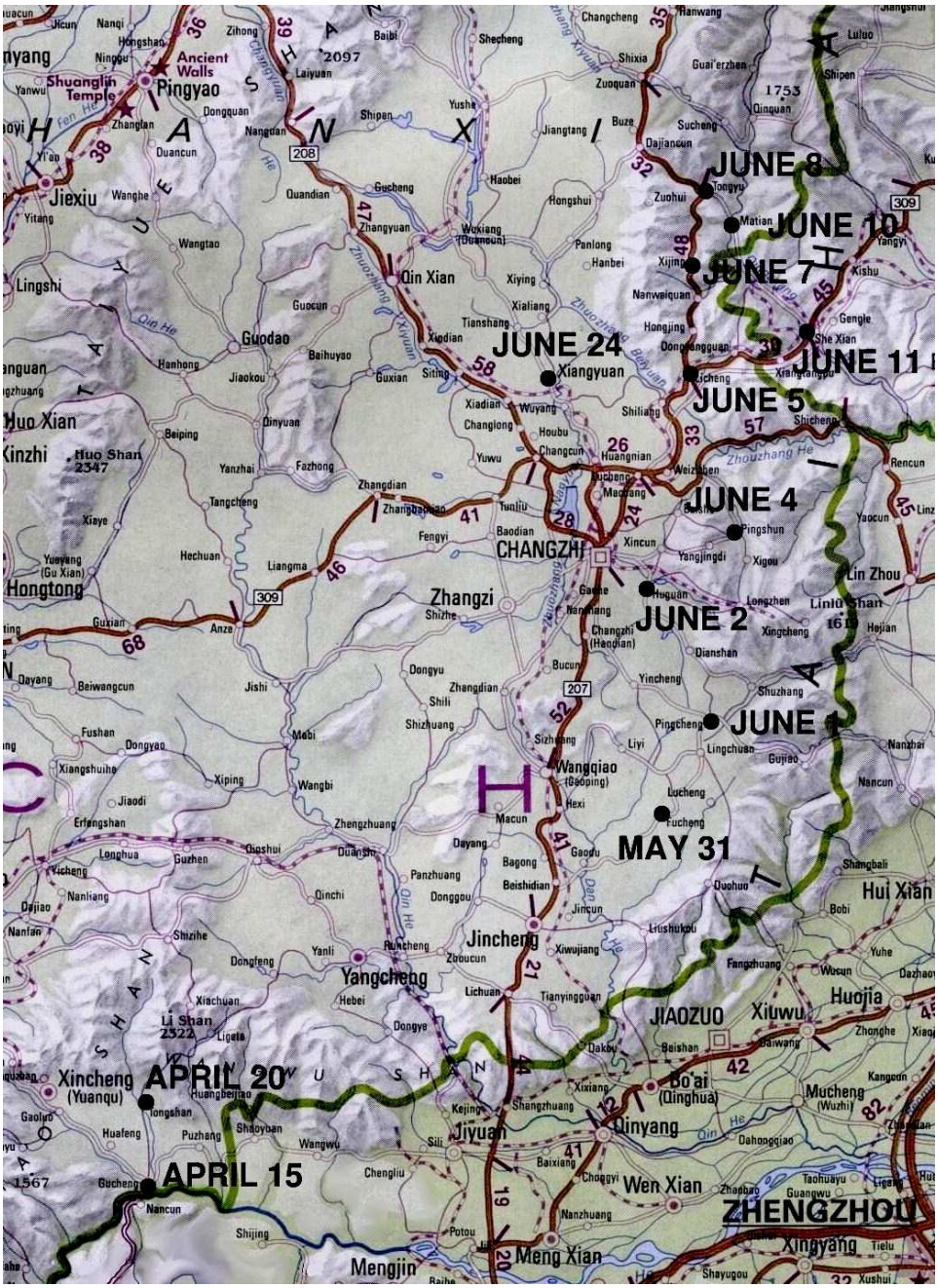


Figure 8.9: Map showing the location of activities during the 4th guerrilla relief expedition. From April until the end of May Louis and Howard were working in small mountain villages just south of the Yancheng-Jincheng line. Then on May 22 Howard and Yin Guang-Yu separated from Louis and started north to Liao. Mostly they stayed in small villages that are not shown on this map. But I have again indicated a few of their stops with dates. The division between Nationalist and Communist occupied territory was an east-west line that ran approximately through Changzhi (Luan).

Chapter 9

Into Shanxi Province

APR. 8 (Monday, Sian, Green Express)

The day of departure has come at last. We both feel quite spry and anxious to be on our way.

Another booming air alarm kept us under cover most of the afternoon. So, what with a tennis engagement at the Baptist mission, we were not left with much time to pack. In such cases I always panic, rushing wildly about without getting much done.

Then in the last minute we rushed off for the station, fearful all the time that we should miss the train. But it was late! An hour and a half late!

I gave my sheep skin coat and heavy pants to Oscar Becken today, and my boots to Ralph Ratsloff — $135 at one shot [*remember his coat had cost him $50 in Peiking*]. Quite generous, I must say. But I have learned from experience to "not lay up for yourselves treasures on Earth" — particularly Chinese earth. I have lost too much already.

Met Dr. Peter Chiang and his German wife today, also Mr. Hannberger, brother of Mrs. Chiang.

APR. 9 (Tuesday, Min Chih, Honan) Dr. Chiang's home

We really didn't get started yesterday. The train was late and didn't get started till one o'clock this A.M.

We were lucky in being in the same compartment with the commander of the Tung Kwan sector. He is a very friendly fellow and quite helpful. He got us a hand car and sent us through the city of Tung Kwan. We had to walk in one place — through a tunnel and past the gap that is exposed to

Figure 9.1: Ruins of the Tung Kwan railway station

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the enemy artillery fire from the N. side of the River. But it is much better than having to go around the city by animal.

Got another view of Tung Kwan from the tracks — also of the enemy position on the other side of the River. Pao Tung Kwan is truly a ruined city — pounded to pulp by enemy artillery. I snapped a picture from the back of the hand car; hope it turns out showing the ruins.

Caught the green express for Min Chih at 2:30, and got here at 8:12 this evening. Came directly to Jean's: she, Dr. Dohan, and Miss Hall are still here. I was afraid that they would already be in Shanxi.

APR. 10 (Wednesday, Min Chih) Jean's home

Didn't get up until after eight this morning. Had a swell sleep. Called up Mr. Yü at Yuan Chu. He is sending someone to Loyang immediately to get the money. We can get it from him in about four days. Guess Lou and I will hang around here for a day or two before crossing into Shanxi. It is much more comfortable here; and then we have good company.

Walked up to the "Temple of the Drunken Fairy" this P.M. in the company of Jean, Paul, and Kate. Had this old priest tell my fortune. Very, very good! "I am restless, but the fire is from within. I should go ahead with my plans. I am clever and everything will turn out well. I need not fear though there are many dangers. The fairies have ordered everything to protect me but goats and cows. (These two I should avoid.) I will never be rich, but I will have a name.

Visited the Eight Route office this evening. They are going to give me a letter of introduction.

APR. 11 (Thursday, Min Chih) Jean's home

The morning paper reports Germany marching into Denmark and Norway. What next?

Went with Dr. Dohan to the Eighth Route office this P.M. Had about fifteen patients to look at there and three in the village. Two cases were Typhus.

Mr. Li, head of the office prepared us supper. It was a very simple meal but excellent in the quality and seasoning. There was one dish of mashed potatoes, onion and something else that was his own concoction. And most appetizing it was.

He told us as we were leaving that the Dohans and Miss Hall could cross the River in a very few days. We were also informed that the Eighth Route headquarters was back in Liao County again. The situation seems to be better again.

Miss Hall is leaving for Sian tonight. She has a few things to get before crossing the River.

APR. 12 (Friday, Min Chih) Jean's home

Got up a bit earlier than usual today to go to Ta Lo Tsung. Paul went along. Made it there in an hour to the minute.

Wang Jeh was there — the same fellow, bag of wind and all. After a short visit in which it was decided that we start for the River Sunday morning, we all came back to Mien Chih.

While talking in Jean's room who should come in but Li of the Eighth Route. Ag Yeh! This was an undiplomatic meeting of Li and Wang. The two groups they represented have just been fighting each other. But the situation was well handled and they parted in a friendly manner. We took them both out to a big meal.

Had news this evening that the situation near Yuan Chu [*now Yuanqu, the town just across the River.*] is tense. It sounds like the Japanese may be planning a drive in that direction. I hope we get across before it happens.

APR. 13 (Saturday, Ta Lo Tsung) County Gentry's Home

Jean and I sat up quite late last night trying to make taffy. We had purchased some molasses and rock sugar for the purpose, but had no way of knowing whether it would work. It took hours to melt the rock sugar. Instead of a pinch of soda we used two soda mints. They didn't completely dissolve. I got half of one in my candy today. We cooked the stuff on a little mud stove out under the stars. More fun! Nor was the candy bad, considering everything, even though it didn't taste like taffy. It was the first time Jean ever pulled taffy.

Got Jean's microscope out this A.M. and examined my stool for worm eggs. Found them! So that's where my energy has been going.

Its too bad that you have to leave good friends after you make them. Jean and Paul are the best and I am sorry that we have to go so soon.

Left Mien Chih for Ta Lo Tsung at 4:00 P.M. Wang had his glasses out looking for us when we arrived. Had supper with him. And now early to bed so we can get an early start for the River tomorrow.

APR. 14 (Sunday, Nan Tsung, Honan) Inn where we had typhus.

Left Ta Lo Tsung 5:30 A.M. with our two donkeys. Breakfast at Poa To at 8:30. It was good to haul over the road to Nan Tsung again when we felt fit for it.

Met thousands of carts going towards the river. All of them carrying flour. Ox carts, mule carts, and donkey carts. That is typical of modern Chinese military transport

On their return trip many of the carts carried wounded and sick soldiers. It is pitiable to see some of these fellows. Thin faces twitching with pain as they are jiggled over the rough road.

Arrived at Nan Tsung 6:00 P.M. I had previously vowed that I would never again stay in the inn where we had been sick. But who should meet us on the street but the inn keeper. He all but dragged us into his place. There was nothing to do but go along or the poor fellow would have lost face. He treated us very nicely this time.

APR. 15 (Monday, Hsien Chwang, Shansi) Peasants home.

Figure 9.2: An ox train of military flour on the road. Here they have chocked the wagon wheels to give the animals a rest. This Chinese transport was not comparable to that of the Japanese army which used American made military trucks.

Figure 9.3: Howard boarding the boat to cross the Yellow River to enter Shansi.

Our goal is accomplished in part! We are in Shansi. Before I had gotten up a representative of Yü had come for us. A special boat was at the River and horses were already waiting for us on the other side. We got fixed up as soon as possible and headed for the River. On the other side a delegation came aboard to welcome us to Shansi. What with all the ceremony I felt like an ambassador or something. We then mounted the horses that were there waiting for us and set off toward the village. About half way there whom should I meet but my old friend and colleague Nieh Chih Hau. It surprised me considerably to find him here. He is now in government relief work but wants to come along with me.

[*Howard saved his "River crossing passport" and pasted it in his journal (see Appendix A). Remember that Nieh had worked with Howard earlier on the second and third guerrilla relief expeditions.*]

Arriving at Hsien Tsung I paid an official call on Yü. He is quite the personality. — 48 years old, short and wiry. He seems very progressive. Has completed the planting of 20,000 trees to replenish those that have been cut

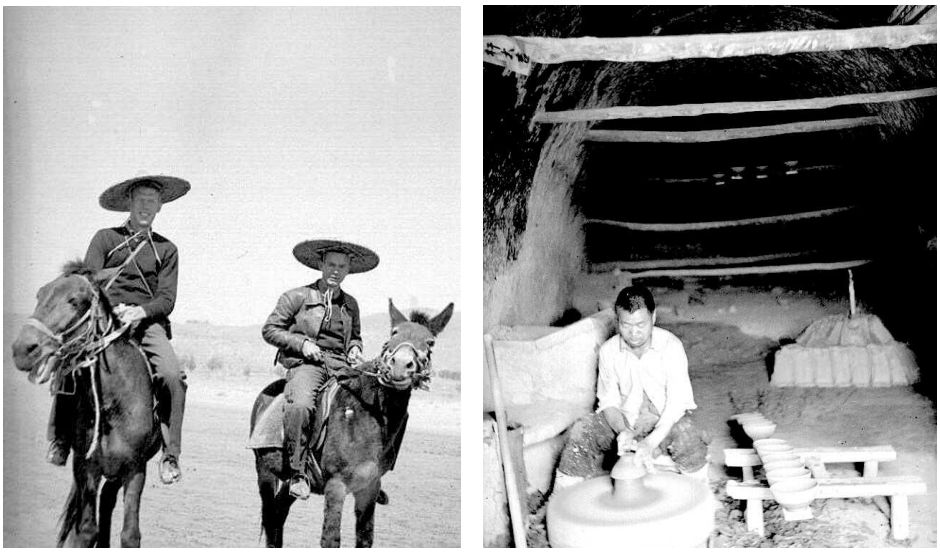


Figure 9.4: (Left) Louis on a horse and Howard on the mule setting out for an inspection trip. (Right) A refugee potter in a cave making bowls to replace those smashed by the Japanese.

down for fuel since the war began. He has opened several mines with relief funds and has refugees working them.

Had a late dinner, 3:30, with Mr. Yü. Then Nieh, Louis and I took a jaunt out to one of the coal mines. Nieh rode a donkey, Louis a horse and I a mule.

The valley is beautiful this time of year. The Yellow River and tributaries running between green fields of spring wheat and blossoming fruit trees. This framed by rugged mountains makes the picture of the Yuan Chu Valley.

The city of Yuan Chu is in ruins. It has been bombed dozens of times. And the Japanese have been here four times. We came through the city by moonlight this evening. It looks ghostly to say the least.

Am starting on my worm medicine this evening. Hope to be rid of the parasites tomorrow.

APR. 16 (Tuesday, Hsien Chwang, Shansi) Peasants home

The Blessed Event occurred today. I had twins. Two nice, long, pink, slimy worms. I'm glad they are gone. Maybe I can fatten up a bit.

I stayed at home today to let the sanitation and salts take its course. Louis and Mr. Nieh went to the city of Yuan Chu to have a look around.

I bravely fasted until four P.M. when we had dinner with Yü Kao Tsan. Boy, I was ravenous, having gone 24 hours without food. He served a simple, but very good meal. Rice, chicken soup, fat meat and chicken, chicken, bean sprouts, spinach and steamed bread.

During the course of the dinner conversation we discovered some interesting things: Mr. Yü was for three years fighting around Tai Pei Shan. There are apparently some rare animals there. A blue goat, a zebra-like animal that they call "Su Pu Hsiang" (Unlike all four — the horse, goat, cow, deer). It has horses looks, cows horns, deers face and a long tail. Then there is a flying fox, quite a large variety apparently.

He also told us of a beautiful tree from Sechuan — "Pigeon Tree". It has flowers that look like pigeons. [Davidia involucrata, *in English usually known as the dove, or handkerchief tree that is native to Yulong Xueshan (Jade Dragon Snow Mountain).*]

APR. 17 (Wednesday, Hsien Chwang)

Pounded saddle leather most of the day. Yü Kao Tsan took us to see another one of his coal mines and a flour mill. We took a mountain road overlooking the valley. Beautiful! The spring wheat is now at its greenest on the terraced banks of the Yellow River. Farmers are in the yet unplanted fields doing the spring plowing — turning the reddish brown loess soil, thus exposing the richness of its color. Blossoming fruit trees add red, pink, white and yellow to the picture. Ancient villages blend into the landscape as though they were part of it. Their presence here for four thousand odd years probably entitles them to as much a scenic value as the River or the rugged mountains that frame the valley.

News came this evening that the Japanese are on the move in the Chung Tiao Shan area — west of here. [*About 60 km away.*] Twenty aeroplanes bombed Ma King (N. of Yellow River from Shan Chow) five times. It is a little place and is thus about leveled to the ground. Heavy fighting is also in progress near there. Troops from here are being sent to meet them.

Called up Jean this evening. Dohan is leaving Mien Chih for Yang Cheng tomorrow. We will wait and go together. Our $50,000 came today.

[*Excerpt from Letter dated April 15 (sic?) to Helen Hofner.*]

Again I write you from Shansi. And it is with enthusiasm that I now write, for I have reached the goal that I have been striving these several months. It was like coming home from a far country to land on the northern

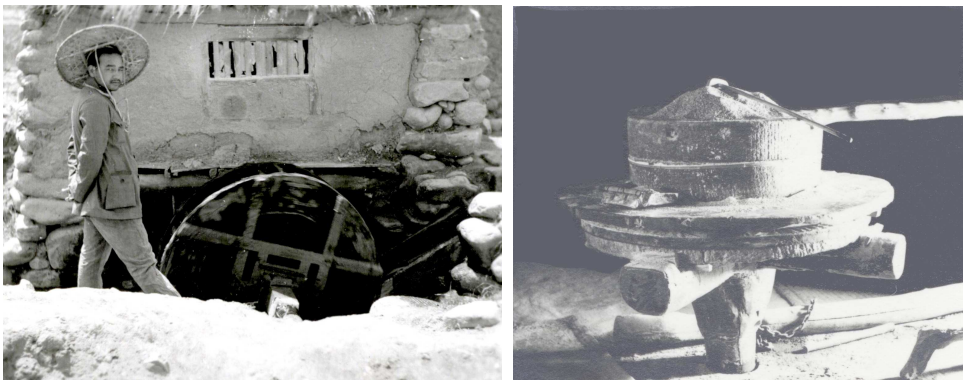


Figure 9.5: (Left) Nieh views a Chinese country water mill. (Right) The interior of the water mill. The lower stone is turned by the water while the upper stone is fixed by the beam pole.

bank of the Yellow River. A special boat was commissioned to take us across. On the Shansi side we were met by by a welcoming delegation. Very formal it was too, but sincere. It was what you would expect to take place on a big ocean liner when an ambassador or someone like that was being welcomed to the country of his destination. But this scene took place on a Yellow River junk.

A couple of boards were put out from the boat to the bank. The delegation then came aboard with their formal welcome and cards from the leading men in this region; after which we led the procession ashore. Two horses were waiting there for us. We rode them to the quarters that had been prepared, washed up and then paid an official call on the commander.

This is the way we are treated every place we go, and particularly in Shansi. It is their way of expressing their appreciation. But I must say that I get a bit tired of it when it happens every few days. It takes a lot of time, means several feasts, (which is hard on my digestive works) and usually a speech. It is, however, a wonderful opportunity to meet all sorts of people, both big and small, military and civil. And being in the work that I am, it is easy to gain their confidence. I have made many friends through such meetings. After the war is over I hope that I shall be able to come back to visit them in their homes. Ah, that would be a rare privilege. I have invitations to almost every province in China. One has a tung tree plantation south of Nanking, another an orange grove in Kwangtung, still another a summer home in Szechwan. Mr. Wang has a wonderful library of old Chinese books buried near Taiyuan. He wants me to spend a year with

Figure 9.6: Cast net fishing on the Yellow River.

him studying Chinese when the war is over and he can dig up his library. Lui has a collection of paintings in Hankow that he insists on my coming to see sometime. etc., etc.

Wouldn't it be fun visiting them? They are all perfect gentlemen and scholars and have developed an immeasurable appreciation of that which is *true* and *beautiful*.

I have been in the saddle most of the time these last few days inspecting relief projects with General Yü. I have enjoyed it immensely. Mr. Sung, the gov. relief investigator, and General Yü have done a great deal for the people of this region. To see the coal mines, flour mills, and home industrial units that they have started was most interesting. I intend to cooperate with them in certain refugee projects. But what I have enjoyed more is the scenic beauty of the Yuan Chu Valley.

The spring wheat is at its greenest on the terraced banks of the Yellow River. Fruit trees are in full blossom, adding spots of red, pink, white and yellow. The reddish brown loess soil of the yet unplanted fields is just now being turned to expose the full richness of its color. Here and there are little clusters of mud and brick houses. They are villages, though they hardly

register as such in the picture. They blend so perfectly into the landscape that one does not think to detach them from it. And certainly their presence here for four thousand odd years gives them as much a scenic value as the river or the rugged mountains that frame the valley.

Do you wonder that I have enjoyed these few days? This spot could be a bit of paradise. But, alas, even such can be destroyed by war. We are not long permitted to forget that we are at the front. Twenty bombers coming five times in one day can turn beauty into misery. But fortunately misery is transient – Beauty lives forever.

Soon we move on north to Yang Cheng, Ching Chen, and maybe Liao Hsien. There is a severe epidemic of relapsing fever and meningitis in Yang Chen, so we may stop and do a bit of epidemic work. I called up Jean last night by long distant phone and told her about it. She is sending a red cross unit and Dr. Dohan (an Austrian doctor) immediately. We will wait and take Dr. Dohan along with us. He doesn't know much Chinese.

APR. 18 (Thursday, Hsien Chwang)

Yü was going to take us to another coal mine today, but we thought it best to get a bit of rest before starting out again.

Nieh, Ma, and I took a stroll to the city (Yuan Chu) and the bank of the Yellow River. We were by the River for quite some time skipping stones and watching fishermen cast their nets. They do their net fishing here about the same way as as the Hawaiians do.

Louis and I went across the River to meet Paul Dohan. Rode the mules again. We waited in Nan Tsung until time for the last boat to return to Shansi. No Paul, so we had to come back without him. The moon was about two thirds full this evening. It was fun riding from the River to Hsing Chwang by moonlight.

Reports this evening are that there has been severe fighting forty miles west of here. Japanese still advancing. Now 10 li from the River. There are also reported to be Japanese at a point 30 miles N. West of us (Hung Ling Kwan). Situation tense.

APR. 19 (Friday, Hsien Chwang)

Spent the morning loafing around playing chess. No word of Dohan up to noon, so I called up Jean about two P.M. She said that he had left about 9:00 A.M. yesterday.

Louis & I were going to have an early supper and go down to meet the boat. But before we finished our first bowl of noodles they came and told us that Dr. Dohan was already here.

The three of us and Mr. Nieh went to Yuan Chu to have a look around. Dr. Dohan wanted to see some of the ruins.

I got my fifty thousand this evening [*came on the 17th, but not delivered untill the 19th*]. It was amusing to see how secretive they were about it. They took me into a little side room, locked the door, and pulled out a big wooden box. It was almost like a ceremony with everyone watching him pull out the bundles of bills and pile them on the table.

APR. 20 (Saturday, Tung Shan Chen) Military Inn

Our animals did not come today, but Yü agreed to have [*loan*] some of his as far as Tung Shan Chen. While we were getting ready and having breakfast, planes visited us three times. The first time we didn't bother, but the second and third time we ran for cover. At 9:00 A.M. we left with four pack mules, two riding mules and one riding donkey. We hadn't got past Yuan Chu before a scouting plane approached. It started to descend and circle. We thought for a minute that we were in for a machine gunning. We scattered the party as quickly as possible. The plane evidently thought that we were too small a prey, so left us in peace. Twice more airplane passed over us. What with the roar of aeroplane motors and the boom of cannon all day we are beginning to realize that we are really at the front. [*According to Howard's map, they were 10 to 30 miles behind it and traveling parallel to it at this time.*]

Met the two horses and one pack animal that Sun Su Ting [*Shansi Provincial general that Howard describes in more detail later*] sent for us outside Tung Shan Chen.

Had supper with the local Military hospital manager and commissioner of transportation for S.E. Shansi (Mr. Lu). Inspected hospital. It was beautifully clean, but there were no patients.

APR. 21 (Sunday, Hsi Hung Hung) Dressing station for wounded soldiers.

Again a late start because of aeroplanes. They visited us three times before we were able to get away from Tung Shan Chen. They did nothing to us, but at one of the villages on the way we saw five mules that had been blown up two hours before we got there.

The scenery through these mountains is beautiful — particularly the last three or four miles this evening. We followed a deep ravine for some distance. Running water and boulders below, cliffs above. On the little banks where there is soil shrubs are in full bloom — blossoms are red, white and yellow.

We are staying in a dressing station for wounded soldiers. (Being along with Dr. Dohan makes this possible.) Most of the wounded from the Yang Chen, Kao Ping, & Ching Cheng areas come through here. They say that during the year about 17,000 wounded and sick have been passed through their station to hospitals behind the lines. Almost three out of ten are wounded; the rest are sick. This evening about thirty wounded and forty sick came in. They don't do much for them here besides give them a place to sleep on the floor, two meals, and a lunch for on the road. But even this little bit is helpful.

APR. 22 (Monday, Yin Shan Tsung) Eighth United Provincial Army Headquarters

This has been a day of considerable uncertainty. We had planned to get an early start this morning so that Dr. Dohan could get to Yuan Cheng. But our guards inform us that Sun had called up at midnight asking us to stay in Hsi Hung Hung a couple of days as the situation near Yang Cheng was tense. We thought that it was just an excuse to keep us away from the front. So we went on ahead.

It wasn't long before we realized that the situation was probably tense. The traffic from Yang Cheng was suddenly increased. Grain, ammunition, refugee families of military men formed an endless procession. We must have met 600 wounded soldiers today. Some of them with small wounds were able to walk, others were being carried on stretchers. They were just fresh from the battlefield — tired, dirty, and splattered with blood; a sorry sight.

Arrived at headquarters of Sun about 5:00 PM. Dohan went on to Tung Fen Chen. Japanese reported 30 li N. of Yang Chen. They have been driven back on other fronts.

[*The Japanese were about fifteen miles in front of them.*]

APR. 23 (Tuesday, Ma Ti Ke To) Refugees in a Temple

We must admit our error in not listening to Sun's advice. We should have stayed in Hsi Hung Hung. Apparently the Japanese were not driven back yesterday as everyone supposed. How they got through unnoticed to

Yang Chen I don't know, but they must have. We were awakened at one o'clock this morning and told to get our things ready in a hurry. "The Japanese are only ten miles away! Military headquarters is moving to the mountains before dawn and you are requested to accompany them." We got up and packed, but didn't get off until 3:30. There was one mule for our baggage and two horses for four of us to ride. The morning was still and seemingly quite peaceful. The moon was full, a golden disk in the dusty sky. It seemed to pause just above the mountains before dropping behind them. On the road there was a continual stream of horses, pack mules, carriers and pedestrians. I never imagined that a military headquarters had so many people connected with it.

I took a bit of a nap. We couldn't get any breakfast nor any water to drink. At 9:30 we decided to move on and look for another village where we could spend the night. Found a place in a temple near a little mountain village. It will do for the night and tomorrow we will look for something better. When we got here we discovered that we have been traveling in a circle. We have traveled between 40 and 50 li since this morning and are only 15 li from where we started.

The news this evening is that Yang Cheng was occupied early this morning, Kowfung day before yesterday, and that the Japanese are 30 li from Tsing Cheng. On the other hand it is reported that the Chinese have circled around the Japanese and taken several important places in their rear. Luan, Ching Tzen & Chin Sein are reported to have been retaken.

While refugeeing in the temple at Ma Ti Ke To our dining salon was in the kitchen which in turn was in one of the temple worship rooms. It was a small room with idols on a platform along the back side and a big brick stove on the left. While eating the big iron pot was left over the fire hole where it had been cooking. Three or four of us would squat on top of the stove with our bowels and chop sticks. Several more would be sitting on the platform amongst the idols. The rest would be squatting around on the floor. Meal time was also the time for discussing the situation at hand and wondering what we should do.

APR. 24 (Wednesday, Ma Ti Ke To) Temple: Wounded Soldiers Streaming by all day.

Woke up this morning with a determination to find Dr Dohan and to learn as nearly as possible the position of the Japanese. So despite the advice of our host, (Mr. Li, he wanted us to move further back into the mountains) I went with Mr. Nieh to visit General Lui of the 14th United Army. On the

Figure 9.7: “Fresh from the battle field.”

way I saw a sight that nearly turned my stomach. A little baby (probably the child of a refugee family) had died and was thrown out beside the road. The crows and hawks were fighting over it as we passed by.

Mr. Lui was busy but we saw his sec. They promised to look for Dohan. The news: Yang Cheng (about 7 miles away) occupied about yesterday 3:00 P.M. Tsing Chen evacuated, but not yet taken. Chinese scored a victory near Kaoping. The 71st Army from Shanghai met the Japanese in a hand-to-hand encounter and wiped out a detachment of over 5,000. Another detachment of Japanese is reported surrounded N.W. of Yang Cheng. No immediate danger to us here.

Imagine my surprise to find Dr. Dolan in our little temple when I returned. He decided to look for us instead of waiting for us to find him. We will sleep here tonight and move on tomorrow.

APR. 25 (Thursday, Nuan Chan) 14th United Army Guest Home

It was a late start we got from Ma Ti Ke To this morning because, as usual, there were quite a few patients waiting to see Dr. Dohan. He is very good to the peasants and they enjoy coming to see him.

On the road we met a soldier being carried on a stretcher. He was in bad shape; probably relapsing fever and pneumonia. We stopped on the hill side while Paul gave him a stimulant and pain killer.

They are treating us wonderfully well at Lui Su Ling's. We have had two good meals already. It tastes mighty good after millet soup for two days.

Visited a wounded Japanese captive this P.M. He was taken about five days ago. They are treating him very well — much better than their own soldiers. But I pity the poor fellow. He is terribly home sick. Told us today that his mother and brother are waiting for him in Japan. He also mentioned the fact that this is cherry blossom time in Japan.

Saw Lui Su Ling this evening. A very tall and nervous Chinese. He was quite happy this evening because Yang Cheng was retaken by his soldiers this P.M. Deposited $32,000 with Lui this morning.

APR. 26 (Friday, Nuan Chan)

I feel quite important this evening. Found a mountain named after me — So Chua Ling. [*Howard's Chinese name was So Lin Su, So "forest-pine" and the mountain was So "—" without seeing the characters I can't tell. But it is close.*] Paul, Nieh and I walked over to the village on top of the mountain to see if it would be a suitable place to open a dressing station for

Figure 9.8: (Top) The sick soldier that Dr. Paul Dohan treated. (Bottom) Dr. Dohan bandaging a boy soldier.

soldiers. Buildings are fine, but there is nothing there but buildings. The peasants have all left and are hiding in the mountains or coal mines. Their own soldiers bother them so much that they can not remain at home. Pretty good place for a red cross station however — that is to say there is a need for one there — we found a dead soldier in one of the temple rooms.

Also met two twan [*brigades?*] of soldiers on their way to the Yang Cheng front. They were a pretty ragged bunch, but looked like they could fight if they had to. Got several good pictures.

Had a feast this P.M. with Lui Su Ling (14 A.G.) and his staff. Most interesting conversation. The chief of staff showed us the military maps before dinner and explained the present Japanese attack and the Chinese method of resistance. It appears that the Japanese are getting the worst of it this time.

After dinner we had several sets of tennis. They have a pretty good court here for a mountain village.

APR. 27 (Saturday, Nuan Chan)

We should have pushed on and got our work started today. But we had no such luck. Yü Kao Tsan called me up today and said that Louis, Paul and I should stay with General Lui until the situation cleared up. We may stay around Yang Hsien but we intended to do plenty of moving around within the County as soon as we can locate the Hsien Chiang Foo. — It seems to be lost.

[*Yang Cheng was the location of Gladys Aylward's "Inn of Eight Happinesses". The magistrate was Gladys' "Mandarin" whom she converted to Christianity. Her life was told in the book "The Small Woman" by Alan Burgess (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.: New York, 1957) The story of her epic march to Xian with her 100-odd orphans was the theme for the movie "Inn of the Sixth Happiness" starring Ingmar Bergman and released in 1958. Gladys was well known to the Brethren missionaries. In fact, she twice stayed with the Wamplers. It is curious that Howard does not mention her as she was traveling with her orphans to Sian in the spring of 1940. She left Yang Chang in late March and arrived in Xian a month later. Perhaps Howard's preoccupation with Yang Cheng was because of Miss Aylward's Inn there.*]

Played tennis again this P.M. Lui didn't have time to join us.

The peasants in South Eastern Shansi are having a tough time this year. I have noticed that the people in whose home we are staying eat

Figure 9.9: (top) General Lui Su Ling (back row, between Louis and Howard) and his staff. Dr. Paul Dohan is to the right of Howard and Mr. Nieh is in front of Howard. (Bottom) Louis and Dr. Dohan at ping-pong.

corn meal and beans cooked into a soup three times a day. For vegetables they sometimes cook a few popular leaves in with it. Flour is out of the question and millet nearly so. To bring food in is also next to impossible. Transportation is all commandeered by the military. The soldiers are even underfed. Prices are high and wages low. A miner here gets only 20 cents per day (1 1/4 cents U.S.)

APR. 28 (Sunday, Nuan Chan) Birthday 23rd

Woe is me! My Birthday passed uncelebrated. In fact I forgot all about it until I opened my diary this evening. Well I'm 23 years old and am loosing a lot of hair but I guess it doesn't matter.

We were just in the midst of a discussion as to where we should go and what we should do next when Paul was called to the telephone. Jean and Miss Hall were in Yuan Chu and wanted him to come back and meet them in Tung Shan Chen. He packed up and left immediately. That leaves us to decide which way we should turn. Retreat is out of the question unless our hands are forced.

Two Red Cross nurses came today from Tsing Cheng. They have a hair raising tale to tell. The situation is becoming more and more complicated. Besides the Japanese there are four groups of Chinese that are at odds with each other. — gov. troops, provincial troops, Eighth R.A. and the rebellious Provincial troops.

Lui told us this evening that the Japanese are only three miles from us. I hope that we don't have to evacuate this evening.

APR. 29 (Monday, Nuan Chan) Battle begins — We are at the Front

Again excitement! Woke up about four o'clock to the tune of cannon and machine gun fire. My first impulse was to jump up and find out what it was all about. But on second thought I concluded that if there was any serious danger General Lui would inform us. So I rolled over and went to sleep.

After breakfast we all went up on the hill above us to see the excitement. The hill above Yen Shan, 5 li north of us was being defended by the Chinese. We could see them quite distinctly through the field glass. The Japanese were attacking from the other side. We couldn't see them. But every little while we could see the cannon shells explode.

It quieted down around noon, but they are going after it again this evening. I am afraid that the Japanese will try and attack the village tonight.

Figure 9.10: General Lui's soldiers preparing for attack.

I wouldn't mind being elsewhere if they do. But as long as General Lui dares stay we can stick around. He seems to have plenty of courage. Most Generals would have retreated long ago.

I have several good pictures of the soldiers making machine gun nests and trenches on top of the hill. They expect an attack tonight.

Excerpts from a letter to "Mother and Alberta"

I am twenty three years old today and am losing a lot of hair. But I am still as young as I was five years ago. Ever since I had Typhus I have been losing hair. I can afford to lose some as it still is not very noticeable. ....

There is a bit of excitement going on here today. A battle is going on less than 15 li away. Louis and I have spent most of the morning on the mountains watching through field glasses and taking pictures. Just now the Chinese cannon are shelling the Japanese positions. Rifles, cannon and machine guns all going at once make a terrible racket.

We are now trying to locate the refugees and help them a bit. It is much more difficult here than in Liao. I don't know this territory at all and the government organization seems much worse. I haven't been able to find the magistrate yet. He is refugeeing some place in the mountains.

There is not going to be much left of Shansi when this war is over. The peasant population in some counties has decreased 40% already, 20% moving farther west and about 20% dying through war and plague.

Love, Howard

[*Commentaries of Howard's that give an overview of the situation.*]

The mid-April advance (drive) of the Japanese in South East Shansi seems to be a last determined effort. 20,000 soldiers are reported to have come from Cheng Suei to Yang Cheng and 40,000 from Luan to Tsing Cheng. But even with these numbers they find it harder than before. There are many good Chinese soldiers in this region and they are putting up a good fight.

The decline of Yen Shi Shan is now quite evident. During the past three months he has lost 50,000 of his soldiers. It was the younger set that pulled away towards the Communists. The Communists could not accept them. They are independent now, but are stationed behind the Eight Route for protection. They are called Pan Chun or traitor's army.

Chapter 10

The 4th Guerrilla Relief Expedition, 1940

APR. 30 (Tuesday, Nuan Chan) Shelled!

I'm lucky to still have my head this evening. The Japanese nearly scored a direct hit. Made up my mind to hunt up the Hsien Chiang today. Got a peasant to carry my baggage and started rambling down the pike. The morning was quite peaceful — not all the popping off of cannons there was yesterday morning. About five miles east of here we decided to take a short cut over the hill. I was whistling quite merrily as we walked along the ridge.

Then suddenly I heard a screeching, whistling sound overhead. Having heard it before, but never so close, I knew what it was so pulled my carrier to the ground with me. The shell must have passed within a few feet of our heads because it exploded in the field less than sixty feet from us. We lost no time in getting behind a little embankment, and none too soon, for another shell came singing over our heads and exploded even closer to us. We got a good shower of dirt this time. We gave up the idea of looking up the Hsien Chiang and headed back for Nuan Chan.

We actually started work this P.M. The first we have done.

A man from General Sun's came over today to find out why we left them. They want to get us back for some reason. It is hard to understand these Chinese officials. It is probably that they want the good will from the peasants that we would bring if we worked through their officers.

Spent several hours this evening in conversation with General Lui and his chief of staff, Mr. Foo. The latter did most of the talking. He explained the battle yesterday and how his troops were able to capture 64 transport wagons. Then he explained some of his tricks, false cannons to draw enemy

Figure 10.1: General Sun's Provincial Army headquarters troops retreat into the mountains.

fire, road traps, dead men fighting his battles, getting supplies from enemy aeroplane, and baiting the enemy. All quite interesting but senselessly brutal. It's war.

Now Sun, Yen's representative in S.E. Shansi is very weak and ineffective. I watched them move their headquarters one night. It was a mess — no organization whatsoever. It is no wonder that they have lost their influence to the Nat. Gov. and the Communists. Nor is the provincial money worth very much any more. A Fu Kwan came to us in Hung Hu and begged us to change a few dollars for him. He said no one in the village would accept his provincial money, so he hadn't eaten all day.

MAY 1 (Wednesday, Nuan Chan)

We haven't forgotten that we are at the front. The big guns have been roaring since early this morning. The Japanese seem to have gotten reinforcements during the night. They have more pep today it seems. For a

short while this noon the fighting was terribly close. They all but broke through the Chinese first line of defense.

MAY 2 (Thursday, Ma Ti Ke To) Bombed and Machine Gunned!

We are back in the little temple in Ma Ti Ke To tonight. It's been a hectic day. We were planning to distribute relief after breakfast. But while we were eating an aeroplane came over and circled once. Nieh got scared and left his breakfast. Louis and I finished eating in spite of the aeroplane return. But when the alarm sounded again we went to the south edge of the village and luckily too. The plane circled twice and then dove from the south releasing two bombs. I watched the bombs all the way down. At first it looked like they were headed directly for us, but they went over our heads and exploded in the village about 40 yards back of us. Again it went up, circled, dove, machine gunned, and released two more bombs. These hit the fields 50 yards in front. The little ditch we were in was right in line of the plane as it dove each time. After the second I decided to move towards the S.E. corner of the village to get out of the direct line. But alas, I went the wrong direction. Two more bombs, one fifty feet above and one fifty feet below, machine gunning too, just a few feet to the right. A piece of shrapnel went through the corner of my coat. And a fourth time the plane dove releasing two more bombs a bit to the west. They were all around us. Pretty lucky I guess. Got a bit excited, but not scared. Was too busy taking pictures. Got six or seven good ones I think. Twelve people were wounded and two killed. Several had terribly messy wounds. Found a little boy of twelve who had a double compound fracture in the leg. Carried him in to the military hospital and fixed him up as much as possible.

[*Howard's diary has a little map of the attack. (Appendix B, Top)*]

Japanese started attacking from the east about the time the aeroplane came. All through the afternoon the fighting was terrific. There was continual roar of cannon and sputter of machine guns. Wounded began coming in by the dozen this evening. I found one that had been left beside the road. Got a peasant to help me and carried him several miles to a Red Cross station.

MAY 3 (Friday, Hsung Chang) Mountain Hut. We leave the battle field.

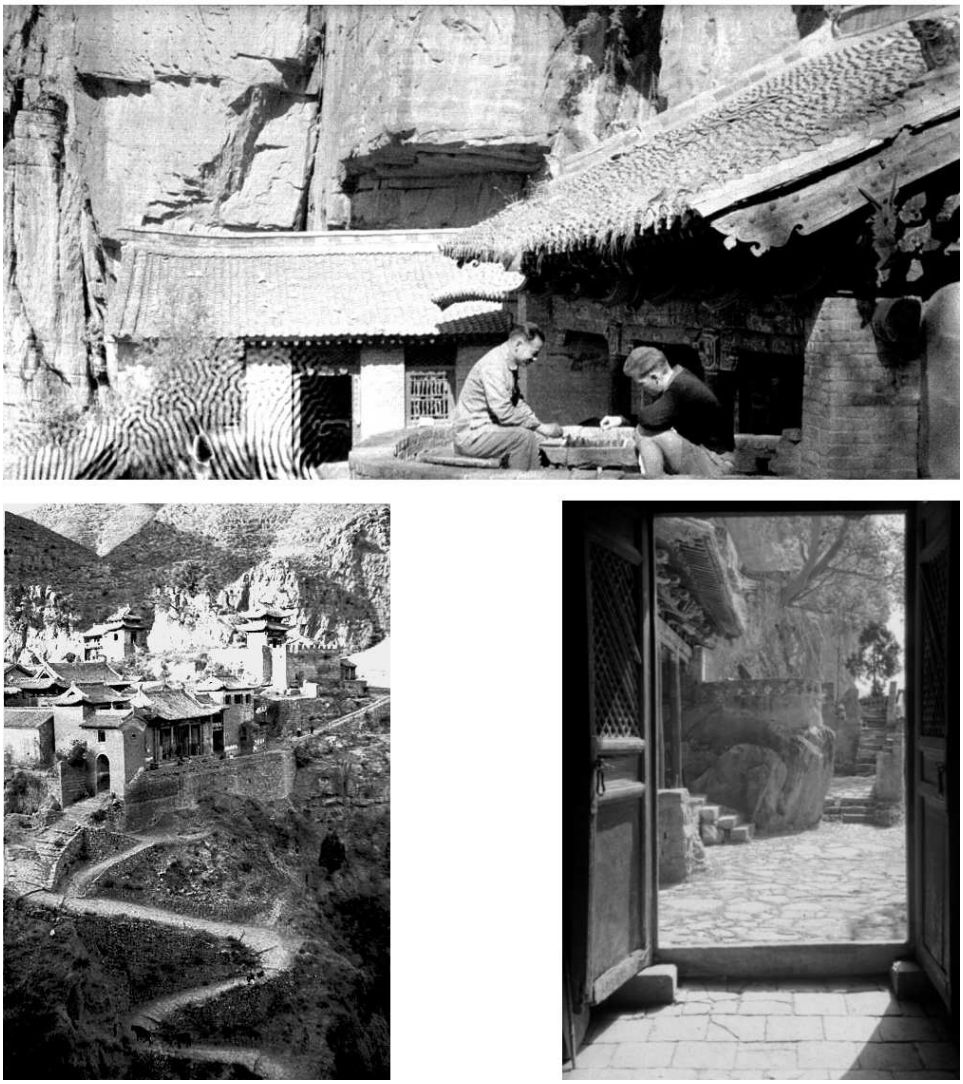


Figure 10.2: (Top) Louis enjoyed chess. Here he plays with General Lui Su-ling at Ma Te To. (Bottom left) Overview of the little temple at Ma Te To. (Bottom right) View of the temple yard at Ma Te To.

I little expected to end up the day and spend the night in a little Mt. Hut, but here we are. We thought that we would find General Sun here, but when we arrived we discovered that he had moved 30 li further back into the mountains. The provincial troops are the limit. They run back into the mountains and refugee while the government troops fight at the front.

The fighting seems to be increasing in intensity day by day. For several hours this morning you could hardly distinguish between the cannon shots. The artillery duel was followed by a Japanese attack. The Japanese were finally driven back with considerable loss. The Chinese also suffered quite a few casualties.

We left Nuan Chan just the right time. The village was shelled quite heavily this morning. Got a good view of the whole battle field from the mountain east of Ma Ti Ke To.

Helped quite a few refugees today that have fled from the fighting.

We are staying at the foot of a beautiful mountain tonight. Hu Lung Shan (Black Dragon Mountain).

[*Again, his diary has a map of the battlefield. (Appendix B, Bottom)*]

MAY 4 (Saturday, Hung Hu Chen) Vacated base hospital.

We've given up the chase. The provincial troops and gov. can flee where and when they choose. If they want to cooperate with us they will have to come to us.

Our muleteer woke us up early this morning. Wanted to hurry and leave the place. The Japanese were only a few li away. But we had seen a bit of the terrain yesterday and knew that the Japanese wouldn't be foolish enough to try to come to a place like Hu Lung Shan. We all turned over and went to sleep again, much to his disgust.

[*When you rented a pack or riding animal in China, you got the owner as well. The animals wouldn't obey strangers and their owner knows best how to look after them.*]

The woman in the place where we were staying got breakfast for us without our having to ask. They have completely changed their attitude toward us since yesterday. They had never seen any foreigners before and of course didn't know what we were up to.

Started for Hung Hu after breakfast. Beautiful scenery through these parts. Hung Hu seems to be a livable place. There are even a couple of restaurants here. But food is expensive. The three of us paid $6.30 for our dinner.

Figure 10.3: Top Left) Running from exploding bomb at Ma Te To. (Top Right) Searching for victim buried in rubble after bombing. (Bottom Left) Children taking shelter in bomb crater during raid. Shortly after this picture was taken Howard was covered by rock and dirt from a nearby explosion — a near miss.(Bottom Right) Boy with double compound fractured leg.

Figure 10.4: Louis explaining the relief operations to village elders.

The battle ended about 10:00 this A.M. with the Japanese withdrawing. Both sides have lost pretty heavily these few days.

There are very few peasants in the villages along the big roads. And the few that have stayed at home are women. In some villages that we have passed these few days we couldn't find a single man. That doesn't speak very well for the soldiers here.

MAY 5 (Sunday, Hung Hu Chien) Vacated base hospital

Got a full day of work today. Louis went to So Chua Ling to organize a millet soup station for refugees, wounded soldiers, and carriers. Nieh and I visited five villages around Hung Hu investigating and distributing. We also got a bath in the creek and did our washing.

Any one who received any help from us was suppose to spend the day cleaning up their home and village. Something must be done with spring coming to prevent epidemics. Even now about one out of ten is sick either with Typhus or relapsing fever. A little cleaning up might help things a bit.

Paid a call on General Lui this evening at his new headquarters. He is quite happy this evening. His troops scored a victory and the Japanese are in full retreat. The Japanese hauled out 150 truck loads of dead and wounded today. His own troops lost heavily too. The 83rd division which took the brunt of the Japanese attack lost 1/3 of its members killed or wounded. But they held their positions and were finally able to counter attack and drive the Japanese off. There is still a small detachment [*of Japanese*] east of Nuan Chan. It was unable to retreat with the main body of troops. They won't surrender, so Lui says he has given the order to annihilate them tomorrow. They must not know how well the Chinese treat their captives.

MAY 6 (Monday, Hung Hu Chen) Sent telegram to Sian for Mail.

Spent the day getting stretcher carriers lined up for tomorrow. Wounded are piling up fast these days and there is no way of getting them back to the base hospitals. The peasants run off to the mountains during such emergencies and can't be found. I lined up about 40 men who need work. About half are refugees. We will give them $1 a day plus food [*more than three times the coal miners wage.*] Tomorrow I plan to make the first trip to Hsi Hung Hung with them.

Also got soup kitchen started on So Chua Ling for refugees, wounded, and commandeered peasants.

Paid a visit to the political propaganda unit of the 93rd Army.

MAY 7 (Tuesday, Hung Hu Chien)

Got up with the birds this morning (5:30) to get the wounded soldiers off before it got too hot. But it was after light before we got started. First the carriers had to be gotten out of bed. They of course hadn't fixed the stretchers last evening as I had ordered them, so that had to be done. Then we went over to get the wounded soldiers and found that no one had gotten them ready for the trip. It took quite a while to get that done, and they did a poor job of that. When the wounded complained about the uncomfortableness of the stretchers (they were terribly crude — two poles with cross pieces at each end, and a few strands of rope in between) they cursed the poor peasants up and down for not preparing better stretchers. I got mad and bawled the whole staff out. It is their business to prepare the stretchers. The peasants know nothing about such a thing. This hospital doesn't have a single stretcher. Their excuse was that they had no money. They can pay themselves high wages, wear expensive uniforms, and make a big show of an

Figure 10.5: One of the improvised stretchers that caused so much trouble. Note the men steadying the sling ropes.

empty hospital. But they can't get a decent stretcher for the transportation of the poor wounded soldiers. I pulled out $50 and ordered stretchers made immediately.

Got started with 19 wounded after a late breakfast with the carriers and wounded. It was a miserable day for me. The wounded suffered something terrible and there was little I could do to relieve them. It has been a terribly hot day too. The stretchers were the worst. Thank goodness we shall have some decent ones tomorrow. They made 9 today with the $50.

MAY 8 (Wednesday, Hung Hu Chen)

Looks like the bombing we went through at Nuan Chan left us a bit shaky. We were in the river bed about a mile south of here talking to a bunch of refugees that we had met on the road when a twin motor bomber came roaring overhead Louie and I yelled for the crowd to scatter and then dove for shelter. Nieh took out over the river bed and into a gully. The bomber flew peacefully over.

Distributed to three villages today. Met with 5 theatrical players, also refugees from Tsing Cheng and Yang Cheng. Almost had them put on a

Figure 10.6: The five times wounded lieutenant, Hu Shi Ping, who wanted to get back to the war.

performance for the help we gave them. But alas, they have lost all their staging.

Visited Lui Su Ling and Foo Tsang Mu this evening. Had supper with them, red rice. Played two tables of chess (Chinese). Had to bow in defeat to General Lui, but I took his chief of staff into camp.

Good news this evening. Chinese troops have cut the Tung Pu Railway in three places. Kaoping has been taken back by the Chinese. Japanese forces in Yang Chang and Tsing Cheng are cut off from their bases. Yang Cheng will probably be vacated tonight.

The 118 Hospital gave us a feast this P.M. Not bad for these times. Only they should have spent the money on stretchers.

MAY 9 (Thursday, Hung Hu Chen)

Tried hard to get a report off to Shanghai today. But everyone in the vicinity decided to pay us a visit. Only got two pages written.

A wounded soldier came in today who had been wounded for the 5th time. Previously he was wounded in the leg, shoulder, chest and abdomen. This time he has a hip wound. Says he, "I have a score to settle with the

Japanese." He wants to get back to the front as soon as possible to settle this score. Hu Shi Ping is his name. He is a native of Shantung. Now in the 83rd division of the 14th Army.

Two representatives from the Hsien Chang [*county magistrate*] came today to discuss relief. Another feast.

Saw Lui Su Ling again. Yang Cheng still occupied. But we plan to move up tomorrow.

MAY 10 (Friday, Ho Hsi Chow) Yang Cheng Hsien Chang Fu [*Yang Cheng County government*]

It looked considerably like it might rain today, but we stuck to our plans and started out towards the front. However the two representatives from the Hsien Chang had other plans for us. Plans that we were not aware of until this evening. We didn't know the road, so relied on them to lead us to Cha Ling. They took us way around by way of Black Dragon Mountain to a little village called Ho Hsi Chang. They took us into a peasants home to introduce us to the Hsien Chang. Of course we had to have a chat with him then supper. By then it was too late to move on, so here we must spend the night 20 li short of our destination.

Even though I am a bit disgusted at our having been misled, we none the less had an interesting and picturesque hike on Hu Lung Shan. It is one of the few mountains in these parts that is covered with brush. It should be a good place to hunt.

We all feel a bit walked out this evening. Must have caught colds.

MAY 11 (Saturday, Nan Yu)

Typhus is plenty bad this year. This morning we ran across a whole family of 9 that were sick. There are one or two sick in every family, but nine takes the prize so far. About four out of ten who get it, or more, are dying. That means that between twenty and twenty five percent of the population will or have died of Typhus this year.

The Japanese spent a night and two days in this village less than a week ago. You don't have to ask questions to know where they have been. The mess that they leave behind gives them away. The doors and windows of the peasant's homes have mostly gone into fire wood. Benches, tables , cabinets, beds, water and grain crocks, and cooking kettles have mostly been smashed up. The rooms are full of straw and debris. Some of the homes where they have stabled horses look like manure yards.

Figure 10.7: Cleaning up a town after the Japanese had left.

Took a walk over to Cha Ling this evening. That was a battle field a few days ago. There are still a few dead soldiers laying around the fields. Watched the Chinese shell the Japanese in Yang Chang from Cha Ling. It looks like they may attack the city tonight.

We started our cleanup campaign today. We are trying to clean up a bit of the mess the Japs have made.

MAY 12 (Sunday, Nan Yu)

I didn't realize this was Sunday until I opened my diary this evening. The time is certainly going fast. It's impossible to keep track of the days.

This has been about the busiest day we have had. Visited six villages in the Cha Ling area. The area was a battle field about a week ago. There was heavy fighting for about three days.

The place is terribly messed up. Several buildings have been burned; nearly all of the buildings have lost their doors, windows, benches, tables, etc. Those things have gone into fire wood.

In one village the peasants lost over a thousand bushels of grain — burned. It was a reserve that the village had prepared for famine.

Just before dark I went down past the Chinese lines to a village in no-man's-land. There are still a few peasants there, mostly women. The men were either killed or kidnaped by the Japanese. Could hear the women wailing long before we got to the village. The whole section stinks from dead cows, horses and people.

MAY 13 (Monday, Nan Yu)

We continued our investigation of the Cha Ling Battle area. Visited four more villages and then it started to rain so we had to come back to Nan Yu. We are having a tough time getting the peasants to clean up their villages. They are afraid that the Japanese will return and mess things up about the time they get straightened up again.

On the other hand we are insisting on a though cleaning before we help any one. Our reasons are two: one, that the peasants will return to their normal routine sooner if if their surroundings look normal (psychological reason). And second, a good cleaning may help prevent the spread of typhus fever.

Its fun to see the whole village out sweeping their homes, airing their bedding, and straightening up places that have been disturbed by the Japanese.

Reports this evening are that the Japanese are preparing to attack this region again. They are about 7 miles from us now. They are fools to try and climb these mountains, but if they don't they can never hold this territory.

MAY 14 (Tuesday, Nan Yu) Bandit Provincial Troops

It was still raining this morning when we had finished breakfast but we put on our rain togs and started for the big refugee cave that they told us about yesterday. Had a heck of a time climbing the slippery road, but it was not in vain. We found over 100 refugees there. Its a weird place to be refugeeing in. The mouth of the cave is closed with a thick stone wall. Inside is a large dome shaped room the size of a large theater. The refugees had just finished cooking their breakfast when we got there so the cave was full of smoke.

They say that there were about 1,300 refugees in that one cave a few days ago. It must have been quite a busy place then.

From the cave we went to a little village below where there were refugees. There we found over 300. While we were distributing to the refugees, a man

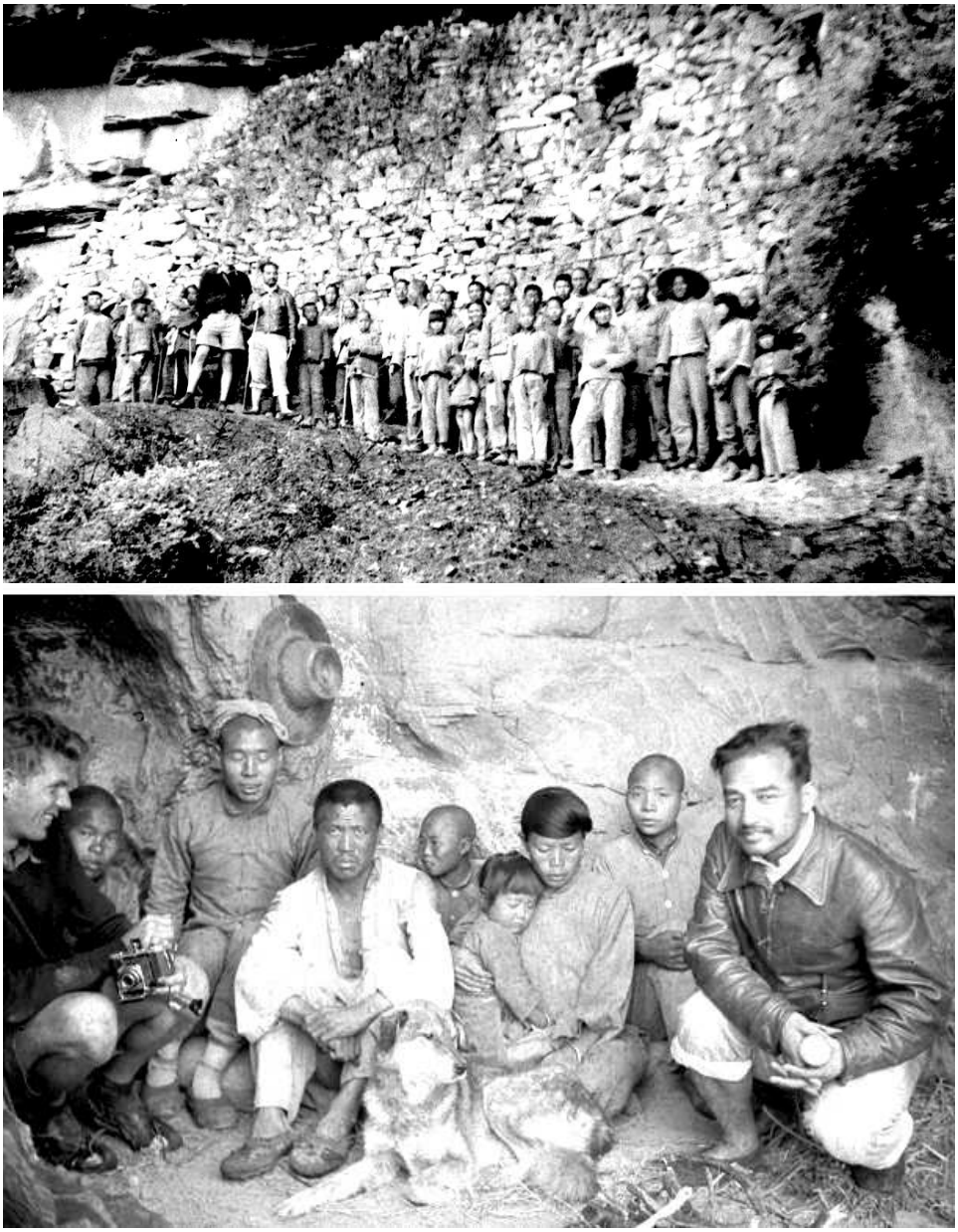


Figure 10.8: (Top) The walled cave that was visited on May 14. (Bottom) The walled cave interior with Louis, Neih and refugee family.

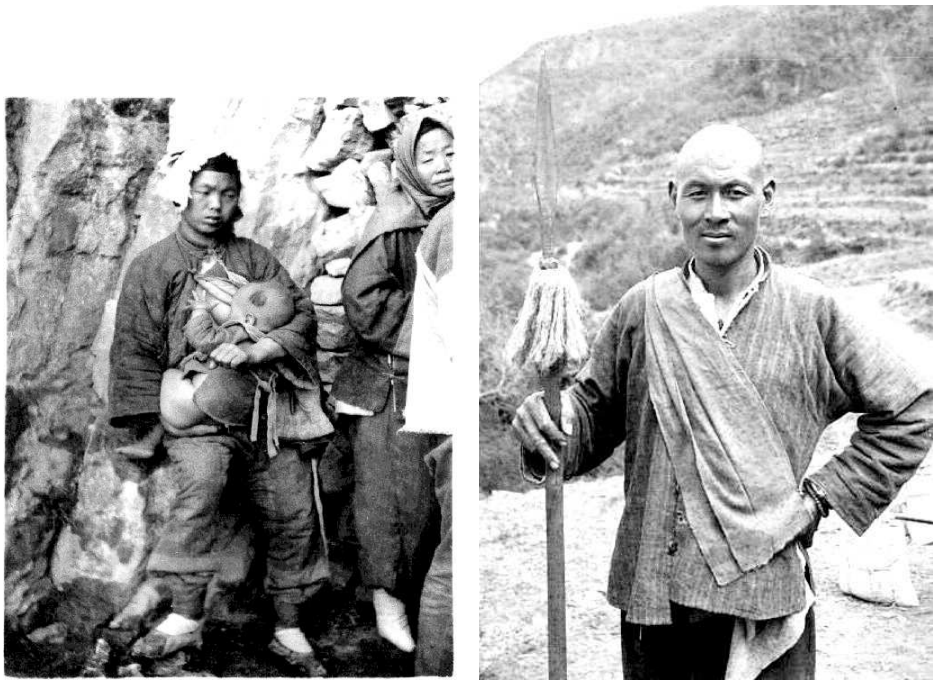


Figure 10.9: (Left) Refugee mothers at the walled cave. (Right) A Red Spear. They were members of a Chinese secret society who functioned as a civilian defense corps and investigated the movement of strangers in their home districts.

came running in all excited. He fell on his knees and begged us to come to his home. Bandits were taking all of his grain. My temper sparked immediately. I ordered all the "Red Spears" in the village to surround the home where the bandits were so they couldn't escape. Then with nearly all the men in the village following I marched down to the den of robbers. There was a fellow dressed in soldier's uniform standing at the entrance of the courtyard. As soon as he saw me he ordered me to stop or he would shoot. I told him to go ahead, that I was not afraid of his gun. He cocked his gun. Threatened again, but I kept on coming. When he saw that his threats were no good, he got scared and started to go. By then all of the "Red Spears" had closed in and Louis and Nieh arrived, and the two men that were doing the work inside had come out. The leader saw immediately that force and threat would not work, so in good Chinese style he started a battle of words.

We soon discovered that they weren't really bandits. They were provin-

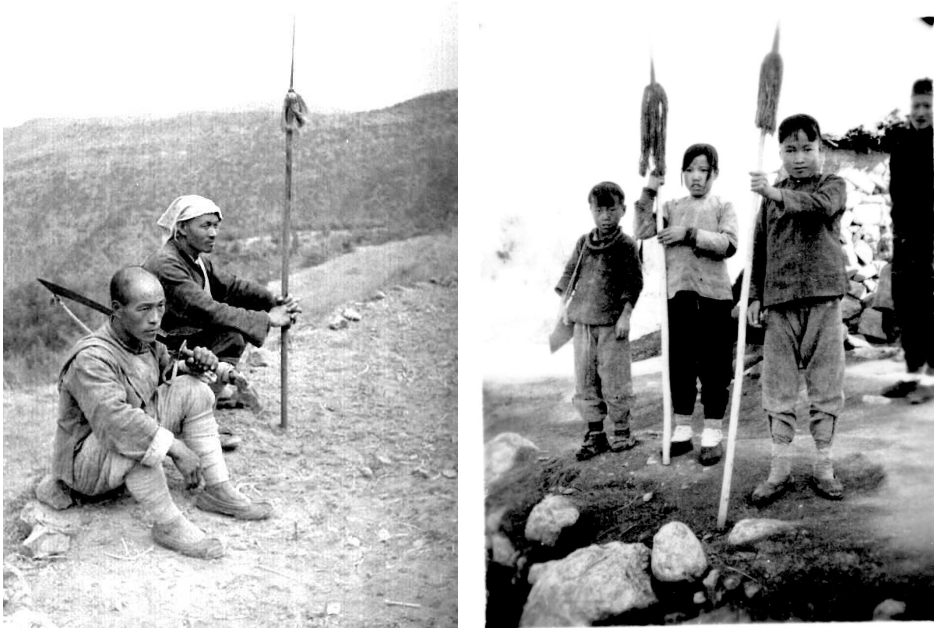


Figure 10.10: (Left) Red Spear sentries along the road. (Right) Girls watching for the enemy. Sometimes they catch traitors.

cial troops. But they were taking grain from the peasants without an order, and they were not paying for it. This made me all the hotter, so I ordered them to leave the grain. And I would report to their officers. As we were finishing our refugee work one of these men escaped, ran back and reported that three Japanese had held them up.

When we had finished our work, we started over to report to the divisional commander. Just as we were getting near the top of the hill a bunch of soldiers jumped up and ordered us to halt. Soon a machine gun came into view, a soldier started to swing a hand grenade, and we could hear rifles being cocked. We let them know in a hurry that we were Americans. Then heads began to pop up all around us. Surrounded! But being Americans we were safe. We reported our case and got satisfaction. Almost ran into a trap, but we saved some families from loosing all their grain.

Saw a Liao boy today. Old Mother Yin's boy. Was surprised to find me here. [*Yin Guang-Yu, who will join Howard in a push to Liao County in a few days. Mr. Yim had been a medical student in the mission hospital in Liao and was probably working with a Chinese medical unit. Later, he was*

with the 129th Hospital Group of the 8th Route Army from 1941-1949.]

MAY 15 (Wednesday, Nan Ko, near Nuan Chan) Pan Cakes for supper, but no syrup

I have a heavy heart today. Louis discovered that $2,000 has been taken from his leather case. We investigated most of the morning, but we were unable to uncover anything. The money has been taken within the last two days, because we checked it then. During the day we had the door locked and during the night I doubt that it could have been taken without our knowing it. When we left this P.M. we left a threat of arrest, but also a face saving way to smooth it over. We told them that if they got it back to us within a day, we didn't even want to know who had taken it. There is nothing for us to do but wait.

We are again at the scene of action. The Chinese sent down several divisions of soldiers to attack the Japanese early this A.M. Unfortunately the Japanese got information in advance and were able to side step the main attack and strike the Chinese from one side. The Chinese losses were heavy, but the latest news this evening is that they have reached their objective. Traitors must have given warning of the Chinese intentions. We were within five miles of the fighting lines. It was pretty hot.

MAY 16 (Thursday, Nan Ko)

Had a fine rain last night. Now the farmers can get their corn and millet into the ground. When it rains in these mountains there is no way of getting about. The red clay roads are slippery beyond description. Thus we were tied in this little village for the day.

Taking advantage of the rain I spent the whole day in getting a report off to Shanghai. I have done so little writing and reading recently that I find it difficult to make a decent report.

The Cannon have been going all day East of Cha Ling. I hope the Chinese are still attacking. We are safe here as long as they hold their ground.

Louis and Nieh played Chess most of the day. Nieh is getting pretty good.

No word about the $2,000 we lost. I had a good look in Nieh's things today just to make sure he had nothing to do with it. Found nothing. I can't figure out how it got away.

[*This is probably the report Howard mentions writing.*]

REPORT OF RELIEF WORK IN CHINA

May 1940

In spite of many delays we crossed the river into Shansi at the right moment — the same day the invader launched a big attack on the southeastern part of the province. Thus our refugee work began immediately. We have had a great deal more than we can manage. Every day we see a thousand things that we should do but cannot handle. Fortunately we met one of my former helpers in Yuan Cheng, a Mr. Nieh Chih Hau. He is helping us now and will carry on the work here when Louis and I move north. I have been unable to contact the other workers I had hoped to use because they are on the "Red" side of the recently agreed upon "Line of Demarcation." Communication across this line is difficult, and it is next to impossible for those who are north of it to come south.

It has been most difficult organizing and carrying on work under the present circumstances. Plans cannot be made for more than a day at a time; and sometimes even a day is planning too far ahead. For example; the first evening we arrived in Yuan Cheng we had to get up in the middle of the night and flee to the Southern Mountains. For two days and nights we refugeed in a little mountain temple before we could get located again. A few days later, while trying to locate the local relief committee which was also refugeeing some place in the mountains south of Yuan Cheng, I all but ran into the mouths of cannon. A couple of big shells exploded within fifty feet of where my guide and I were standing. We got a good showering of dirt and rocks before we could get under cover. Again about a week ago we were bombed out of the little mountain village where we had located to help refugees and sufferers from the immediate fighting zone. Twenty odd people were killed or wounded. Louis and I were fortunate to escape without scratch as bombs exploded on all four sides of us. None of them were over a hundred yards away and several within a hundred feet. And on top of the bombing we got three doses of machine gunning. Three of the people who came to us for help were wounded that day. We were very sorry about this. I still carry several blood stains and a hole in my coat from that day. It's a nasty business dodging bombs and bullets in an open village.

Our work to date has been mostly with refugees, although the last few days have been spent cleaning up a battle field. In both cases food is the principal problem. We had previously hoped that we could get and distribute grain. This we have found impossible. There is no grain here that can be

purchased in any quantity. It is even difficult for us to get what little food we need. We could of course purchase grain south of the river but there is no way of getting it to the distress areas. Absolutely all transportation, is commandeered by and for the military. And even then they can hardly supply their own needs.

At present the most we can do is to help redistribute the meager supply of food stuff that is already here by giving to those who do not have it the means with which they can purchase in small amounts from those who have slightly more than they need, sufficient to tide them over until the wheat harvest - one month hence. Fortunately it is yet possible for them to buy this through friends and relations; whereas it would be impossible for us to collect it for them.

The local political organization is very poor and is thus of little help to us in our work. In this way the region where I worked before was much superior. Here no provision is made for refugees. They know there are plenty of them, but they can't even tell us where they are. We lived for three days within two miles of a big cave where about sixty families were refugeeing before we could locate them. We spent an interesting forenoon investigating the cave. It's as large as a good sized building inside but it has a relatively small opening near the top of a limestone mountain. The front of the cave has been built up with stones with just a small door left at one corner. It is dark and weird within but it makes an excellent refuge for frightened peasants.

In a little village just below the cave we ran into a rather distasteful situation. While we were investigating refugees a peasant came running in and fell on his knees before us begging us to come to his home and save his grain. Bandit soldiers were taking all he had. They weren't even leaving him enough for seed grain. Our ire was aroused so we hurried to the spot. I fear I was a bit too bold. I walked right up to them despite their threat to shoot if I came closer. But when their threats didn't work they got scared and started to talk peace. They turned out to be provincial soldiers. But the act we caught them in was one of banditry as they had no order and were not planning to pay for their loot. This is the first of this we have actually seen, but we hear of it about every day. It is hard on the peasants when their own people treat them this way. The provincial group is mostly to blame for this. The Governor has made a mess of Shansi during the last few months. And I fear he is about at the end of his string. His provincial money is almost valueless now. Half of his army has deserted him, going over to the communists, and the other half does nothing but "Rob the people and refugee in the mountains." (Yao fan - tao nau), as the peasants say.

I mentioned above that we have spent several days cleaning up the mess that the fighting armies have left behind them. It is urgent that the peasants return to their homes to do the spring planting. It should have been done a week or two ago, but the attack made it impossible. It they don't get a crop in the ground this year then there won't be many peasants left by 1941.

Three days after the invader was driven back toward the city we visited the battle field. And although the fighting was still within hearing it seemed safe enough for the peasants to return to their homes. Knowing that it would take considerable persuasion to bring the frightened peasants back to their homes when they could still hear the guns, we devised the following method. Using ourselves as bait we let it be known among the refugees that we were going to visit such and such a village on such and such a day; and if they were interested in receiving our help they should be at home and have their premises cleaned. Our plan was successful in getting the peasants back to their homes, but they did a mighty poor job of cleaning up. We cannot blame them too much for not knowing when or how to start in cleaning up such a mess. It must be discouraging to return to one's home and find it as these peasants found theirs. Nearly everything of value was gone or broken. Some lost their homes - completely burned out. In nearly every home windows and doors were gone, table and chair legs were broken. They had gone into firewood. Dishes, water crooks and iron kettles were smashed and scattered about the yard; beds were torn out and floors dug up in search for hidden grain; and the floors and yards were covered with straw and dung.

The first thing to do was to have a clean up day. Everybody, men and women and children, were told to get busy and clean out the village. First get all the dirt and debris out of the home into the yard. Then from the yard into the street, and from the street out of the village. It was amusing to see every one engaged in spring house cleaning. All were busy from the little baby, just able to hold a broom, to the old grandfather who could barely stoop to pick up the things he wanted saved. And it was amazing to see the result of several hours work.

Clean up done we went from house to house to inspect, give suggestions, and investigate the condition of the family. We found that about a third of the people had lost all of their food supply and maybe a cow or a donkey that they used in farming. Those we helped so that they will have food to eat until the ground yields. There are several cases where I should have liked to have bought a cow for the family. They would tell us with tears in their eyes how they had come back to find their cow dead in the field, shot by the invader, who maybe ate only one steak and left the rest to rot. To the peasant the cow was a member of the family and his helper in tilling the

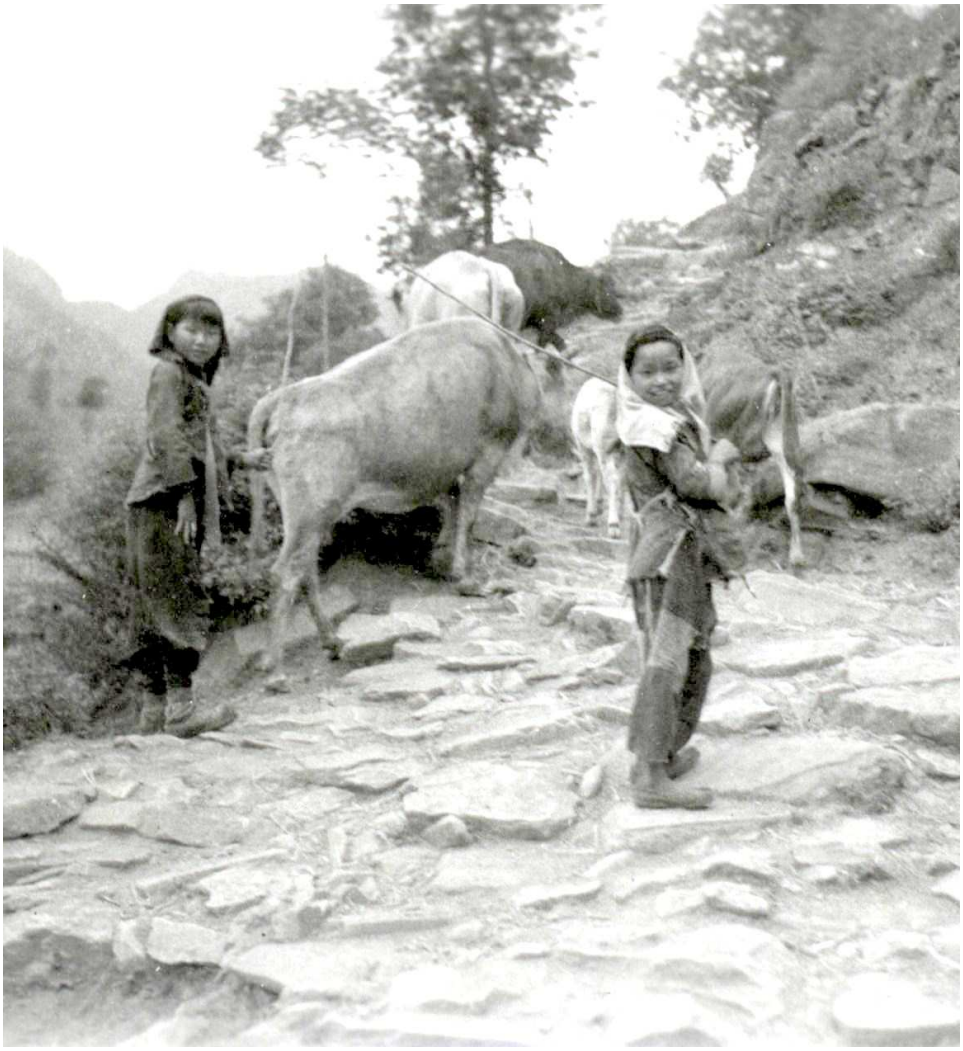


Figure 10.11: Peasant girls moving cows into the mountains to save them from the Japanese.

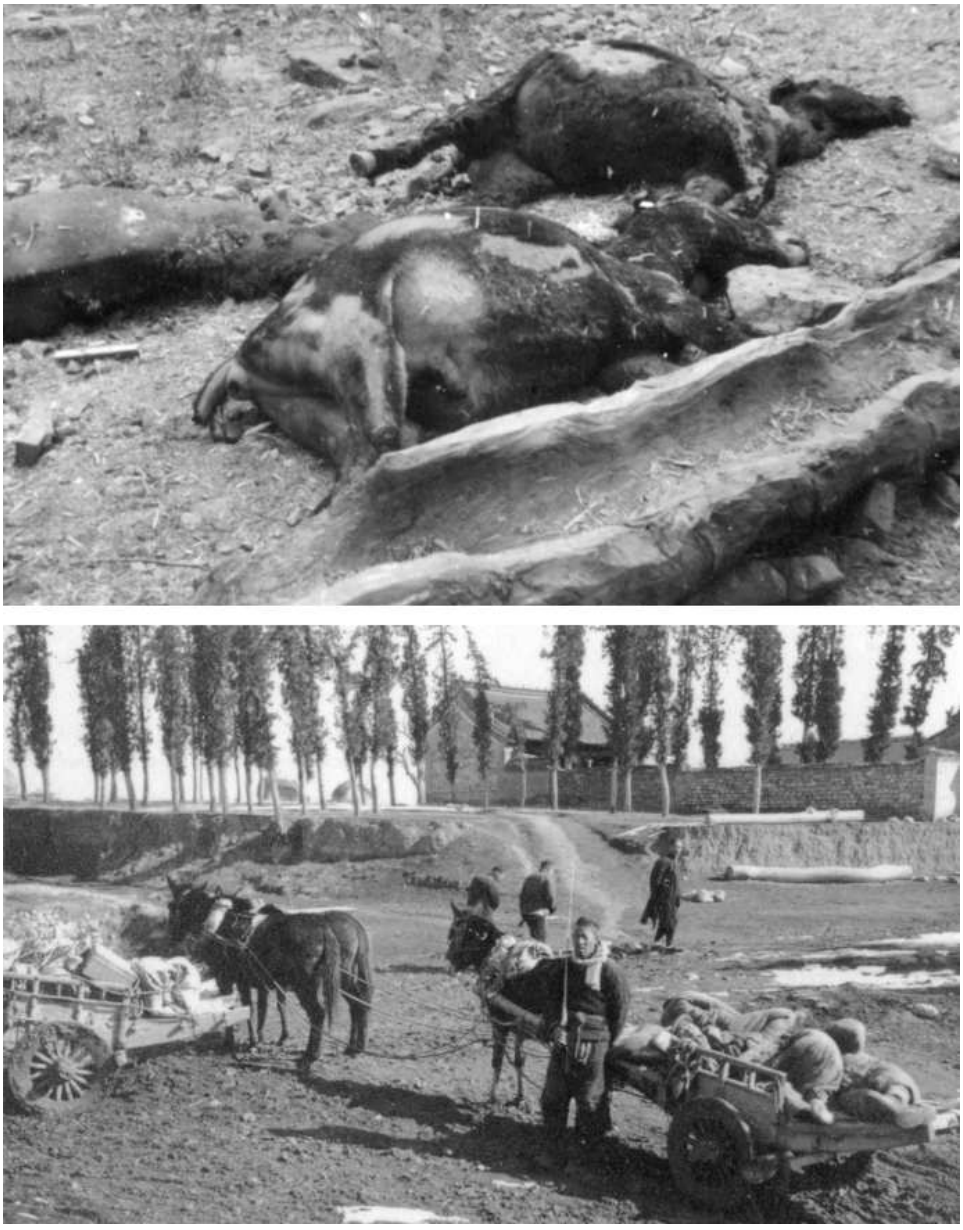


Figure 10.12: The casualties of war. (Top) Dead farm animals at their feed trough. (Bottom) Carting dead soldiers from the battle field.

land. I counted over one hundred dead cows on the battlefield, and heard as many sad tales.

In cleaning up this battlefield we spent around fourteen hundred dollars. It is by no means the same as it was before [*the war*]. That will take years of reconstruction. But we have people, temporarily maybe, back in their homes and fields. And some who would have gone hungry will have something to eat because we have been there. But there is still a quarter of the county where we still dare not lead the peasants back to their homes. There is another battlefield ten miles to the northwest. And besides this there are four or five other counties where the same thing is happening.

In the southeastern area we are faced with another tragedy — a result of war conditions, but even worse than war. Disease is playing havoc among the peasant population. Lack of proper food has lowered their natural resistance, and the constant movement and congestion of large numbers of people, soldiers, and refugees, spreads disease.

Since the war began this region has experienced epidemics and cholera, smallpox, relapsing fever, malaria, and typhus. The last has been by far the most severe. In the region we have investigated to date 20 per cent of the peasant population has died of typhus during the last fourteen months. Sixty per cent of the population, now including Louis and myself, have had this disease during the same period of time. It is not uncommon to find a whole family that is ill. I visited a home recently where only three of fourteen were left.

And now when all the population is refugeeing, typhus is taking more victims than before. Those who are ill also try to flee. We have seen many dead bodies of refugees lying beside the road. Louis and I can be thankful that we have had typhus. We had it in a bad place but this place would have been worse. And having had it we can sympathize with those who have it. We have visited patient after patient and explained to their families the necessity of nutrition and nursing. We have also made it possible for many who are ill to have a little better food than they would ordinarily get. This is as far as we can go without medical help. But we have set aside four thousand dollars for medical relief to be administered by competent doctors and nurses whom we have contacted in this region. Another project that we are experimenting with is a miners' subsidy, whereby those who work in the mines have their wages temporarily raised from twenty to forty cents (Mex.) a day. Twenty cents a day is not sufficient to keep a family alive. It is hardly enough for one person. Yet that is the wage in the public-owned mines in this region. The labor is forced and the wage set by military edict. So instead of giving direct relief to these families who are in desperate

circumstances, we thought it better to help them by this work subsidy. We have also made fifteen stretchers for use in carrying uncared-for wounded civilians and soldiers. We have been hiring refugees to carry those who are left uncared for back to medical centers where they can be treated.

I fear that this report sounds a bit better than we have actually done. There have been errors made. It is often necessary to back track, as each circumstance we meet demands a special or revised plan.

Louis and I are quite normal again after our having had typhus. The magnitude of the task is frustrating and we find this life a bit taxing at times. Even food for ourselves is a problem. We get plenty of millet and corn soup but no fresh vegetables, eggs, or meat. We are going to enjoy the first few days when we get back to civilization. (L. says it will be chocolate ice cream and more chocolate ice cream for him. I think a couple of good steak dinners with plenty of fruit in between will satisfy me.)

We are still planning to move on north where the situation is worse than it is here. But as yet it is impossible to got through the fighting lines.

I wish we could have your advice and suggestions on the work. We are just now wondering whether it would be wise or not to send orphans and refugee children south of the river where they can be better cared for. There are several organizations there who receive them.

MAY 17 (Friday, Nan Ko)

It fell to me to go to Hung Hu Chen today to get the numbers of the money that we lost. As we went up over the hill (my guide and I) we got the full effect of the battle that was going on South of Yang Cheng. There was a continuous rattle of machine gun and exploding cannon shells. It looks like they are really going after them.

Treated the boy that went along with me to a fine meal; the best that he has ever had. I wasn't feeling well, so didn't eat much, but I enjoyed watching him.

Got the news from the Foo Kwan Chang. Italy has joined Germany, Norway is about finished, Germany has entered Holland and Belgium. This is bad news. But China had a big victory at Nan Yang Honan. 50,000 Japs killed, captured 1200 cars, 40 tanks, 60 cannon and a large number of guns, machine guns, etc.

MAY 18 (Saturday, Nan Ko)

Louis went to So Chua Ling again while Nieh and I went to Hu Chai Tsung to distribute.

We got into a mess. A bunch of local village people registered as refugees. Fortunately we discovered the plot before it was too late.

Good news from Yang Cheng today. The Japanese were driven back to the city yesterday. And now the city is surrounded by the 83rd division. The Japanese are out of ammunition and can't fight. Their retreat is also cut.

When the Japs retreated they left about 100 in a temple. The Chinese captured quite a few of these. Fifteen Japs are also cornered in a horizontal mine. They ran in there when their retreat was cut off. The Chinese have 50 men watching the opening, but they have no way of getting them out. I suggested smoke.

I have a valet now. Picked a young fellow from one of the refugee families. (He is) 21 years old. Have rechristened him 'James' — my man James. Looks like a promising young fellow.

MAY 19 (Sunday, Tung Chih)

We are spending the night in a wee mountain village tucked away in a beautiful little gully. It looks most inviting when viewed from the outside but it is filthy within.

Louis went to the Hsien Chang Fu and then came here while Nieh and I came by way of Nan Yu. We got here a bit earlier than Louis. The two men that were taken in on account of having the $2000 we lost in their home are fairing badly. The Hsien Chiang has been using the third degree on them. Louis interceded for them today. [*In old China the Magistrate (Hsien Chiang) was supposed to know all that went on in his district (as readers of the Judge Dee books will remember). A criminal could not be convicted unless he confessed — but torture was allowed! Sounds like the Hsien Chiang was cut from the old cloth.*]

Got to see a few newspapers today at the Yang Cheng P.O. War! War! War! God, but the world is a mess. There is a rumor today that America has declared war. But it doesn't say against whom — Germany, Italy, or Japan. I doubt that there is any thing to it. Chinese exchange is on the jump again. $1 US can buy $29C in Chengtu and $22C in Shanghai.

Yang Cheng reported recaptured by Chinese today. Japanese have suffered severely this time. We plan to move toward the city tomorrow. May leave Louis here with Nieh and go to Liao with Yin.

MAY 20 (Monday, Tung Chih)

Unable to start for Liao with Yin as we had planned last night. He got word from higher up refusing to release him from his present duty. He went over to see the officer and press the request.

Louis and I exchanged hair cuts and then started towards Yang Cheng City to see how the fighting was progressing. Got a refugee from close to the city to act as guide. First went to Hu Pei Ko. There we had dinner with the "Red Spears" — Millet and beans. It was a great treat for them to have a couple of foreigners visit their club. From there we headed for Chiang Tsung where the heavy fighting was a few days ago. Got up on the hill above the village just as a Jap plane came. It dived bombed and machine gunned several times. And before it left another plane came to carry on. Then after the second came a third. We had an excellent view of the whole affair.

When the planes left we went over to the battle field to have a look around. The place stunk like a morgue. Shrapnel and shells everywhere. The Chinese did a good piece of fighting to retake the hill. Also got a good view of the battle field to come — Yang Cheng City and vicinity. The Chinese are now in position to attack. They have the city surrounded. 800 Japs inside, 10,000 Chinese outside. Looks like an annihilation. We got as close as 1 1/2 mi. of the Japs.

MAY 21 (Tuesday, Tung Chih)

The Postman and the three of us went over to a cave this morning where there were suppose to be several hundred refugees. But we found the cave absolutely vacated — not a single refugee there.

Played chess and prepared to leave for Liao Hsien the rest of the day. I am leaving part of my things with the Yang Cheng P.O. [*Howard's contact and letter of introduction from Postal Commissioner "Stamps" Smith in Xian, (see April 1, 1940) is now beginning to pay off.*]

Yin came back about noon. He got permission to leave for a month, so we will start out immediately. We studied the map for some time last evening, but as yet have not discovered a satisfactory route. We can go around by Honan with the P.O. but that is too far. The only other way is to worm our way along immediately behind the firing line and probably cross the motor road by night. Its a chance, but if we don't start out we will never get there.

I think the Yang Cheng, Tsing Cheng region has more toilets than any other place in the world. They have at least one for every person. And they are all out door ones. Its a paradise for flies.

Figure 10.13: Mr. Yin Guang-Yu who accompanied Howard into Eighth Route Army territory. Later, he accompanied Miss Hall into northern Shansi.(See entries for July 21-22.) According to Chinese mythology, iron cows in a riverside temple act to prevent floods.

MAY 22 (Wednesday, Tung Yea Chen) Deserted Peasant's Home

We are on the road again. Got a late start this A.M. because our boy didn't return from taking the note to the Hsien Chang. The postman loaned us one of his carriers for the day.

Met soldiers all along the road — 97th Army. They are on their way to the Yang Cheng front from Honan. I never saw such a string of soldiers and military provisions. Those 800 Japanese in Yang Cheng had better watch their step.

There are very few peasants in the villages along this route. They flee to the mountains to escape helping their own soldiers just the same as they run from the Japanese. With the peasants gone, food and water are next to impossible to get hold of. All we have had today are a couple of dry flour pancakes, and we had to pay 10 cents apiece for them.

Prospects for tomorrow don't look too bright. Our mail carrier is going back, and there are no peasants in this village to help us on. Spending the night in a deserted home and am going to bed on an empty stomach.

[*Here is a short expansion of the diary entries and gives a fuller explination of the decision for Howard and Louis to separate; Louis and Nieh remaining near Yuang Cheng, while Howard and Yin pushed on to Liao Hsien.*]

We were on our way north but the big Japanese push into southeastern Shansi had already held us in Yang Cheng county for over a month. There was almost continual fighting along the whole front so it did not seem advisable to attempt sneaking through the lines. The Eighth Route territory toward which we were headed was completely surrounded by the Japanese. If we went now it meant going through the fighting lines. If we were to wait maybe the Japanese would be driven away from their present positions. But a week later the situation was the same as it had been for the last month.

In talking the situation over one evening Louis suggested that one of us attempt to break through the lines and proceed north. The other would stay in Yang Cheng and Tsing Cheng to carry on the work that we had started there among the refugees. After a rational discussion it was decided that Yin and myself should make the trip. We were to take about twenty thousand dollars along to take care of what ever emergency situation we might run into. But our main task was to investigate the possibility of work in the Eighth Rout Army territory. When I returned we were to go back to Sian to get more funds and then, if it seemed advisable, we would both proceed north again together.

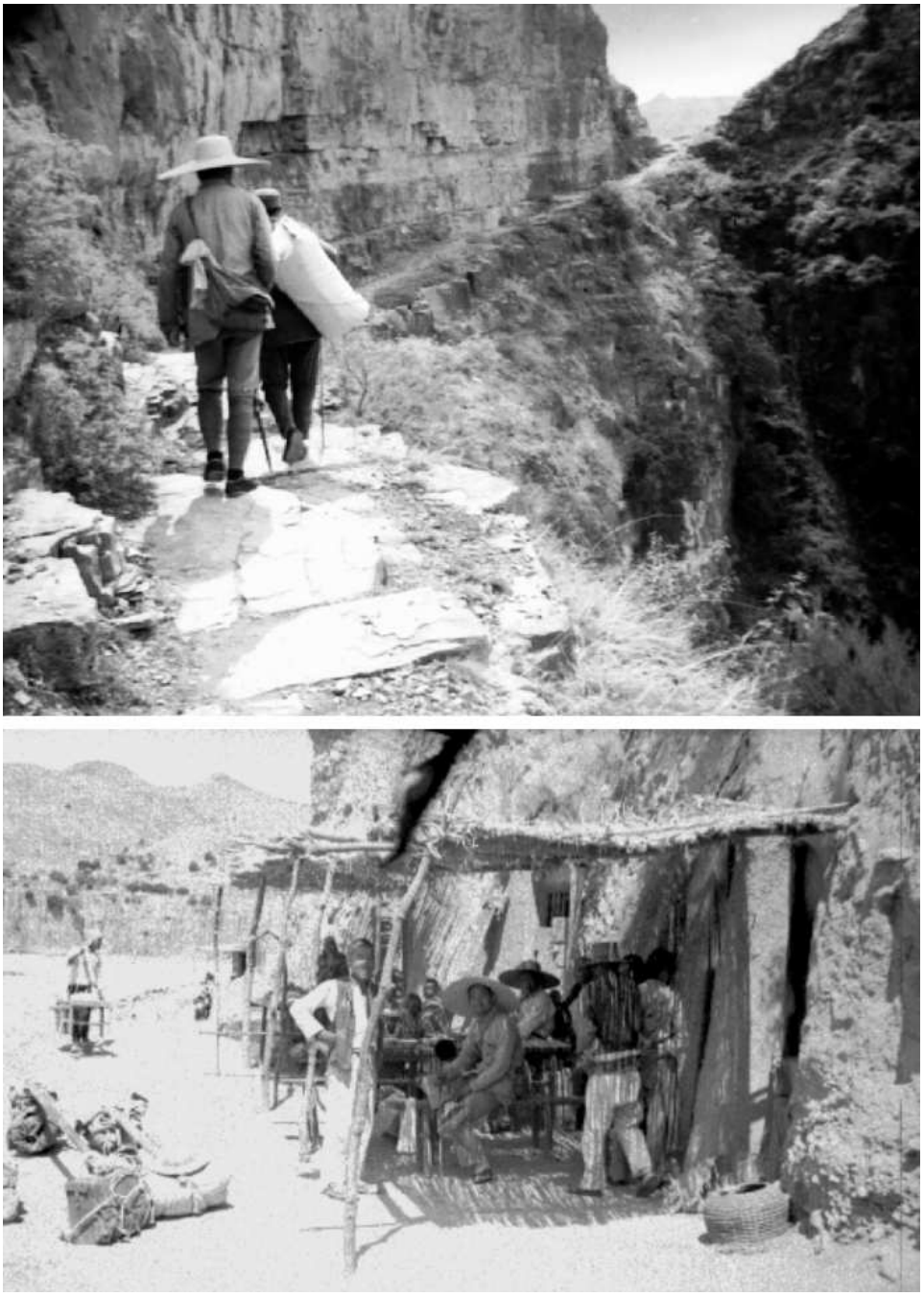


Figure 10.14: (Top) To keep away from the Japanese front lines strenuous mountain hiking was necessary. (Bottom) An inn/restaurant in rural Shansi. After a hot day in the mountains luxury such as this was hard to find in wartime. All the relief workers suffered from lack of food. Note that the inside of this restaurant is a cave dug into the loess cliff. Such dwellings were common in this part of China.

I reduced my baggage again so that it could be easily carried by one person. I had learned before that too much baggage might mean that you would lose it all. Take what you think you will need, divide it by half and you will still have too much for such an adventure as we were headed to. [*In addition to personal requirements and the money, Howard was carrying an extensive medical kit. This kit was to be much needed on his trip.*]

With one carrier between us we started out toward Tsing Cheng county. We had heard from the mail carriers that the best place to cross the Japanese lines would be south of Tsing Cheng on the Tsing Cheng to Poai motor road. Apart from this we had no definite plans in mind. We started out by following the ridge which is just south of the Yang Cheng – Tsing Cheng motor road. These hills formed the government troops line from which they were attacking the Japanese controlled motor road. We had expected to make at least twenty five miles this first day. But when night came we were only ten miles from where we started. Enemy planes were very active all day. There were from five to twelve planes overhead from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening. And as they were bombing and machine gunning every moving object we had to keep under cover most of the time. We counted 847 bombs that they dropped that day. This first night was spent in a deserted village. It was so near the fighting lines that the peasants had all fled. We couldn't even get any supper, so went to bed on a couple of tables that we had rigged up. The next day aerial activity was even more intense. Over one thousand bombs were dropped and we narrowly missed being machine gunned on several occasions. Seven miles was as far as we got, and that on only one meal. There were absolutely no peasants in the vicinity. Our one meal was given to us at the divisional headquarters of the 87th Division, 71st Army. We were fortunate to be able to spend the night with them.

MAY 23 (Thursday, Kao Hua) Tsing Cheng Hsien 87th Divisional Headquarters of the 71st Army. Had Egg for Supper!

Made all of about twenty li today — about 19 li up and down and only one li level. Followed the Ching River for several li. There is some beautiful scenery in this Mt. gorge.

Every village we passed through today was almost deserted. In one place there were a few at home, but as soon as we arrived, they scattered in the hills and we were unable to find a single person. There have been so many Chinese soldiers passing through towards the front that the peasants have fled to escape the bother of helping the army.

I am spending the night at the 87th Divisional Headquarters of the 71st Army. They saw service for three months on the Shanghai front and have just recently been moved to S.E. Shansi. They have some interesting stories to tell about their Shanghai experiences.

I talked to the commander, who is now at the front, by telephone this evening. Chow Tsung, an important military point between Yang Cheng and Tsing Cheng was retaken by his troops this afternoon. The Japanese were pressed so hard that they had to retreat under a smoke screen. Aeroplane were around all afternoon bombing the Chinese lines and laying the smoke screen. We had a good view of the affair as we came over the hill. News from Yang Cheng is not so good. The Chinese have been unable to dislodge the Japs.

MAY 24 (Friday, Hung Hua Li) Ts'in Cheng [*present day Jincheng*], 3rd District offices.

I have been exceptionally "Kao Hsien" [*happy*] today. We passed through some beautiful territory. Went from Kao Wha down to the Ching river and up the mountains on the other side. The scenery was beautiful and I enjoyed it to the fullest. Took a dozen pictures of various scenic views.

We aimed to meet up with the general staff of the 71st Army at An Ling to inquire the safest route across the Tsing Chen Poai motor road which is in Japanese hands. But they had moved toward the front just an hour before we got there. We then moved on east to Hung Hua Ti to get the information from the 8th division of the 71st Army.

It looks like we are going to have to hang around here for a day or so. The Chinese are just now making a big offensive drive all along the south east Shansi front from Chin Sui, Yang Chen, Chow Tsung, 20 Li Poa, Tsing Chen, Kaping, and Poai. There is some real fighting going on. This is not the guerrilla stuff. Japanese planes were overhead from 8:00 A.M. until 5:00 P.M. in the Tsing Cheng sector alone. They dropped over 600 bombs during those nine hours. Quite a few were dangerously close to us. This is hard on ones nerves. I fear that I shall have bad dreams tonight. Latest news this evening is that the 8th division is 2 miles from Tsing Cheng. 20 Li Poa is recaptured by the 36th. And the motor road has been cut. Eighty seven persons and 15 animals killed by bombing today.

Heard of big victory at Sin Siang! Peiping and Hankow RR cut.

[*Here Howard wrote his first letter to Louis and Nieh.*]

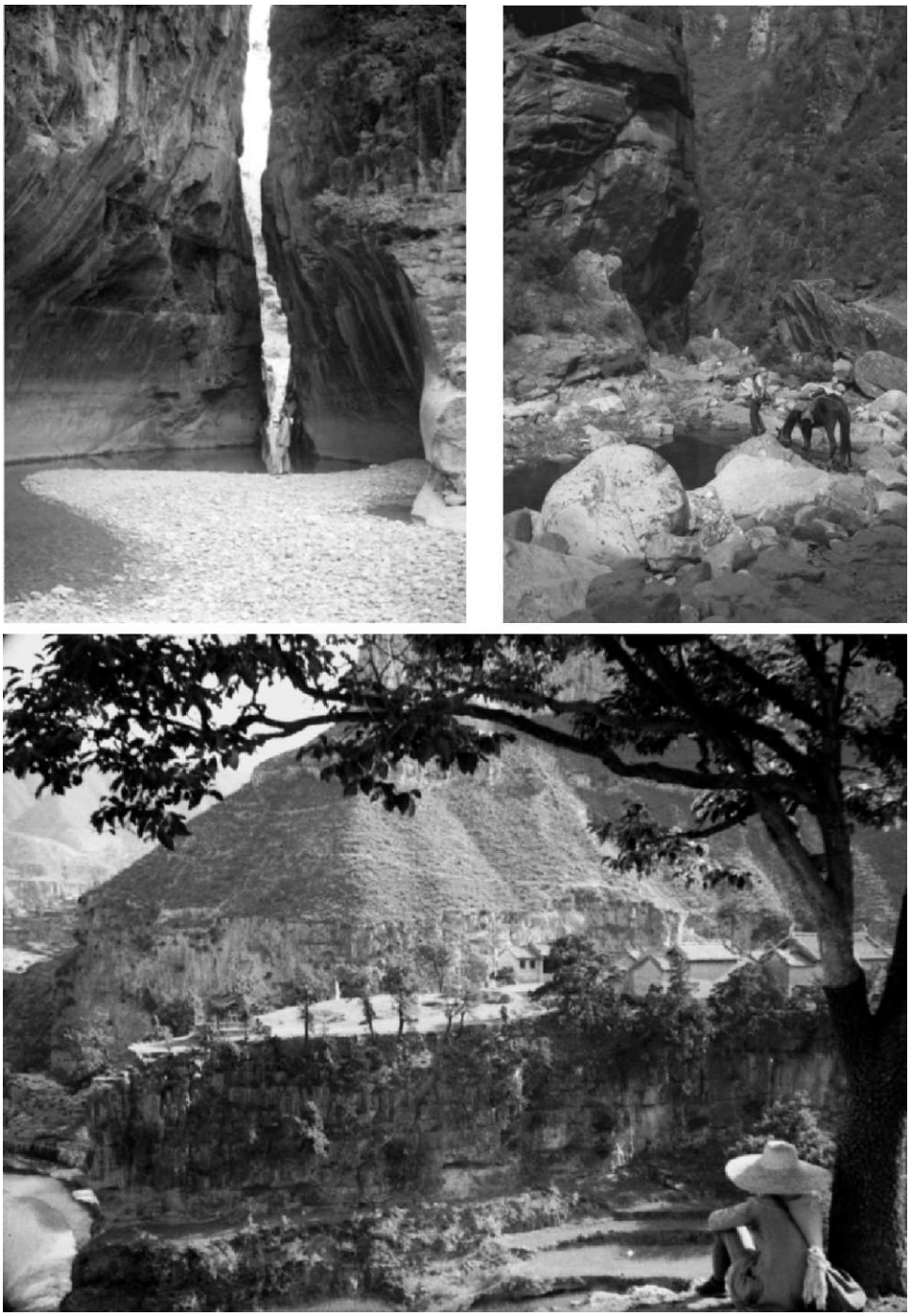


Figure 10.15: In compensation for the strenuous hiking, the scenery was beautiful. Here are a few examples with Yin. The picture at upper right was taken on the return trip, when Yen was leading the horse "Guerrilla", a gift from General P'ung De-huai and the 8 Route Army. (See June 27, 1940.)

South West of Ts'in Cheng

May 24, 1940

Dear Louis and Mr. Nieh,

We are to cross the motor road south of Tsing Cheng today. We have had a heck of a time getting through. The mountains are by no means small around these parts. It has been up and down, continuously up and down.

The fighting over Yang Cheng way is small stuff compared to what is going on over here. These last two days the Chinese have counter attacked and are now striking at Tsing Cheng. The 71st Army is moving in from the south west, the 9th from the south and the 27th from the south east. (About 100,000 soldiers in all). Yesterday Japanese planes were overhead from 8:00 AM until 5:00 PM. There were always four and part of the time twelve [*in the sky at once*]. They dropped between six and seven hundred bombs west and south of Tsing Cheng. Lots of excitement. The 71st Army is really going to town. They have 50,000 men, most of whom saw service in Shanghai.

Have you heard of the big victory at Sin Siang Honan on May 18? The Chinese took the city, killed and wounded about 40,000 Japs. Destroyed 12 planes at the field and captured 85 pilots and mechanics. General Wei is doing OK. Two big victories within a month, and the possibility of a third at Tsing Cheng within a few days.

When you come to Tsing Chen look up a little village of Hsi Huang Go 60 [*li*] south of Tsing Cheng It has been completely burned out.

Sincerely – Howard.

MAY 25 (Saturday, Ke Wan T'o) Peasants home.

This has been a peaceful day compared with yesterday and the day before. Only one aeroplane came today and all it did was a bit of machine gunning.

Spent most of the day running up and down the west side of the Tsing Cheng-Poai motor road like a chicken trying to find a hole in a fence big enough crawl through. But no luck, we are still on this side of the fence. Ran into barbed wire one place and as it is not wise to crawl over such fences, we looked for another place. The road is too well watched by enemy garrisons so we gave up and back tracked to Ke Wen T'o.

Good news this evening. The 36th Division has entered Tsing Ching and the motor road is cut north, west, and south of the city. The 9th army has

also cut the motor road north of Poai, so the Japanese who are blocking our way are going to have to find a way of getting home pretty quick or they will be sandwiched.

Had a real treat this noon — half a chicken and four eggs. It was a gift from the Eighth Division cavalry. Spent the evening talking to the Twan Chang of the former Hopei guerrillas. He has had some experiences.

MAY 26 (Sunday, Ke Wan T'o)

There has been no change in the situation today. A few big shells were exchanged, but that was about all.

I went up on a hill East of here to see how the land lay. We are living a good deal closer to the lines than I thought. We are not more than two miles from two Japanese outposts. If it wasn't for the hill between us, our village would be a good target for their cannon.

The 9th army moved into position to the South today, so it looks like a counter attack will be launched any time.

I'm the first foreigner that has ever been in this village. There has been a big crowd of inquisitive people around all day. The women and the children are the most bothersome. Spent the evening learning Chinese war songs from the children in this yard. We had a great time.

MAY 27 (Monday, Lan Chu Chen) 160th Battalion, 54th Division, 9th Army Headquarters.

A sudden change in events this P.M. made us decide to drive through the lines. About 7:30 the general staff of the 71st Army moved up to the village between us and the Japanese. Following them soldiers passed through all morning. Being so close to the lines we decided it best to move. We were within easy range of the Japanese guns.

Where and how to go was the next problem. Some said this way and others advised that way. We finally decided to take the Southern route and cut across the Japanese motor road close to Tun King Kwan.

It was two P.M. before we got started — two carriers, Yin and myself. We planned to make 30 li today and cross the motor road tomorrow. But when we got to Chue Shan, where we were planning to spend the night, we met up with a group of the II War Area Guerrilla Division. They had come from Loyang and were on their way to N.E. Tsing Cheng Hsien. They were going to cross the motor road at night. They said that it wasn't safe to do it by day. They had gotten information of a small opening between two Japanese

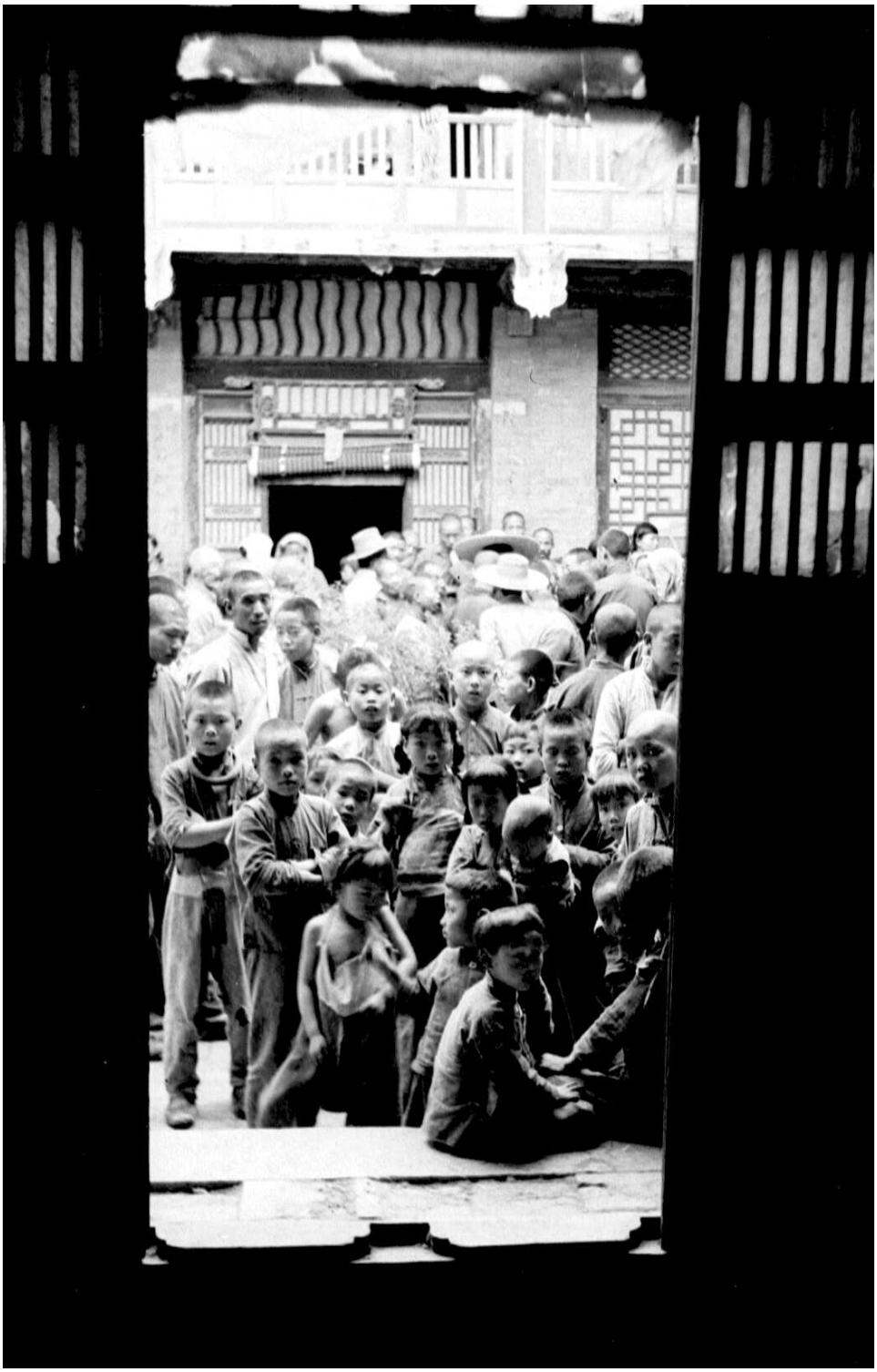


Figure 10.16: The local villagers crowd in to see the foreigner.

forts that were about half a mile apart. There were large concentrations of Chinese troops in the vicinity; the 9th Army. They were planning an offensive soon so it was quite certain that the Japanese would not be out wandering around after night. This group of guerrillas was ready to start when we met them, and could not even wait until we found something to eat, so we started off with them without our supper.

There were forty six all together in our party — twenty five soldiers, 19 carriers and Yin and myself. We made quite a string walking single file along the mountain paths. The first part of the night was dark. The moon didn't show itself until 12:30.

The small path that we were on was difficult to follow. It was rocky and took us through several deep ravines. The narrowness of the path made it necessary for us to move along single file. Silence was the absolute law. Even whispering was taboo after we had passed the last Chinese outpost. Nor were we permitted to bunch up. We could clearly see that the Chinese were preparing for a counter attack. They were placing their field guns, making machine gun nests and digging trenches. But we went on our way. There was one steep slope that we had to descend that was only two hundred yards from the first Japanese outpost. In the daytime they could command the whole slope with their machine guns. There had been a group of Chinese soldiers who attempted to follow this same route that morning. But they had been spied by the Japanese who turned their Machine guns on them. We passed several dead bodies along the path. I imagine that the rest of our group were thinking the same thing that I was. "Wouldn't it be wise to turn back before it gets too late?" But no one offered the suggestion.

Every time that someone would stumble or start a little stone rolling down the hillside, the rest of us would hold our breath and listen. If there was no response from the [*Japanese*] fort on the hill we would silently move on. From time to time a light would flash from the fort above us. I was expecting to have a searchlight thrown on us any minute. But they were evidently only signaling to the other forts.

Going up the other side between the two enemy forts we met three Chinese scouts. They reported all quiet, so we proceeded with confidence. Yin, our two carriers, the guide and myself were near the middle of the line. The two carriers in particular were nervous. They wished that they could turn back. But maybe some of the rest of us did too. They merely were freer in expressing their fear than the rest of us. The line moved on through the shadows. We had reached the ridge which was directly between the two Japanese forts. There were light clouds moving toward the moon. I wished that they would veil the moon and leave us in complete darkness. Ah, they

were going to be obliging.

It must have been about one o'clock when we started down the slope on the other side away from the Japanese forts and toward the Chinese lines. A rifle shot suddenly broke the stillness of the night. The bullet whistled by overhead. Every one dropped in their tracks and crawled toward some protection. The members of our party slipped behind a terrace. There was silence again so we slipped out from behind the terrace and once more started down the slope. Five more shots. Three of the bullets sounded dangerously close to us as they whistled overhead and buried themselves in the bank behind us. We dropped under cover again, and none too soon, for a spray of machine gun bullets followed. The Japanese had spotted us. It was too late to turn back, and the road before us was far too open to fire from the Japanese guns. But during the spasmodic firing we were able to creep a little further down. It was slow going but the moon would soon drop behind the hill. Then under cover of darkness we might be able to slip behind the Chinese lines. But it wasn't to be as easy as that.

We were just beginning to congratulate ourselves on a lucky escape when all Hell broke loose all around. Mountain guns began to boom, machine guns were sputtering, with rifle fire keeping up a lively accompaniment. "My God!" All this could not be directed against us. It was coming from all sides. Then it suddenly dawned on me that the Chinese were launching their attack. We were caught between the two armies. Yin and our three men had found a place between two pretty good sized rocks. I would have crawled in with them, but the place was already over crowded. I told Yin to keep an eye on the men so they wouldn't get away with our things. Then I crawled on to find a place for myself behind another rock. The battle increased in heat as the time went on. One group of Chinese had reached one of the forts. We could see the sputtering and explosion of hand grenades as the Chinese threw them into the Japanese trenches.

The method of fighting of the two groups was entirely in contrast. The Chinese were having a big time out of it. They would shout and yell as they went into battle; "Sha, sha, sha ... Da tao je pen" (Kill, kill, kill ... Beat down the Japanese.) On the other hand the Japanese were taking things on the serious side. We didn't hear a word out of them. But their machine guns were pouring out a continual stream as they sprayed the hillside. And their cannon blasting away at the unseen enemy. It continued for about an hour without a let up. I was afraid that it would get light before we could get out, in which case we would be in an extremely difficult position. Suddenly one of the guerrillas above me let out a yell and started rolling down the hillside. Hit by a machine gun bullet. I crawled over to where

he was gasping, but there was nothing that I could do. In a few minutes it was all over. One of our number was gone. I began to wonder how many of us would be left by morning. Being anxious about Yin and our carriers I slipped down to see them. There was twenty thousand dollars in one of the bags they were carrying. They didn't know it, but it caused me a great deal of concern. And when I discovered that they were not between the two rocks where I had left them, my hair all but turned gray. There were too many stray shells flying around so I stayed where I was. They had probably found a safer spot. An hour and a half later things began to quiet down, so I slipped out of the shelter and started to look for Yin and the carriers. I couldn't call to them, and it being dark, my efforts to locate them were futile. The battle was over. The Chinese had been unable to dislodge the Japanese and were withdrawing to their own lines. Our group also began to move up the hill toward the Chinese lines. I asked one of the Guerrillas if they had seen my men. "Oh yes, they are on ahead." So I fell into line without giving them further thought. All along the way we were challenged by Chinese sentries. But we had the password, so had no difficulty.

Arriving in the Chinese camp we stopped to count noses. There were nine men missing, and to my distress four of them were of my party: Yin, the two carriers, the guide and my twenty thousand dollars. The other five were guerrillas. I knew that at least one of these would never be found. As to the others, could they have met the same fate? I should have been able to relax and have some sleep before morning, but sleep was far from me as long as my men and money were missing. So several of the guerrillas and I retraced our steps in an attempt to find our lost comrades. Back in the spot where we had been hiding among the rocks we found the bodies of three men. They were all guerrillas. But there was no trace of my men and the other two guerrillas. It would soon be light so we could not continue the search. Back in the Chinese camp I dropped to sleep in the general's bunk. It seemed only a minute later I was awakened by an exploding shell very near to the home I was sleeping in. Jumping out of bed, I almost stumbled over three men who were asleep on the floor. I looked again. Yes, they were my men. And there beside them was my baggage.

Another shell exploded in the courtyard next to us. The four men on the floor were now awake and we all ran to a spot of safety. And while we were waiting for the bombardment to stop, I heard their story. The carriers, being frightened by the battle, decided that they would run. Fortunately the guide had remained loyal, so he and Yin had taken out after them. The carriers, having the baggage, could not move very fast and were soon caught. The battle was so intense at that time that they did not dare venture back

to the place they had been. When things finally quieted down, they were unable to find the path and the rest of the party. The guide thought that he knew the way, so they started out on their own. But before they knew what they were about, they almost walked into one of the Japanese forts. They were followed by a spray of rifle shots as they turned tail and ran, but were able to get back to the valley. There they found two of the guerrillas that had been in the party. Both of them were slightly wounded and were trying to crawl toward the Chinese lines. They [*the wounded soldiers*] knew the general direction of the Chinese camp, so together the six of them pulled into camp shortly after dawn.

MAY 28 (Tuesday, Hu Shi)

I got an hour's sleep before breakfast. It was the cannon that woke me up so soon. Several shells landed in Lan Chu. Had breakfast with the Twan Chang [*Captain*], and went up on the hill to see the fighting. The Chinese attacked all Japanese positions simultaneously at dawn. Fighting continued most of the day. As we circled around to the North of Tuin King Kwan we were within rifle range of the Japs nearly all day. But they were too busy with the Chinese to take notice of us. What a road we have taken today. Have gone further up and down than in a straight line. We are spending the night in one of the best Chinese village inns I have ever been in. Had egg for supper; 20 of them.

MAY 29 (Wednesday, Pi Yang Chuan Hu)

Having had little sleep the night before we slept late this morning. Even then I was plenty tired. Hated to get up when we did. Met and conquered more mountains today. Up and down, up and down, will it never end?

At noon we ran across a beautiful spot tucked away in the the mountains. The "Five Dragon Temple" and the "Five Dragon Pool". There are five springs gushing water from an [*flat*] iron shaped limestone elevation. According to Chinese superstition, a spring is caused by a dragon spitting water.

Where the five springs come together there is a deep pool. It was a hot day, so I became a dragon and descended into the depths of the "Five Dragon Pool". The Chinese watching were aghast. They were afraid the dragons would get me.

It was dark when we got to the Tsing Cheng Post Office at P'i Yuan Chwan. There are several old friends here, one a Liao boy, and the other the Shi Yang P.O. man.

MAY 30 (Thursday, Pi Yang Chuan Hu)

This was my Sunday —'Day of Rest'. Went down to the river and took a bath, washed a few socks and underwear. Took a nap after dinner.

Spent a good part of the afternoon talking to Captain Wang — A Hopei guerrilla leader. He has plenty to say about the Eighth Rout.

MAY 31 (Friday, Foo Chen Cheng) Ling Chuan Hsien

This is the first day that I have been in Shansi that I have not heard cannon. It really seems quite peaceful here at the base of Tai Hang Shan.

I take it that foreigners have never been through this way. Every village that we stopped in provided a large crowd of women and children. They all came out to see the foreigner. It wasn't all one sided. I got a good look at them too. The women in this region wear a peculiar costume. I almost split my side the first time I saw it. The peculiarity is all in the pants. The legs look like a couple of gunny sacks gathered in around the ankles and slung low around the waist. It produces a peculiar effect, particularly on women with bound feet.

The friction between the communists and the government troops must have been pretty serious here in Ling Chwan. There are two or three pill boxes around this village, — prepared by the 27th Army for protecting themselves and this region from the Reds. Hundreds of people were killed by the Reds here when they retreated.

The Japs have also been through this region. They spread propaganda around trying to increase the friction between the Reds and the Gov. troops. I picked up several little posters along the road today.

JUNE 1 (Saturday, Ling Chuan Hsien)

We have had a full day. Got up early and started for the city. Couldn't find any breakfast so had to start on an empty stomach. And much to our discomfort, we could find nothing to eat along the road. The peasants fled from the Japs several weeks ago and haven't returned yet.

Just before we got to the city we found the 27th Army headquarters. Stopped to get a military pass to Liao. General Fan Han Ching was not in, but his Chief of Staff fixed things up for us. Also gave us our first, last, and only meal today. The village where we are staying today is almost deserted.

In the city we visited the Ling Chuan Hsien Chang. He seems to be quite an up and coming young man. We also visited the post office. It is arranged that from tomorrow we go by "Express post".

The way things sound, we may have some difficulty getting across the red line of demarcation. There are all kinds of stories going around. Some say that the Reds shoot on sight.

[*Letter to Louis and Nieh*]

Hu Kwan Hsien
June 1

Dear Louis and Mr. Nieh,

It looks maybe like we are stuck. We have reached the border line between the Nationalist Government and the communist territory. This line is not as easy to cross as we had supposed. There is no communication between the two lines except one postman daily. The Gov. troops of the 40th army and the "Reds" are lined up facing each other across a 10 li no-man's land. If the Eighth Route soldiers attempt to come this way they are shot on sight. The same goes for gov. troops and representatives going that way.

Generally speaking we are advised not to attempt entering the red territory. But there are a few folks who think that we will have no difficulty. Personally I think that most of what we hear here is exagerated a bit. At least we are going to attempt a crossing with the P.O. tomorrow.

The Government troops in their region seem to be paying more attention to the Reds than to the Japs. There are hundreds of brick and stone constructed pill boxes on the hills north of Ling Chwan. They have been built not as a defense against the Japs but to form a defense against the Reds.

I fear that a situation like this cannot last long. They will either have to come to terms or fighting will break out.

We hear here that the 40th Army is attacking Chang Tu, on the Peiping Hankow R.R..

The 27th Army is attacking Kao Ping today. There has been a continous roar of cannon all day.

If we weren't so far already, I think that I would turn back. But as it is, I am determined to go on.

I'll send a post card as soon as we cross the line.

Howard

JUNE 2 (Sunday, Hsu Chang) Hu Kwan

Left Ping Cheng early in hopes of getting to Hsu Chang in time to catch the mail carrier going north. But on arriving in Hsu Chang we discovered that the P.O. has moved on south. We chased out to another little village but found nothing there. On returning to Hsu Chang we discovered that although the P.O. had moved, the mail carrier still passed through on his way north. We met him on the streets and made arrangements to go with him tomorrow. Everyone here advises us not to try to enter "Red" territory. But I have a feeling that they make it sound worse than it actually is. At least we are going to try it tomorrow.

The situation is a bit worse than I had previously thought. There is a definite line on both sides and a no-man's-land in between. There has been some fighting between the two sides, but today things are quiet. I hope it is OK tomorrow.

The 27 A must be attacking Kaoping [*Wangqiao, on the RR*] tonight. The cannons have been roaring since about 3:00 P.M. I think that Yin is a bit nervous about crossing the line tomorrow. I can't say that I'm not.

[*Here I'm inserting an expanded description of their crossing into Red territory that Howard wrote later. Both he and Yin were dressed in peasant's clothing to blend into the local population. Howard called his patched peasant's coat his "Life Jacket".*]

There was a blockade against the Eighth Route Army with no direct communication between the two sides. But we had been through the "impossible" Japanese lines a half-dozen times. Surely this could not be more difficult. But after talking the situation over with the commander in charge of the Government Troops, we were all but ready to turn back. He had given us an absolute refusal.

> "You can never tell what these Communists will do to you." he had said. "There has been no one going through these lines for several months. We cannot take responsibility for letting you go."

I protested, showing him the military pass we had received yesterday, and which permitted me to travel freely throughout this territory without qualification. But he was not easily persuaded.

> " I am very sorry, but I have orders not to let anyone pass this line of forts."

There didn't seem much that we could do in face of this situation, so we decided to go back to our room and sleep on it until the next day. Back in

the village inn we were having our supper of millet soup and corn bread and sitting around a little square table on the brick bed silently drinking our soup by the dim light of an oil lamp which seemed to be a fitting concluding ceremony to our defeat. Fortunately, in cases like this something usually happens to break the unbearable. Another guest, a postman entered the inn. I was always very friendly with postmen as they had helped me through many difficult spots in the past. And who could help but be friendly with the man who might some day bring you that letter you were always looking for? Anyhow, I invited him to join us with a bowl of millet.

In the conversation that followed I discovered that it was not an ordinary postman that I was entertaining, but a man who might be the solution to our problem. He had just come through from Eighth Route territory — in fact he went back and forth every other day carrying a few letters. The post office had apparently been able to maintain its neutrality. This situation immediately suggested to me the possibility of going through these forbidden lines by mail. The postman seemed willing, if it could be arranged through the local postmaster. Of course, as the postman said, he could not guarantee our getting through safely. Even he had been shot at several times. Fortunately, I carried in my pocket a letter of introduction from the Postal Commissioner of North China [*"Stamps" Smith, see April 1, 1940*]. With this I approached the local postmaster and received even more satisfaction than I dared hope for. The following day we could get through the line by mail, but of course at our own risk. The postmaster presented one problem, but with a smile.

> "We should stamp you but I guess that will not be necessary as we are not expecting to have to carry you through the lines. You will have to walk behind, providing your own carriage."

This of course was quite satisfactory to us, but there was the further problem of getting our baggage through. It would have been difficult for us to attempt to carry it ourselves. However the solution to this problem was also found by our congenial postmaster. If we could hire a peasant who would be willing to carry our baggage for us, the postmaster would swear him into the postal service for a day and even provide him with the green uniform and arm band by which postmen are identified.

The next morning we were on our way through the lines. And surely to an outside observer we were an unusual procession. The postman and both Yin and I were dressed in peasants clothes and carried the postal arm band on our sleeves. Yin had a mail bag over his shoulder and I had a gunny

Figure 10.17: Mailmen. Howard notes: "Mail coming in. The Chinese P. O. is one of the most efficient organizations in the world. They continue regular service under almost impossible circumstances." These are military mail carriers with mail from Shanghai.

sack containing the $20,000. Except for the fact that we met no Communist soldiers until we were far behind what was suppose to be their line there is nothing to tell about crossing this line on our way north. And of course they didn't bury us alive or even hold us for ransom as we had been told would be the case on the National Government side.

JUNE 3 (Monday, An K'o Hu Kwan) Dutch Catholic Mission, We Enter 'Red' China. 45 li

This has been a most interesting day, but may turn out to be regrettable.

We have crossed the 'Red' line and are now in 'Red' territory. Had little difficulty in getting from one side to the other. But now that we are here I don't know how it will be. The first 10 li today was Gov. territory. The next fifteen was no-man's-land. On this stretch we were not even stopped once. On the Red side we were stopped several times, but they were very polite.

On arriving in An Ko we went first to the Hsien Changs. There are three Hsien Changs for Hu Kwan Hsien now. We went to see the 'Red' Hsien Chang. We didn't see him, at least I don't think that we did. The atmosphere is anything but pleasant. They act like a child that has done something it shouldn't. They are terribly suspicious of everybody and everything.

We are spending the night with a Dutch Priest. He is an interesting old boy. Doesn't have much to say for the 8th Route Army. They rub him the wrong way.

JUNE 4 (Tuesday, Ping Shun Hsien) Lu Cheng P.O. 60 li

The Dutch father served us up a good breakfast. Pancakes, sausage, bread, eggs, and coffee.

The pass that we were supposed to get from the Hsien Chang this morning was not ready for us. In fact, it was refused when we asked for it. These folks are suspicious to the Nth degree.

Our road today takes us over two mountain ranges and then down a dry rocky river bed. This region is terribly dry this summer. They have had no rain this year. The peasants in this region depend on artificial reservoirs for their water supply. This is too high for digging wells. From An Ko to and including Ping Shun these have all dried up. Most of the army has had to move out and the peasants who have remained are having to carry water from wells 10 to 15 miles away. Water is 10 cents a bowl in Ping Shun.

Visited the Ping Shun Hsien Chang this evening. We got into a hot discussion over Russian occupation of Finland and part of Poland. His opinion is that Russia was doing them a favor by going in — that Russia had no imperialistic aims. I'm afraid that I said too much. We were on the topic from 9 to 11.

JUNE 5 (Wednesday, Feng Tze T'oa) Li Cheng, mail carrier's home. 80 li

Crossed the Chiang River and two more big mountains. The mts. were depressing, but the river refreshing. I stopped and had a good swim before going on. I am beginning to feel a bit at home this evening. Could see the Liao mountains in the distance as we came over the last ridge.

I am surprised to see how well dressed the Eighth Route soldiers are this year. As far as uniforms go there is no distinction between them and government troops. The trouble is that they still have their old guns. We met several officers and a unit of soldiers marching south. They looked pretty snappy.

Gossip and propaganda is playing havoc in the internal friction. In Yan Cheng we heard that the 8th Route Army had redivided the land in this region — 3 mu [*1/2 acre*] to an adult and 1 mu to a child. Nothing of the sort has happened. The situation is not so different from what it was before.

The gossip here is that everyone on the other side is opposed to them, that Yin [*Shi Shan*] is finished and that Sun Ch'u has been executed. This is as much exaggerated as the other. "Truth is suffering."

JUNE 6 (Thursday, Chung Chih) Li Cheng P.O. 40 li

It has been a blistering hot day. We were all pooped out by noon. I was too hot and tired to eat, so had a good nap first. Then followed a meal — two bowls of do strings. [*Tofu cut into noodles.*]

We visited the Li Cheng Hsien Chang to see if I couldn't locate Li Ti Hua [*see Figure 6.2*]. This Hsien Chang, as all of them on this side was too busy to see us. He sent two young fellows to see us and find out what we wanted. The answer to every question we asked was, "We don't know." or "maybe this" or "maybe that". I almost blew off. Finally they agreed to send a letter for us inquiring the whereabouts of Ti Hua. I wonder what has happened to all the capable men they had in the County Government last year. I haven't met a single one yet.

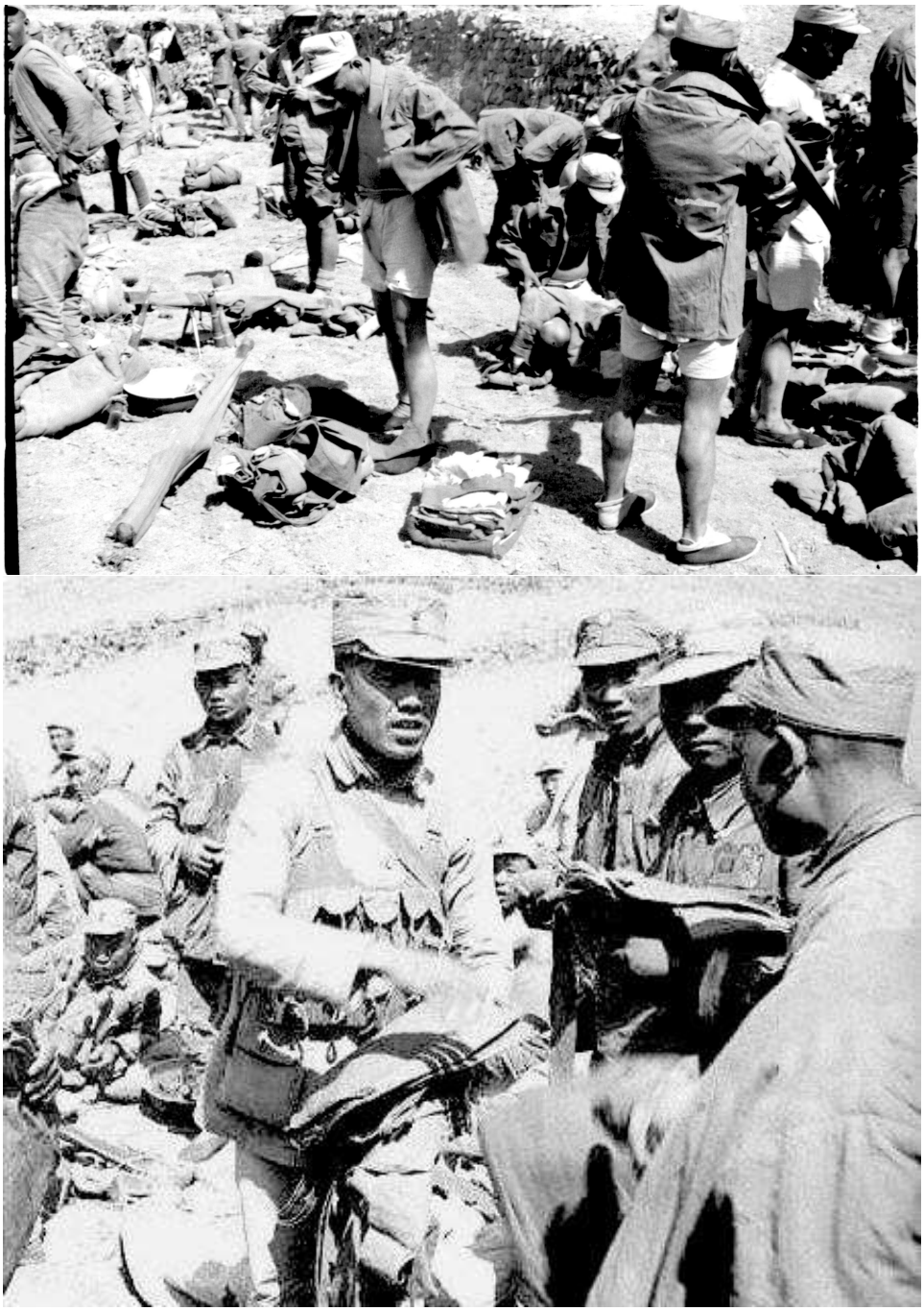


Figure 10.18: (Top) Guerrilla unit on a terraced field changing back into uniform. This group is armed with rifles, light machine guns (in protective canvas bags) and "potato masher" hand grenades (two are leaning against one of the machine guns). (Bottom) Soldiers being instructed in the use of hand grenades.

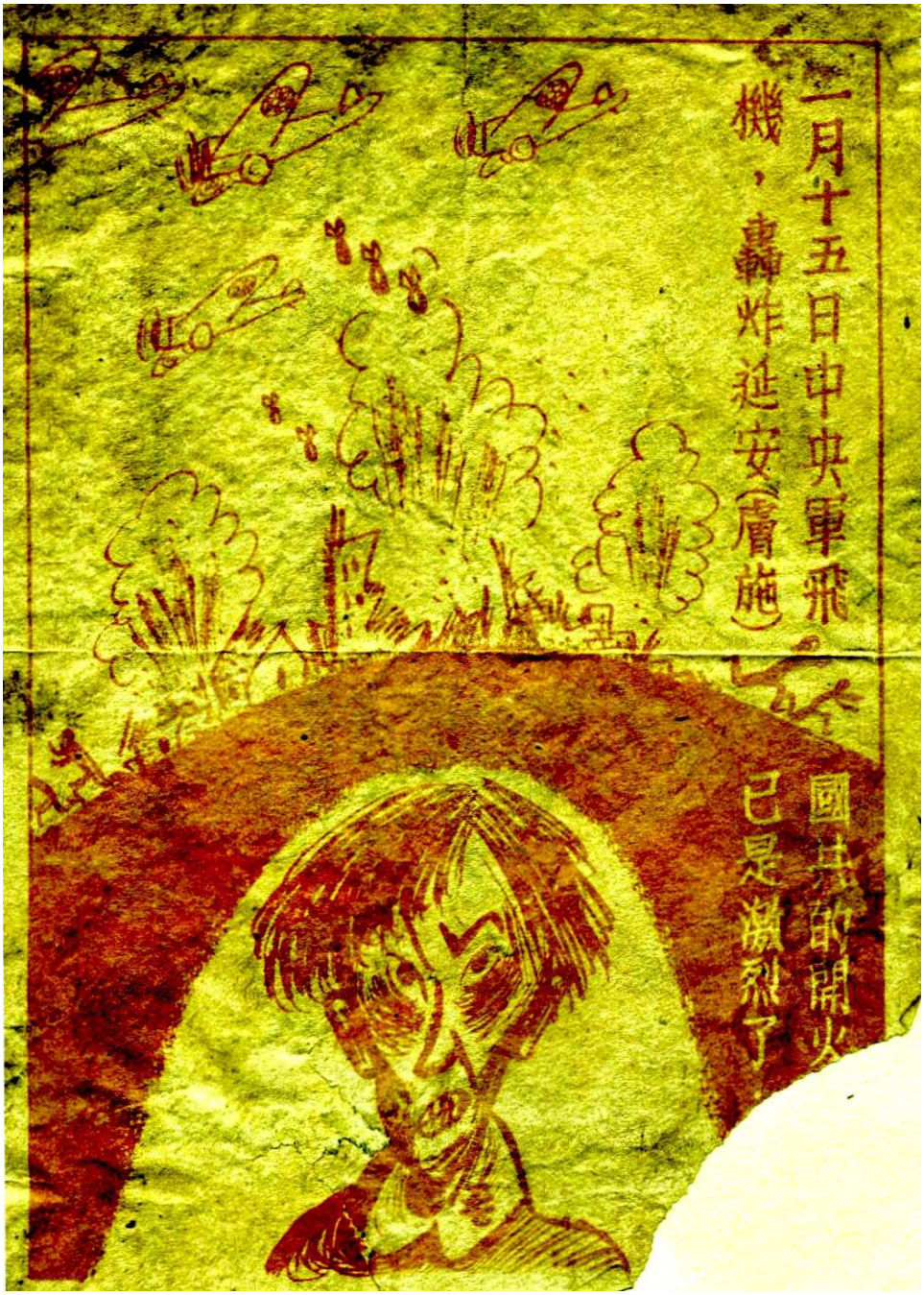


Figure 10.19: Flier accusing the Nationalists of bombing at Yan'an on January 15. It may have been printed by the Communists, but because it is so similar to Japanese fliers (see Figure 11.9–Left) I suspect that it was printed by the Japanese to sow discord among the Chinese. The Communist headquarters was at Yan'an. The man in the cave is identified as Mao.

Figure 10.20: Yin traveling under the blazing sun.

Saw the Peiping Chronicle of June 1st at the P.O. this evening. The European news is anything but satisfying. This fool world of ours is wearing itself out on a fruitless battlefield.

The Eighth Route Army are still not fighting. There were only 5 Japs protecting Lu Ching the other day and these folks did nothing about it.

JUNE 7 (Friday, Si King) Li Cheng Peasant's home 80 li

This has been a long, hot, day. Travel is beginning to tell on one. I'm glad that it is about over for a few days.

The further north we get the more familiar the surroundings get. This evening we are staying back of the big Tung-I peak that I climbed last year.

This region is certainly poverty stricken this year. This afternoon I noticed a big crowd of people in a wheat field beside the road. Wondering what was up, I went over to satisfy my curiosity. There were three men cutting wheat. The rest of the crowd (28 persons in all) were gleaning after the harvesters. The most any one person could get was a few heads of grain. I have seen 2 or 3 gleaners often, but never 28. I asked them why there were so many, although the reason was obvious. They were hungry. Later on during the afternoon I saw several such scenes in the harvest fields.

A beautiful sunset this evening. The Li Cheng mts., with a bit of imagination form a Gothic silhouette. I stood by the road half an hour watching the changing effects caused by the sinking sun and listening to 8 route buglers sound an evening chorus from a distant village.

JUNE 8 (Saturday, Tung-I) Inn. Happy Birthday Helen! 40 li

Had only 40 li today but it was too much for me. These sixteen days on the road have pooped me out. The hot dry weather is also tiring.

It was good to come into Tung-I this afternoon and walk down the street to the inn where we are staying. Many old friends, mostly refugees from the city [*Liao*], came up to shake hands and ask me about my adventure. Among them was Yang, the evangelist, Lao Hu, the old goat herder (He had quite some story to tell about being held by the 8 for several days. His faith helped him) and one of the women from Anna's school that I helped last year. [*One of the girls that he had sent home, I guess.*]

There is a purge of all Kau Ming Tang [*Nationalist*] party members past and present going on now. It doesn't look very good for China's future. Soldiers came into our room to search three times last night. It sounds like the stories that come out of Russia.

Figure 10.21: The crowd of hungry people gleaning wheat after the harvesters.

Figure 10.22: " The Li Cheng mountains, with a bit of imagination form a Gothic sillouette."

Every one in Liao county who had more that 100 mu [*about 17 acres*] has been liquidated or is in custody. About 130 persons have lost their lives during the purge.

JUNE 9 (Sunday, Tung-I Inn) Liao Hsien

Two thirds of today was spent sleeping. I didn't know I was so tired.

Yin went to see his mother today. He has decided that it is not practical to try to take his family south, so he is going to stay here. Plans to join the eigth R.A.. I think that he has leanings in that direction.

The Tsi Nan (Eigth RA) bank invited me to supper this evening. Had pork and noodles.We spent the evening discussing economic and the world situation.

There is a markedly different atmosphere among the Eigth RA since the independence move. They have put aside their front and are now aggressively carrying out their purpose. It shows through even when talking to their guards and soldiers.

JUNE 10 (Monday, Ma Tien) Chen Chow

Yang and I had planed to get an early start for Ma Tien, but we met the two Chen Chow evangelists on the main street at Tung-I. Took the opportunity to find out the actual situation along the Taiku - Tsing Cheng motor road. This big victory of the eigth was not so big as reported. Only 30 li of track was torn up. The Japs had the trains running again in a week.

Li Yü She is still the same old top. He is very anti "8" and was quite free in pouring out his woes. According to what he says, the folks around here have all but given up hope.

Had a good swim in the Ma Tien river. There is nothing like a good bath.

JUNE 11 (Tuesday, She Hsin, Honan) 3rd District Headquarters 25 li

Li Yü She, Yang and I crossed the provincial boundary into Honan today. We went across in search of the third district gov. Headquarters and Mr. Li Ti Hua. Found both in a little village close to She Hsien.

Li Ti Hua was mighty glad to see me. He is hardly the same man I knew last year. Seems quite nervous. He is in a trap, poor fellow. They won't let him go and won't give him any responsible work here. His former position as head of the Educational Department has been taken from him. He now only does a bit of propaganda work.

Had a meeting with the government officials this P.M. Discussed the relief propagation. Everything but the National Currency problem was ironed out. They want to change the National currency into local currency. I can't do that because it would mean that the peasants would only receive from 40% to 60% of the value of the relief funds that I brought. We'll see about it tomorrow.

They held a big reception meeting for me this evening. Their idea is for me to carry a good report of them and their work back behind the lines and to America. The speech that the president of the anti-Japanese and National Reconstruction University gave started out by praising my enthusiasm and ability to undergo hardship. Then he presented six points that he hoped that I would carry back with me in hopes that I could serve China by bringing about a better understanding between the two parties now at odds. It was a very good speech and very much to the point. I only wish their actions would follow their words.

JUNE 12 (Wednesday, She Hsien — Ma Tien) Ma Tien Church 25 li

After an early breakfast of Kao Liang [*Kafir corn*] noodles and scrambled eggs, we again went into conference over the problems of relief distribution. It was decided to form a committee to handle the funds. We will both have committee reps. The funds will be used principally in the Eastern parts of Ping Ting, Si Yang, He Shun and Liao Hsien counties.

Again we got stuck on the National currency question. Both sides refused to give in. After about an hour's debate (a bit heated at times) we came to terms. We would distribute neither National currency nor local currency, but would distribute grain. The amount of currency to be determined by the purchasing value of National currency.

After the meeting Li, Yang, and I started back toward Ma Tien. It is only 25 li, but it took us five hours. The weather these few days is terribly hot and dry. We would stop under about every tree and cool off.

Am returning to Tung-I tomorrow to try to get a letter to my father in the city [*Japanese-held Liao*]. Also want to get Fu San out of custody if possible. Would like to have him go along back to Sian with me.

JUNE 13 (Thursday, Inn) Liao Hsien 20 li

Returned to Tung-I today so as to be able to turn the $13,000 over to the 3rd D. gov. Their representative came at 3:30 P.M. and the transaction was completed. Turned over $10,000 in Central Bank of China $10 denomination

notes bearing the serial numbers B/S912001X - B/S913000X and $3,000 in Central Bank of China $5 denomination notes bearing the Serial numbers V989001W/O - V989600W/O.

Two comrades joined us at dinner today. They started in immediately on a discussion of religion vrs. communism. It wasn't long before Yang and I took the offensive. It took us three hours to finish the discussion. Each side departed unconvinced by the other, but I believe that we planted a few seeds that may bear fruit. We dealt longest on the point of force vs. peaceful means of obtaining a similar objective.

Played a game of basketball this evening. The Army vs. the educational men. I was on the latter side. We had to bow to them 32 to 24.

Sent a letter to my father by the kindness of the Liao Hsien Hsien Chang Foo. [*Liao county magistrate.*]

Feathered Letters

[*This might be a good place to describe the system of "Feathered Letters". For short distance communication the peasants resurrected an ancient postal system. Here is Howard's description of how it worked.*]

Feathers attached to the corners of envelopes represent a unique system of postal communication in certain parts of Guerrilla China. The principle is not new but is an adaptation of the ancient i-chan (courier) system to the needs of the guerrillas operating behind the Japanese lines in North China. The feathers are a symbol to remind the courier that his is a mission of speed – the speed of wings, and also to identify him as on a mission of community service from which he must not be deterred.

When a letter is to be sent outside or beyond regular postal routes the sender merely fastens one or more feathers to the corner of the envelope, addresses it as routed through such and such a village to its final destination, and leaves it at the village elder's headquarters. Travelers passing through stop in and pick up ordinary letters which are routed in the direction in which they are going. Letters carrying two or more feathers are classified as "express" and "special delivery" letters. These classifications are reserved for government and military use and are relayed by special couriers who are selected from among the village families on a rotational basis. They are required to go only to the nearest village along the relay route. If the courier is away over meal time his food is provided for him by the village in which he happens to be; otherwise he receives no remuneration.

Figure 10.23: An example of a feathered letter. The literal Chinese translation is "chicken-feather-letter".

As a public service few organizations are more efficient. Seldom is a letter lost or delayed. Special delivery letters are known to have been relayed sixty miles in twenty-four hours – even passing through enemy lines.

JUNE 14 (Friday, Tung-I) Inn

Wrote three letters this morning; one to my mother, one to Helen, and the third to Louis.

This evening I met a very unpleasant experience. An experience that makes me a bit nervous. I was standing at the inn gate when two men dressed in military uniform, but without any insignia, came up and very curtly told me that they had something to say to me. I asked them their business but they refused to tell me. Instead they asked me to come back into a room. Immediately my suspicion was aroused. But as they led me to my own room, I went with them. I then asked them who they were and what they wanted. They wanted to see my credentials, but would not tell me who they were. So I told them that if I did not know who was asking me I could not let them see my papers. They got mad and I got mad and neither would give in. Finally I agreed to go with them to see their head. But when we got to their office, no head came. They proceed to ask me a number of questions about my work and Church people. It looks like they are trying to work up a case against me. We will have to wait and see what turns up. It doesn't look good.

[*Letter to Louis*]

Liao Hsien
June 14 '40

Dear Louis and Mr. Nieh,

I have been around Liao for about a week now and this is the third message that I have sent to you from here. I shall be most interested in knowing how many, if any, get through. Do you get the idea? Liao Hsien is not the same sort of place it was a year ago.

I plan to start back in five or six days. The route is uncertain, but it will probably not be the same one I followed coming up. If all goes well I shall be back in time to accompany you to Sian. However, I advise you not to wait in Kao Ping or Tsing Cheng for me. I may not be able to come down that way. If you wait, better stay some place around Yang Cheng or Yüan Chu. And if for some reason I do not get back in time to accompany you on the Tai Pei trip, don't hesatate to go on without me. However, I will try my best to get back.

Yin will probably not be returning with me because of certain local conditions. So I am trying to find another traveling companion.

I have been fortunate in finding all of my former relief associates, including Mr. Li Wen Yü [*aka Li Ti Hua*]. Thus the prospects for distributing the money I brought are bright. The one difficulty is the currency problem. But I think that can be ironed out before I leave. I have to pay a visit to the Military Headquarters of the eigth R.A. in a few days. A lot will depend on that.

If the color film has come and if you return to Sian before I get back, please leave the stuff with the 14th United Army or Yü Kao Tsan in Yüan Chu, so I can pick it up on my way through.

Please leave word with all the Hsien Changs, post offices, and military headquarters in the vacinity so that I can inquire as to your movements and whereabouts.

I am hoping to see my father in a day or two. Am quite well, thank you.

Howard

JUNE 15 (Saturday, Tung-I) Inn

The day has passed very peacefully. Nothing yet has come of our scrape yesterday with the questions.

Got two more letters off this AM. Fern benefits this time. Also dropped another card to Louis telling him of my experience yesterday.

A bunch of about 40 "Hsow Kweis" ("little devils") from Hopei stopped over noon at the same Inn where we are staying.

I was attracted immediately by a bright little fellow not more than 12 years old. He wanted me to teach him the ABCs. After talking with him for a time I discovered that his father and mother were both members of the American Board Mission Church. They were both killed early in the war. He has been with the Eighth Route almost two years already.

Had another basketball game with the army this evening. We got ye old team work going and were able to set them down 28-24.

I have added a Tsao Mien sausage bag to my belongings today. All I need is a couple of hand grenades to become a full fledged "guerrilla".

[*Tsao Mien is parched corn, oats, and beans ground into a flour. It is light and can be eaten dry (I like it that way) but is better sprinkled into boiling water. A little goes a long way. It is the Chinese "trail mix". The guerrillas carried Tsao Mien in a long bag that they draped over the top of their packs. I guess that Howard was tired of having no food on long marches through empty countryside!*]

JUNE 16 (Sunday, Tung-I) Inn

This was a day to be remembered. A pig was slaughtered and meat was for sale; $1.20 per lb. I bought up 5 lbs, so we can have meat to eat for several days.

The meat was well purchased as I had two guests today. Yang came with four catties of Tsao Mien (parched corn, oats, and beans ground into a powder) so I was able to fill my sausage bag. Gave him about a catty of meat to take home to his family. Was he tickled. The first meat they have had in five months.

This evening Li Yu She came up to see what had happened to me. He was expecting me to return to Ma Tien and when I didn't he was afraid that the "8" had been up to something. They have, but not that serious.

The Liao Hsien Hsien Chang is in Tung-I today but I have as yet been unable to see him. Looks like he is avoiding me for some reason. He, like everyone else, is probably suspicious of every body and everything. I've about given up hope of being able to help the refugees and war sufferers in this region.

JUNE 17 (Monday, Tung-I) Inn

I am still here and there is still no word from the city.

A good part of the day has been spent in giving out quinine to malaria patients and telling them how to use it. I gave quinine to a patient the first day I arrived. When the news of his recovery spread about the people begin to swarm about. Had twenty five patients today alone.

I saw the Hsien Chang today. He seems to be a quite capable young man. He is a graduate of Tsing Hua [*a big normal college in Peiping — he would be capable.*] We discussed relief problems and then, as usual, we got on the world situation and from that to the economic and political situation.

There was a big meeting of the merchants of Liao Hsien [*Liao county*] in Tung-I today. This is something I like to see — the government and business working together. In the meeting they discussed prices, shortage and excess of goods, cooperation instead of cut-throat competition etc.

I understand they also have farmer's meetings in which the farmers discuss their problems. There is a lot of good coming out of it. Sent another letter to O.C. [*Howard's father*] through a peasant.

JUNE 18 (Tuesday, Lui Chia Chway(?)) Honan, Third district office 50 li

Figure 10.24: (Top) Refugee children seeking help from the guerrilla army. Children without parents were lost unless they could find someone who would take them in. (Bottom) New Students: they have come from three different provinces and have walked all the way, only meeting in Ma Tien where they hope to attend school.

It looks like I have developed a fondness for Honan. I insist on coming back every once in a while.

This time, as a week ago I have come to the office of the Third District Government to discuss relief plans. They have already had one meeting in which it was decided to purchase grain in Wu Hsing and Siang Yuan for distribution in Ping Ting East, She Yang East and Ho Shui East. That seems to be the region of greatest need.

Li Ti Hua's plans seem to be frustrated. It doesn't look as though he can accompany me. They want him to stay and enter the Anti-Japanese and National Reconstruction University which is to open soon. That sort of punctures his plan to go back to carry on his research.

The people here are very cooperative and seem quite sincere. They are more realistic than some I have met. I think that we will have no trouble in getting along with them.

One of the "little devils" has taken a liking to me. [*Actually, the Chinese would usually translate the expression as "kid". But if they prefaced the word that means "devil" or "ghost" with the word meaning "American" or "Japanese" or "foreign", then it would translate as "devil".*] He certainly has done a good job of fixing up our room.

JUNE 19 (Wednesday, Tung-I) Medicine's man home 50 li

Li Chuan Yuan returned in the middle of the night. We were sleeping in his bed, so had to move over to make room for him. [*The bed was probably a Kang, so had room for a number of people each with their own blankets. Sort of like a slumber party.*] Had a good talk with him after breakfast. He is one of the few people I have met in these parts who didn't manifest any outward suspicion of my motives. If there were a few more such people we might be able to help them out a bit.

He is going to write a letter to our relief committee expressing their willingness to have us work in their territory. He has also asked Li Ti Hua to accompany us to the "8" headquarters.

Returned to Ma Tien by noon. Took most of the afternoon taking pictures of the Tai Hang [*named after the mountains*] High School. If this series turns out well, it should make an interesting story. About 400 students, 1/8 girls. Study hygiene, drawing, music, world and Chinese history, geography, math, Chinese and the Principles and Practice of Communism. Four full time teachers. Older students help younger students. Students and faculty are given food, two changes of clothes per year, plus spending money. Principal and business manager $5 per month, teachers $8, and students $1.

Figure 10.25: A "Little Devil" "on guard". The children obviously took this duty very seriously.

I returned to Tung-I this evening but my father has not yet arrived. Am terribly tired for some reason. Could hardly eat my supper.

JUNE 20 (Thursday, Huang Chai Chwang) Yang Tien P'u's home 30 li.

It was raining when I woke this morning, so I about gave up hope of dad coming. However, Yin came to see me in the middle of the forenoon and suggested that I start toward Chien Wu. He felt sure that my father would be coming.

Stopped for dinner [*lunch*] at Hung Chai Chong with Yang and then started up the hill toward Chien Wu. Didn't even get half way up when I met dad coming down. We returned to Huang Chai Chwang and are staying here this evening.

It was exciting going through the box of things that dad brought out — Bread! Butter! Jam! Cake! Cookies! Prunes! Cocoa! Canned fruit! etc. Had bread, butter, Jam, cake, and peas for supper. Boy, this is wonderful. He also brought some medicine and a few of my old clothes.

Dad tells me that the Japs know that I am back. A week ago it was reported that a young American was around and that he was "ta ta ti Pa Lu Chun"!

[*We haven't figured out how to translate this yet. The problem is that we don't have the Chinese characters and this romanization of the Chinese is ambiguous. However, Jing-jing thinks that it is occupation slang that means, "He really helps the 8-route army."*

I wonder if the two uniformed men that frightened him on June 14 were Japanese spies. That would explain their interest in his identity, and the timing is about right. Otherwise, it could be some very crude "8" secret police. Compare this incident with So, the policeman in Sian. We will never know.]

I'm afraid dad may have some trouble when he gets back. He says that the J's have not been too polite towards the Church these few days. I hope that I'm not the cause of any trouble.

JUNE 21 (Friday, Ma Tien, Church) Start back to the States 40 li

Had four cups of cocoa for breakfast made with good canned milk.

My father and I were together until ten o'clock. He told me about what is happening in Liao and some of the experiences he has had with the Japanese. He and Wampler were taken into custody at Chen Chow [*by the Japanese*] for a few days.

4:30 – 4:45	get up
4:45 – 5:00	wash
5:00 – 6:00	exercise
6:00 – 7:00	private study hour
7:00 – 7:30	breakfast
8:00 – 8:50	class
9:00 – 9:50	class
10:00 – 10:50	class
11:00 – 12:00	free hour
12:00 – 12:30	lunch
1:00 – 3:00	afternoon rest/nap
3:30 – 4:20	class
4:30 – 5:20	class
5:30 – 6:30	group exercise
6:30 – 7:00	supper
7:30 – 9:00	individual study
9:00 – 10:00	to bed

Figure 10.26: (Top Left) The daily routine at the Tai Hang School at Ma Tien was announced by a bugler. The old bell was an air raid alarm as the school was completely surrounded by Japanese. (Top Right) The school schedule. (Bottom) Marching to class while singing patriotic songs. Some carry their own stools with them.

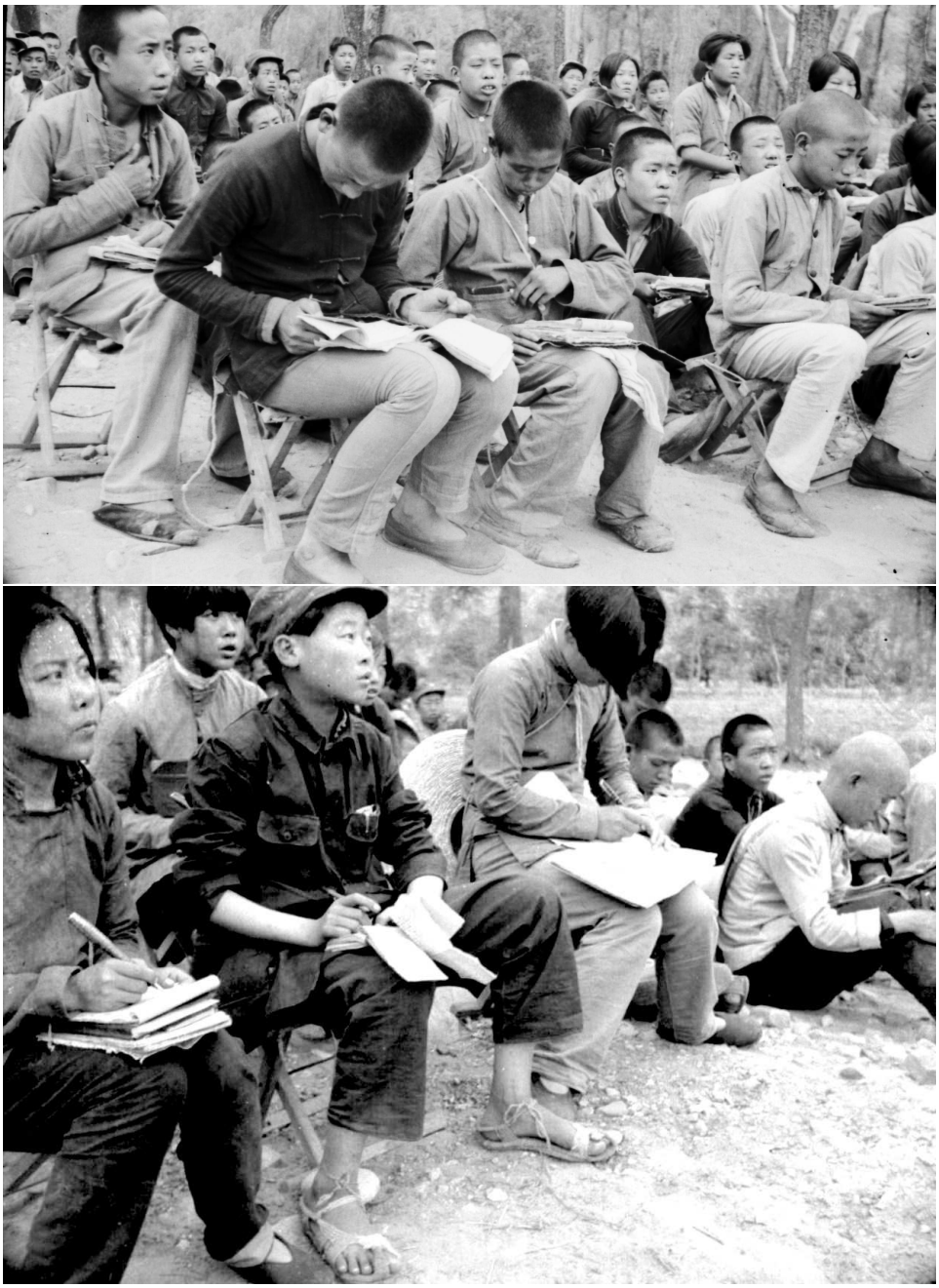


Figure 10.27: (Top) The students at the Tai Hung School were eager to learn. In class some have stools, the others sit on the ground. (Bottom) The girls and boys are divided from each other. No notes are passed.

Figure 10.28: (Top) The students get an anatomy lesson. An old door, painted black served as both a blackboard and poster mount. (Bottom) Singing class for primary students. The teacher listens to each student in turn. If they are not singing or are off key he flicks them on the head.

Figure 10.29: (Top) Making plain wheat noodles using a noodle press. The cut-off kerosene cans are used to serve the food. (Bottom) The food tastes good to the hungry students. Each student gets a ration of about 21 lbs of a mixture of grain-corn, millet, beans and kafa-corn a month.

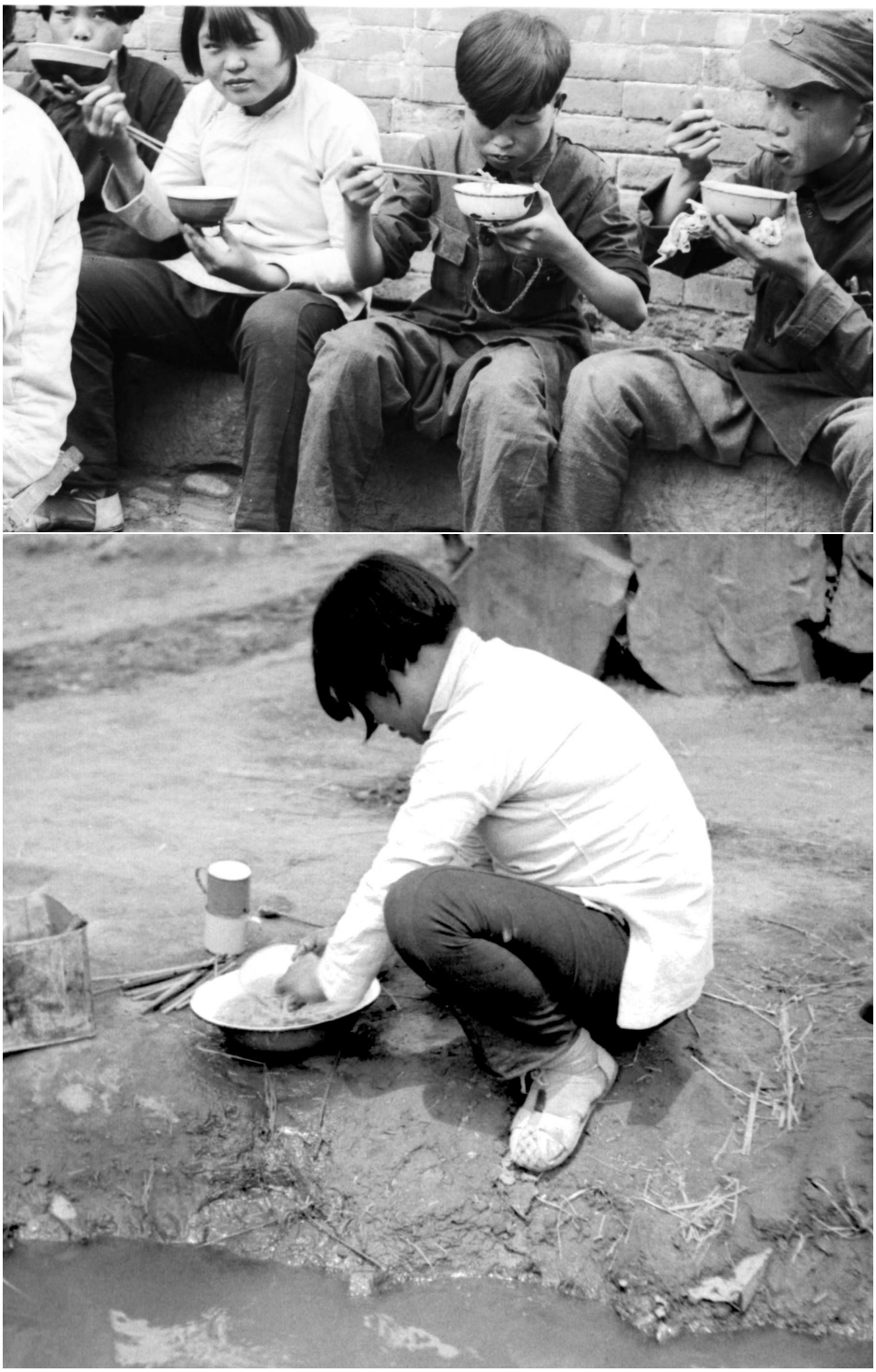


Figure 10.30: (Top) The students at the Tai Hung school were well fed. (Bottom) Washing dishes in the small stream that runs through Ma Tien.

Figure 10.31: (Top) Supervised study hour for the younger students. (Bottom) Discussion of the practical aspects of what was learned in class.

Figure 10.32: (Top) Field day with the Anti-Japanese University at Ma Tien. Students carrying grain back to school from the grain supply center. The teachers and even the school president participates in this field day. (Bottom) Students with the "sausage bags" used to carry grain and the tsao mien trail mix.

I gave dad all the particulars about my return to the States. He is going to have Knight [*travel agency*] book me from Shanghai some time after the first of September. I am to telegraph from Sian whether I can make it or not.

My father and I both thought it wise that he get back to the city as soon as possible. So our ways parted. We are both starting back for the States, but by two different routes. He sails from Tientsin on the Eighth of July, so will be in the States about a month from now. [*Howard couldn't return with his father as he was barred from entering Japanese controlled Liao where the mission was located.*]

I have returned to Ma Tien this evening to meet Li Ti Hua. He is not here, but has left a note telling us to meet him in Siking, Le Cheng Hsien.

Yin is back with me. He wants to return to Sian with me. Guess I'll take him along.

JUNE 22 (Saturday, Si King 35 li)

Had a good deal of rain last night so I was a bit anxious about being able to cross the Chiang River. No trouble, however. But we had to travel in the rain all morning.

Met Li Ti Hua coming out to meet us. When I didn't arrive last evening he was a bit anxious about me. He called up Tung-I twice to inquire but they told him that I had gone back to America.

By the time we arrived in Siking (noon) the rain was coming down so fast that we decided to hang up for the day.

Spent the afternoon translating the letter that Li brought from three directors bureaus, and also the program for relief.

It is most interesting to talk with Li Ti Hua. He is quite a scholar. However I feel sorry for him under the present circumstances. He says that the lack of freedom makes him mentally sick. He would like to leave it once and for all, but he is afraid that it will complicate matters for his family. His father has already been imprisoned twice. Those who are in the party have freedom while those outside are suppressed in every way.

[*Howard's translation*]

An Open Letter

To the relief committees of the Church of the Brethren
and the Society of Friends and any other interested relief
organisation:

The Japanese have ignored all human rights and violated the peace by forcefully invading and devastating many parts of our country. The burden of military occupation on our people has been extremely heavy and the suffering severe. Spring flood and summer drought have conspired with war to bring to this region the most intense suffering that it has ever experienced.

We hesitate to describe the situation in which we find ourselves for we know that there is suffering in your country and even among the suppressed people of Japan. But you can not know what is happening here if we remain silent. In many parts of eastern Shansi and western Hopei the people are collecting leaves, bark and grass for food. Even the chaff of millet and wheat is a luxury which few can afford. It is pitiful to see the people as ashen grey skeletons and the children with protruding abdomens. Every day numbers are dying from privation, exposure and disease.

We are anxiously calling both day and night for those who will relieve our distress. And we are led to believe through the expression you have already made that your organizations have an interest in uplifting humanity. The coming of your representatives have given us new faith in the friendship we have always felt toward you and your country.

In representing the people of this region we wish to express our highest respect and most profound gratitude for the deep sympathy and generous help which you have given us. It will remain a source of encouragement and stimulation to us through the dark days ahead. And we fervently hope that you will find it possilble to continue your work in raising funds and in sending administrators to relieve our suffering and to free our people from their misery.

Most respectively yours,

Signed; The Political Directors Bureau of the Guerrilla Base Regions

JUNE 23 (Sunday, Yea Li (Wu Hsiang)) Peasants home 70 li

Without eating any breakfast we piled our baggage on the old horse that Li Ti Hua brought along and started for Wu Hsiang. We had to cross the big range of mountains that divide Le Cheng from Wu Hsien. Up-up-up and finally over the top. The variance of the terrain on the two sides of the range is most interesting. To the east, as far as the eye can see are rugged cliffed mountans. Go to the west the range we are on dwindles down to rolling foothills and a large valley of eroded loess hills that by the use of terraces are cultivated from top to bottom.

We got caught in a rain storm this evening, so were unable to reach our destination. However we are spending the night in a most agreeable country

home. They are most hospitable.

Today's "New China Daily" carries the news of my arrival in this territory and with it an article on me and my work. Damn it all. I wish I could avoid publicity. I've tried my best to keep my business quiet. I hope this causes no trouble for my father and the Mission.

Hear that France wants to make peace with Germany.

JUNE 24 (Monday, Headquarters of Eighth Route Army) 30 li

[*Note Howard does not give the location of the headquarters in case the diary would fall into Japanese hands.*]

Met one of the evangelist boys (Chow) on the road this A.M. Yin and I went to see him. They are having quite a tough time of it here. [*This is probably Li Chen Chow, an evangelist from Chin Chow. See April 13, 1939.*]

Arrived at the military headquarters about noon. Knowing that it was the headquarters, it was quite conspicuous for its lack of guards and military air.

We went back and forth between the several villages several times before we finally got located in the guest bureau. They served us a very nice meal and found us a very nice peasant's home in which to stay. But they still treated us as strangers.

They brought us food this evening, but no one came to talk to us. This is a peculiar atmosphere.

[*Letter to Louis*]

Siang Yuan Hsein June 24, 1940

Dear Louis,

Have been delayed a day. J activity is increasing but we plan to move on tomorrow. Are still planning to go across the motor road and to follow the Ching River south to Yuan Cheng. As I mentioned previously I cannot meet you in Kaoping or Tsing Cheng as I am going direct to Yang Chang. Please don't wait even a day for me. It is impossible to predict what I may meet on the road. The Japanese are on the move up here, and of course there is still the friction.

I am anxious to hear how you have fared this last month.

I'm still hoping to climb Tai Pu. I've had enough practice this last month to be in good trim.

Dad brought me out some good food which I wish I could share with you. Cake, butter, milk, cocoa, sugar and a can of salmon.

Till we meet, Howard

JUNE 25 (Tuesday, Headquarters of Eighth Route Army)

This is one of the most interesting days I have spent in China.

After breakfast we received an invitation from Ts'oa Ts'an Mu (Chief of staff to General Chu Teh) [*Chu Teh was the top Communist military commander, and second under Mao.*] He received us very simply but sincerely. I presented our business, mainly that I hoped that they would be able to help me return to Sian. Then the conversation turned to political affairs. He doesn't sound very hopeful in regard to the present frictions. [*With the nationalists.*]

This P.M. Miss Kung Peng, a Yeng Jing graduate, [*the big foreign run University in Peiping.*] now secretary to Chu Teh paid a call on us. She is a charming and enthusiastic young lady of about 24. I served her two cups of cocoa. It was a pleasure to see how much she enjoyed it. Her home is in the French concession of Shanghai, so she is quite used to foreign things. She speaks fluent English, French, and Russian [*in addition to her native Chinese*]..

About five P.M. we received a note from vice commander (Field Marshal) P'ung Teh Huai inviting us to join him at supper in the cooperative restaurant. Those present at the meal besides General P'ung were Miss Peng (who ate nothing) T'ung Ti Yüan (Principal of Kong Ta), Lo Hsui Ching (Political Director) Lu Ting I (Assistant Political Director) Tsoa Chuan (Chief of Staff), and Mr. Li and myself.

General Pung was silent during the first part of the meal. He looked continually at the ceiling. Then he loosened up and was humorous and meaningful in what he had to say. He thinks that France let Germany in on purpose.

[*In April 1928 Chu Teh joined his rag-tag army with the forces of Mao in the mountains of Kaingsi and in the fall of 1928 they were joined by P'ung Teh Huai and his small force. Together, they totaled about 10,000 men and were the start of the Red Army. P'ung Teh Huai was in over-all command of the Chinese forces during the Korean War. Thus he was the counterpart to General McArthur. P'ung fell out of favor with Mao when he tried to convince Mao that the great leap forward was a mistake. P'ung may have had his own ideas about how China should be developed. (See June 29).*]

JUNE 26 (Wednesday, Headquarters of Eighth Route Army)

Figure 10.33: Left to right: unknown, Li TiHua, Ms. Kung Peng. Conversation with Peters ocoa (box behind tea pot) and condensed milk (can held by Mr. Li). Note the woman in the background with bound feet. She is a product of old China, while Ms. Kung represents the emerging new China.

It had been our intention to get off this morning, but they brought news around that the enemy has started operations in the region we are planning to pass through. It looks maybe that we will be caught in the Japanese advance. This is a Hell of a Mess.

Miss Peng and Mr. Li spent most of the morning with us. Served cocoa again and opened a can of oranges. Enjoyed three hours of very constructive conversation.

This afternoon we went to see another guest of the Headquarters, Mr. Kun-Po Lee. He is one of China's famous liberal scholars who is now in military uniform. He is gathering information and news in the war area for publication. He is a good possible mediator between the two parties.

Had supper together with Mr. Lee Kun-Po down in our room. Just as we were finishing who should come along but General P'ung Teh Huai. It was quite a rare opportunity for me to have Mr. Lee and General P'ung together. P'ung is considered a silent and serious man. But this evening he opened up considerably. Lee was frank and outspoken. P'ung replied with

equally outspoken words.

P'ung thinks that the friction will not get worse, but he fears that it can not get better. He quite frankly says that the Eighth Route will carry on its program and he hopes to see the Government cooperate. If the two sides fight, the other side will have to fire the first gun.

P'ung is going to give me one of his manuscripts, "Three Years of War".

[*P'ung did give Howard his account of the three year's struggle that the Eighth Route Army had had up to that time with the Japanese and the Nationalists. Here is Howard's brief account of the 50-odd page draft that was in Howard's files.*]

—— The Eighth Route During 3 Years of War ——

Three years ago the Eighth Route Army came to the front with 80,000 fighting men who were armed with only 30,000 rifles, 400 light machine guns, 2 cannons (mountain guns), and with the support of only one cavalry unit. Today their fighting numbers are 220,000 soldiers (not including misc. guerrilla groups) with five mounted regiments. They possess 120,000 rifles (30,000 from the peasants, 30,000 from misc. troops (bandits, guerrillas etc.) that have joined them, and 30,000 from the Japanese), 2,700 machine guns, 70 cannon (62 of which have been taken from the Japanese).

Up to June 1, 1940, this army operated almost entirely behind Japanese lines, engaged the Japanese on 9,625 occasions, killing or wounding 129,440 men of the enemy forces and 38,925 of the Chinese troops that are helping the enemy, and 16,820 horses and mules. They have captured 1074 Japanese prisoners, 24,953 Chinese supporters of the enemy, and 9,674 horses and mules.

[*At about this time Howard attended a big rally during which P'ung addresses his soldiers and introduced Howard to the group. The following is Howard's description of his introduction.*]

In the summer of 1940 I stood on a platform with field commander Pung Dehuai of the Chinese Communist Guerrillas. He was introducing me to an audience of soldiers, students, and peasants. Said Pung "We welcome this representative of our American friends who comes to express his concern in the oppression of our people in practical terms. The motivation bringing him to us in spite of ten thousand dangers and hardships is, as he explains it, the Christian principle of 't'ien hsa yi chai' (All beneath heaven one family).

Figure 10.34: (Top) General P'ung addressing the 385th Division of the Eighth Route Army. (Bottom) Listening to General P'ung.

We have no quarrel with this kind of Christianity for it is the assistance of one brother who is in distress by another who is more fortunate. He comes to us with a spirit of the family relationship of Humanity.

"But before our struggle against the imperialism of Japan is over, many will claim to be our friends for they will realize that our enemy is a common enemy. But perhaps what they will not realize is that our struggle is not against the Japanese who are also members of this world family, but with the Imperialism with which they are trying to burden us. The Japanese are not the sole proprietors of Imperialism. Even the country of this friend who is with us today exercises a degree of Imperialism. Our struggle is with Imperialism wherever it is found. And I am not afraid to say this in front of this foreign friend because I know that he, too, is fighting that battle with us. Nor are the elements of this struggle only with foreign powers, but also within China. Here, too, we resist it as an enemy.

"It is, therefore, important that we learn how to recognize our true friends, because we will need their help. And I tell you today that you will not know them by the loud noise that they make upstairs, but by their deeds and actions when they come down to us and dirty their hands for the common cause of humanity. I need not tell you that this young man is a true friend of China. His actions which you have all observed speak for him." (A free translation made from notes taken on the occasion – June, 1940, Li Cheng County.)

Chapter 11

Back to College

JUNE 27 (Thursday, Chow Nan) 120 li

Thursday morning we were up bright and early to start for the motor road. Lee Kun-po came down to see me off. He presented me with a Japanese war belt that was presented to him by Hu Lung.

Miss Kung Peng was also around early with letters and news articles for me to take out. I got two pictures of her. I hope they turn out, she is a peach.

I was presented with another war trophy before leaving — a Japanese horse. Because of a head wound it is minus one eye. And of course it is a bit thin as it hasn't been fed as well on this side as it was by the Japs. But all in all it has good possibilities. For obvious reasons I have christened him " Guerrilla".

They have been so friendly and open towards me that it was like leaving an old friend when we parted. (Particularly Miss Peng. She walked with me about a mile before she turned back. I hope that we can cultivate a close friendship.)

There were four in our party today. Mr. Sung of the headquarters, a political organizer, Yin and myself. Sung fell off his horse into the river. Besides that the only excitement we had on the road was the ever nearing sound of cannon.

At about 3:00 P.M. we arrived at a little village a few li east of the R.R. We planned to make the crossing by night. The Yen Chang there told us that we might have trouble crossing the river just on the other side of the R.R. But otherwise he thought there would be no trouble. On the evening of the 23rd they tore up and carried off 160 rails. The Japs were still busy fixing that.

Figure 11.1: (top) The political group of Kan Ta, guided by Howard, crossing the Tso Chang River. (bottom) Yin and Guerrilla, with his bandaged eye, leading the Kan Ta group to safety.

Figure 11.2: The accompanying Eighth Route soldiers acted as a rear guard for the group. Here a machine gunner is waiting for any Japanese that might come through the pass.

At five P.M. a soldier brought us a message telling us to return to the military headquarters immediately. The Japanese were only ten li from us to the West and there was an encirclement move behind. It was a dangerous situation to be in so we lost no time in retracing our steps. We met up with a political group of Kan Ta — about 200 students, boys, girls, & children. They were quite green and a bit excited about the sudden change of events. We saw the difficulty of their situation so took the responsibility of getting them out of their trap. Also picked up several sick and wounded soldiers on the way, so it was quite a crowd of us. We couldn't take the road that we had come on. That was already cut, so we routed around to the south. When we slipped through there was only a gap of about 7 miles. One hour later and we should have been caught in the trap. We were on the march until 1:00 A.M. the following morning before we reached a place we thought safe enough to spend the night.

[*Howard was well placed to guide them, because he knew this region very well.*]

JUNE 28 (Friday, Headquarters, Eighth Route Army) Wu Hsing 50 li

At Five o'clock we were awakened by heavy machine gun and cannon fire about 10 li below us. It didn't take long to pack and start moving. It looked like the Japs were coming right up after us. Went south again to where we heard the Headquarters was, but in the meantime it had moved North West again. By evening we had found the place and were again established. Miss Kung P'ung was around first thing to see that I was comfortable.

There has been some heavy fighting around Siying today.

JUNE 29 (Saturday, Headquarters, Eighth Route Army) Le Cheng 70 li

Hadn't more than gotten to sleep it seemed before there was a knock on the door and a voice telling us to hurry and get our things packed. The Headquarters was going to move. The enemy was only five miles away.

Seven minutes after we were called we were ready to start. But they decided that breakfast would be served first. When we had finished eating, it was already getting light, but still we didn't leave.

About 9:00 A.M. General P'ung Teh Huai came around. I could tell immediately that he was pleased about something. The Japanese had retreated. He had chased about 5,000 Japs away with only 2,000 men. His losses were considerable (about 700 killed or wounded) but they got more Japs than they lost men themselves.

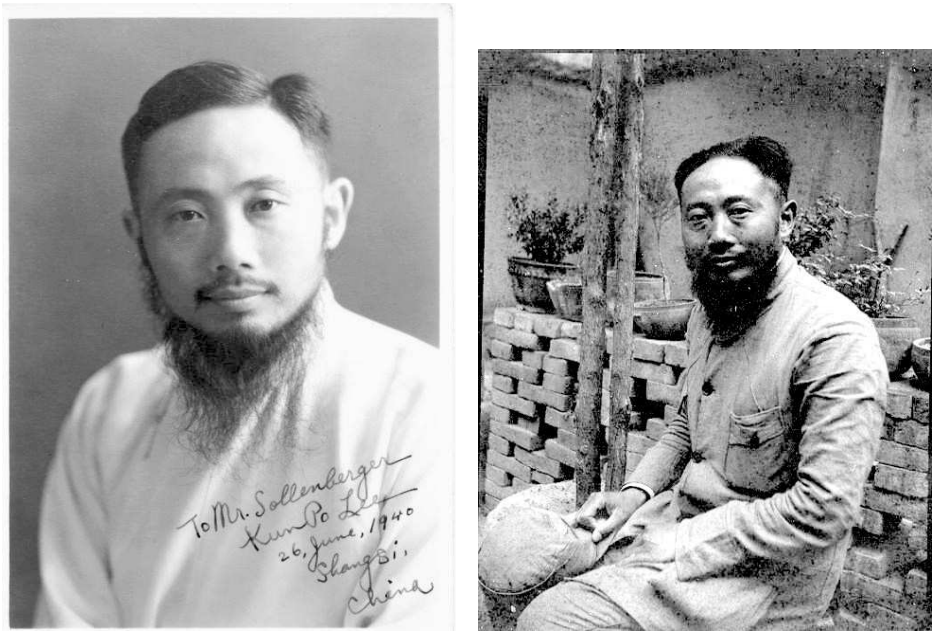


Figure 11.3: Lee Kun Po, the famous Chinese scholar assassinated by the Chinese Nationalists in Shanghai. (Left) Studio photo with dedication to Howard. (Right) Photograph taken by Howard at the Eighth Route Army Headquarters.

Half an hour later Lee Kun Po came in. The three of us shared conversation for the next four hours. We got General P'ung started on his early experiences. He started his revolutionary life at 17. His first experience was capture and torture for 32 days [*by the Nationalists*]. He has had hundreds of close calls but has never once been wounded.

Miss Kung P'ung came over during the early evening. We took a two hour walk together up the mountain back of the village. Boy! She is a princess. I'm afraid that I have almost fallen. On the way back we met P'ung standing by a deep loess ravine seemingly lost in deep thought. We interrupted his privacy to find out that he was thinking over plans for dams and an irrigation system. [*Howard told me that he was very impressed that a front line general, in the middle of war, would be thinking so much of reconstruction.*]

After supper Lee came over and we talked and sang until 12:00.

[*An Interview with General P'ung (June 29, 1940)*]

Chinese proverb: "To catch all the fish in a pond you have to drain the pond."

General P'ung used the above proverb to describe the method the Central Gov. used (or tried to use) against the communist during the civil war. "The Japanese", he says, "have now adopted the same method against the Eighth Route Army. Their plan is to surround us first and then to gradually close in, draining off the land, supplies, and population that we now control; and then they think that they can catch us."

"Their effort to surround us in the first place is futile. They can capture the railways and motor roads on our four sides. But they can not control more than a few important points and their transports from point to point along these lines. Thus, although they have us nominally surrounded by roads and track and occupied cities, we enjoy more freedom of movement and communication than we have ever experienced. In reality we have them surrounded and are gradually, by military, political and social measures, draining off the territory they have occupied, their supplies and the population that is under their control."

"85% of China's population is rural. Thus, although the Japanese occupy all the big cities and lines of communication, they only occupy 5% of China."

[*At about this time Miss Kung P'ung described to Howard the treatment of Japanese prisoners of war. He reported both this conversation and an earlier incident that he had witnessed in a letter intended for a newspaper. Although not all Japanese prisoners were well treated as described in Howard's letter, the official Chinese policy at this time was to care for them very well. Here are excerpts from his letter:*]

"While visiting the guerrilla base areas of China in 1938 I was surprised to happen on a reception being held for five captive Japanese soldiers. Speeches of welcome were followed by a banquet at which the prisoners were guests of honor. The reception was held by the county civil government with representatives from the 18th United Group Army and the 'Dare To Die' guerrillas. Prisoner response was first one of tense bewilderment. Before the end of the reception their reserve had broken down and they were laughing and attempting to converse in broken Chinese with their hosts. I was told that they would later be sent to a detention school camp.

Two years later ... [*Kung P'ung, Director of prisoner of war affairs*] ... told me of [*the Eighth Route*] policy in dealing with prisoners of war.

For six months they were interned in a camp associated with the 'Anti-Japanese National Reconstruction University.' Here they were fed the best available food and given the most desirable quarters. Their time was occupied in learning Chinese and Chinese culture. and the basis of the Sino-

Japanese war and the reasons for the Chinese resistance to Japanese imperialism.

At the end of six months, the prisoners were given the choice of returning to their own troops or of remaining and working with the Chinese. About 20% chose to return. These were given safe conduct to their own lines. Though they were never heard from later, the Chinese considered the loss of these men to their advantage as they would never again be effective soldiers against the Chinese. Secondly, merely by their reappearance in good health they would disprove to their own comrades the common indoctrination that the Chinese took no captives.

Those who chose to remain with the Chinese were given probationary work under observation. At the end of a year they were given equality of status and opportunity of promotion with the Chinese themselves. Several technically trained men had at that time obtained positions of considerable importance — [*one*] as Director of one of the base hospitals and [*another as ?*] assistant chief of radio communications. Many did public relations and education work among the peasants through dramatic presentations and speaking. Some chose to go to the front and fight as they said, "Not against their own kind, but the imperialism of their misinformed country, and for the future cooperation among Asiatic peoples on a basis of equality. in only one case out of 1076 prisoners was this trust misplaced.

Later I talked to several of the prisoners. They had been transformed from methodical pawns of the [*?*] war machine into men of understanding and enthusiasm. Their only regrets seemed to be that their families and communities would probably never accept them again. Some hoped that their wives would join them in China after the war.")

JUNE 30 (Sunday, Le Cheng) 60 li

Got information from General P'ung that it would be impossible to cross the motor road for a week at least, so we have started back by way of Le Cheng. Miss Kung P'ung walked a mile with me and then we parted. (After promising to write to each other.)

They fixed me up with passes, letters of introduction, and two mounted guards. They are certainly good to us.

We are spending the night in a little Le Cheng village after crossing the Tai Hang range today.

JULY 1 (Monday, Lu Cheng — Lou Hu Tsung) 70 li

Crossed the Chang river just in time. We hadn't gotten on the other side more that fifteen minutes before a big rain storm came upon us.

Bought "Guerrilla" a new pair of shoes this noon. Guess they hadn't properly broken in as he slid down a bank into the river. Got all my things wet, dash it all.

We are spending the night less than five miles from the Japs. They are on the move but we don't know in which direction. We have taken the precaution of having a man (local farmer) stay with us tonight, so in case we have to leave during the night, we will have someone to help us across the river to safer territory. I hope the road to Ping Shun is still open.

JULY 2 (Tuesday, Ping Shun) 80 li

We passed the night without a disturbance but darn near ran into a trap this A.M. in the N.E. corner of Lu Cheng County. The Japanese garrison that was not far from us last night moved west early this morning thus cutting our return route. We got to the top of a range south of the Chiang River just as the Japs were leaving the small village in the valley below through which we planned to pass. Could see them quite clearly through my glasses. At first I thought it wise to return to Le Chang and wait for further developments. But just as we were planning to retrace our steps, an aeroplane appeared, circled above us, then headed toward Li Cheng to release its bombs. We interpreted that to mean that there would be activity in Li Cheng soon, so decided to continue on south even though it means crossing the enemy line.

We picked the village which the Japs had just left as the point at which we would cross. The chances were that they would not return immediately. In passing the village the peasants stopped us saying that there were three wounded people in the village — could we help? Despite the danger of the locality we stopped to do what we could. While we worked, the men of the village stood guard so that we wouldn't be attacked by surprise. We found one woman, the mother of a five month old baby already dead. She was first raped and then pierced through the stomach several times with a bayonet. The baby also had a nasty bayonet wound, a nasty gash about 5 inches long. The intestines and part of the stomach were protruding but as they did not appear to be injured we sewed the baby up — 12 stitches. When we left two hours later it seemed quite happy and was able to eat. It may pull through if infection doesn't set in. The third was also a woman (middle aged). She had a bullet hole through the stomach and also through the right lung. She also had five gashes on her right fore arm where she had

Figure 11.4: Father who lost his wife with his wounded baby. Howard stitched up this baby's stomach after sprinkling sulfa powder into the wound.

been raked by a bayonet. She suffered injury when trying to prevent the Japs from kidnapping her 12 year old son. They got him but he escaped and returned while we were still there. The woman is in bad shape.

Moved to Ping Shun in the evening. Presented a letter of introduction from the Eighth Route Army headquarters to the Hsien Chiang Fu [*Magistrate*]. But he didn't receive us. Had a heck of a time trying to find a place to sleep. It's 1:00 A.M. now and we have just prepared for bed in the open yard of the Ya Min. [*County Court House.*]

JULY 3 (Wednesday, An K'o) Catholic Mission 55 li

Left Ping Shun without seeing the Hsien Chang, but I think he lost considerable face by our having slept on his door step. The Eighth Route sent a horse and three 17 year old guards along with us today. We are spending the night with the Dutch priest again. He is quite happy to have foreign guests.

JULY 4 (Thursday, Ling Chwan) Hsien Chang Foo; 65 li

Happy Birthday Mother !

It is just one year today that Liao Hsien was taken by the Japs. Thus today I celebrate the American Independence Day and commemorate the loss of my home town.

We left the Catholic Mission at An K'o at 7:30 and headed toward the Red line. At the last Eighth Route Army outpost we were told that it was difficult to cross there these few days. There had been several skirmishes in the last few days. This time we did not have the helpful advice or the company of a mailman. The situation had become more tense between the two groups, even to the point of actual fighting between them. When we finally arrived at the point from which we had planned to recross the line we discovered that the two sides were in the process of having a skirmish. There had been shooting going on for the last three days, and from the information I gathered the Government troops were attempting to invade the Eighth Route Army territory in an attempt to get grain. The Eighth Route, so they said, were protecting the grain for the peasants. But regardless of the cause they were fighting, and had been fighting for several days. I could distinctly hear the boom of cannon, the rattle of machine guns and the cracking of rifles. From the sound of it I would have judged the situation to have been quite serious. I asked one of the Eighth Route soldiers how many on their side had been killed. In a more or less apologetic voice he told me

that they had lost three killed and five wounded. The three killed had all been peasants who were hit by stray bullets, and three of the five wounded had been peasants.

"And how many of the government troops do you think have been killed."

His reply somewhat surprised me. "None, we hope."

After that the only sensible question I could ask was, "Why?"

And he gave a very sensible answer. "Chinese don't kill Chinese any more. We are all fighting for the same cause in defense of our country against the Japanese invaders."

I of course asked him what this fighting meant and he apparently didn't know apart from the fact that they had received orders from their officers to prevent Government troops from entering their territory and collecting grain from the peasants.

"This being the case, why do you waste so much ammunition shooting at each other if Chinese don't kill Chinese any more?"

His reply was, "Military orders are military orders, but they can't make us shoot at each other. We are all shooting like this." And he demonstrated by firing at one of the passing clouds.

If this were the case, maybe I wouldn't have so much difficulty in getting back through the lines after all. If they weren't shooting at each other, they certainly wouldn't shoot at one of their former friends. Anyhow, we had to go through.

In entering Government territory we above all wanted to be proud of our horse and we felt that he too would be prouder of himself if we could in some way provide him with a second eye. Mr. Yin is a man of great resource and soon discovered the solution to our problem. He took a small Chinese egg and blew the contents all out of the shell and with a brush and paint he created an eye to replace the one that was missing. Of course this eye was useless, but it was an eye nonetheless, so with our horse we started through the Red lines.

I sent a farmer ahead of us with my passes to inform the 40th Army outpost that I was coming through. I followed about a half mile behind the farmer while Yin and Guerrilla came about a half mile behind me. We separated to avoid suspicion.

The old farmer passed without challenge as the 40th guards were not on the main road but were camouflaged in a little clump of pine above the road. But when I came along they gave me the real works. After shouting at me to stop in an open place, they wanted to know who I was and what my business was. I shouted the facts back but they weren't satisfied. So I held up my pass and asked them to come down and inspect my credentials

or else let me take it up to them. They didn't agree to either proposal. After counseling among themselves, they shouted down to me something that I didn't understand. Then they threatened to shoot if I didn't do as they said. Then I got their idea. They wanted me to take off my clothes. There was nothing for me to do but to strip even though there were several women in the fields nearby. When all my covering was laid aside and I stood there before them in the nude, they ordered me to come up. Boy, I went right up after them and gave them a piece of my mind. Their attitude changed immediately. They were afraid that I would report them. It ended by their sending two guards with us all the way to Ling Chwan.

We are spending the night at the Ya Min [*County gov. offices.*] I note that the people on this side [*Nationalist*] are not as optimistic as the people on the other side [*Communist*].

[*In Howard's scrapbook is a piece of crude paper labeled "Just out of Communist territory." I suppose that Howard considered some observations too risky to write down while he was still in Communist territory. I think that overall Howard was sympathetic to the stated aims of the Communists, and he certainly considered their war effort against the Japanese more effective than that of the Shansi provincial army and perhaps even that of the Nationalists. But he was not blind to the failures and excesses of some local commanders and political cadres. The following is his list of sensitive observations:*]

- Social Revolution:

    1. Liquidation of:
        a. Han Kien (traitors and spies)
        b. Ta la so chi (carpetbaggers — people who are grasping and feather their own nest.)
    2. Condemnation of:
        a. Rich landowners and merchants (Wan Ku). Sixteen killed because they were either:
            i Not true believers in the Three People's Principals (ja gwa ming dan).
            ii Because they speak and work against the Communists secretly and help the Japanese (twa chi kan).
        b. Central Government supporters, rich, students and all those who refuse to work for Communists.
        c. Christians, who are said to be:
            i "T'wa le shieh" — secretly passive toward Japanese.
            ii "T'wa le shun" — secretly do as they are told to do by the Japanese.

            Christians are said to now be running dogs for the Japanese as they were formally running dogs for the missionaries.

- In Liao Hsien, Wu Hsien, and Yü Hsien:

    1. No merchants are left. Soldiers are the merchants in the stores. Only Communist army people are buying and selling. They buy clothes from farmers for $3 and sell for $15.
    2. If a man has too much merchandise he is called a traitor.

3. Farmers cannot make [*and sell*] noodles or kill pigs. They must sell eggs and chickens through coop. But flour can still be sold by the farmers.

4. Coops have monopoly on salt, cotton, cloth, clothes.

5. Japanese goods are brought in great quantity by the Communists themselves and resold at large profit. If the ordinary farmer sells Japanese material, he is executed.

- The Communists:

1. Everything that Russia does is the best. Peasants are not sure whether the communists are linked with the Russians or not.

2. Peasants say that they [*the communists*] are good guerrillas, but they don't fight much. And they are not sure where they fight, but they say they are good fighters.

3. Many women soldiers live as the men do.

4. Peasants do not know much of what happens in their ranks. Refugees and we see from far off.

5. Communists live with the peasants but eat separately and very much better than the peasants.

6. Education is compulsory with a strong military/propaganda flavor. In addition to primary schools there is 1-2 years of middle school and 8 months of college.

The Story of Lui Chih-chang

Mr. Lui was a small landed gentry who lived in Liao Hsien, Shansi.

Mr. Lui was caught trying to escape from Communist territory in Hu Kwan Hsien and was thrown into a cesspool. Because his brother was a student in Kuomingtang [*nationalist*] school, the mother was forced to watch his brother being cut at intervals. Kept this way for two days and then shot. Mother died from the shock. Whole family lost.

JULY 5 (Friday, Ling Chwan) Hsien Chang Foo

Had a bath in the bath house this morning. Then we paid a visit to General Hu Cheng Ling. He has every appearance of a military man. I fear that the friction will not improve with him on this side. His plan is to fight the Reds if they don't toe the line. The cooperation must be from them. "We won't give."

JULY 6 (Saturday, Ling Chwan) Hsien Chang Foo

No word from General Fan, so we have stayed another day in Ling Chwan. Spent the morning meditating and writing in a little pavilion in the Confucian temple.

After lunch I paid a visit to General Huang, one of the famous guerrilla commanders. General Huang has been fighting the Japanese for 8 years. He started out by being in the Jap army, but later deserted and rejoined the Chinese side. He is a bit egotistical but has a good deal of the Eighth Route spirit. Spends all his energy fighting the enemy. He is nearly always at the front with his troops.

General Huang is a good penman. He wrote the note that is attached to this page — a tribute to me. [*The note says, roughly, "Our American friend who, together with us, strongly strikes the Japanese enemy army." And is signed, stamped and dated.*] He also gave me two books, one, his text book on Guerrilla warfare; the other the story of his anti-Japanese activity.

This evening we went to see Le Su Ling, Guerrilla commander for the Second War Area, to discuss the best route to the Yellow River. He advises going North of Tsing Cheng. There were two other high officers present. We had quite a discussion of various affairs — The Eighth Route Army, the European situation, and which country produces the best looking women, and what constitutes beauty.

JULY 7 (Sunday, Ling Chwan) Hsien Chang Foo Double Seventh

Three Years ago today the Chinese started their War for National Independence against Japanese Imperialism. No one believed it possible that China could resist for three years. Yet today China is stronger and more determined than she was three years ago.

They held a big celebration just East of town this A.M. I tried my best to be merely a member of the audience. But they finally got me up on the platform to say a few sentences.

Figure 11.5: (Top) The Ling Chwan mass meeting on July 7. (Bottom-left) Road check of documents as Howard traveled south. (Bottom-right) Miss Chen Mangu, who gave Howard a picture.

Figure 11.6: The painting that Miss Chen Mangu gave Howard. It mentions that Howard is a friend of the Chinese nation, gives her name and the date: July 7, 1940.

Saw the Chief of Staff of the 27th Army at the meeting. He says that we can start for the Kaoping motor road tomorrow. There is no party going across, but he thinks it better if we use peasants as our guides.

There is a young lady [*Miss Chen Mangu — her given name, Mangu, is the same as the Chinese name for Bangkok, the capital of Thailand. Perhaps she was born there.*] here at the Ya Min — an artist. She has been trying very hard to make my acquaintance. Even gave me one of her paintings today. She is a college graduate — Peiping University, — Dresses in modern clothes, — eats the best food, — travels in a sedan chair, — and doesn't have near the enthusiasm that Kung P'ung has. The two make quite an interesting comparison.

JULY 8 (Monday, Kao Ping, Yuen Wan) Hsien Chang Foo 45 li

Our would be early start proved to be noon. Darn it all, it is hard to

get things done on time in China. "What does it matter if it is an hour or even a day late."

There was a commemoration service held for Dr. Sun Yoo Tzin in the Ya Min this A.M. Four speakers gassed for a total of two and a half hours. I understand that they hold such a commemoration service every week. The audience stands during the whole meeting. If they are all like the one this morning, they are pretty dry.

Nine men, Guerrilla, Yin and I pushed off for Kao Ping and the Tsing Cheng motor road at noon. This 45 li from Ling Chwan to the Kao Ping Hsien Chang Foo has been the easiest of our entire trek. It was a good dirt road and down hill all the way. We are now descending from the Tai Hang mountains.

The Kao Ping Hsien Chang Foo is an interesting chap — very much to the point. He has none of the old excess politeness. If he is right we should have no trouble crossing the motor road tomorrow night. Here's hoping he is right. [*Howard's map shows them going south of Kao Ping city, which was controlled by the Japanese who also had a presence on the motor road. The Kao Ping Magistrate was refugeeing in a little village outside of Kao Ping, possibly Yuen Wan.*]

JULY 9 (Tuesday Kao Ping, Yuan Tsung) Inn 90 li

Went up on the hill near where we stayed in last night to have a look at the lay of the land. It didn't look very promising from where I was. There were too many small outposts scattered all over the Kao Ping valley through which we had to pass. But I decided to try it, so at 2:00 P.M. Guerilla, Yin, a plain clothes guide and I started for the enemy territory. Our timing wasn't very good as we had to pass within two li of the first enemy post and cross the first motor road before dusk. As a result of our ignorance, (or lack of sufficient information) we got two sprays of machine gun fire and three cannon shot. But we were in good territory then and were out of sight before they got the range. I'm afraid Guerrilla gave us away. He is too big for a peasant's horse. But we will forgive him as he behaved beautifully. He didn't bray once as we crossed the three motor roads or while slipping past the 8 Japanese posts.

It was 2:00 A.M. Wednesday morning before we reached a place that was safe enough to spend the night. Had a heck of a time finding a place to sleep. I ended up by making my bed on a big millstone.

JULY 10 (Wednesday, Ching Shui, Ku Hsien Chen) 50 li

Figure 11.7: Old couple grinding grain. Note that the roller is not tapered. Thus it skids on the lower stone as it is turned and grinds as well as crushes the grain. There are two whisk brooms on the mill mount that are used to sweep any partly ground grain back under the roller.

They chased me off my millstone bed at 5:00 this morning. That was two hours before I intended to get up. But they had to grind their grain for breakfast.

Instead of continuing north west as we had previously planned, we cut south west from Yang Tsung in a direct line for Yuan Chu [*Where they would cross the Yellow River.*]. We had two peasants along to act as guides. One of them was a tall lanky fellow about 22 years. He was an exceptionally intelligent fellow and quite wide awake. He was full of questions, mostly about America.

Ku Hsien Chen has a big sounding name, but it is a dinky, dirty little place. Only about a third of the people are at home and half of these are sick with Typhus or relapsing fever. The people of Ching Shui and Yang Tsung are entirely different from those of Kao Ping. They are cowardly, and

are selfish individualists.

We hear that there are Japanese on the Yang Cheng — Ching Shui motor road now. That makes another line for us to cross. Then I hope that it is over with for a while.

JULY 11 (Thursday, Le Chwang, Ching Shui) 60 li

When we started out this morning the way seemed quite open and peaceful, but before we reached Twan Su the atmosphere became quite tense. The Japanese were reported to have occupied a little village on the main road 8 li south of Twan Su. Long before we got to Twan Su we met refugees and soldiers moving away from the vicinity.

Fortunately we have had enough experience of the Japanese activity to know that such a move was only temporary. (Their newly adopted guerilla method.) At most they would only stay half a day. So we kept right on our course. However we waited at Twan Su until we got accurate information that the enemy had gone back to their mountain roost

On the way to Le Chwan we passed through the village where they had been. There were still a couple of dead mules and one man in the river bed.

Saw a magnificent home that the Japanese burned in Twan Su. A $200,000 court. It must have been some place, but not now.

JULY 12 (Friday, Wu An) Peasant's Home 20 li

There was a big rain last night and the river is high today. There is no chance of crossing today. Isn't this a fine situation. The Japanese on one hand and a swollen river on the other. There is no alternative but to spend the night in this little village. But tomorrow we must do something. This is not a very good place to stay.

The route we are taking is quite a thoroughfare now. There are troops going back and forth nearly every day. Today we met about 200 men of the 27th Army coming back from Honan. One of their officers saw Louis about ten days ago, but didn't find out his plans.

There is a group of the 93rd Army staying in this village. They are absolute trash. One hundred of their men cause the village more trouble than the 3,000 Eighth Route soldiers that passed through yesterday.

It is quite evident that there are a large number of Japanese spies in this region. I am quite sure that I met three today.

JULY 13 (Saturday, Wu An) Peasant's Home Unlucky Day

Figure 11.8: Guerrilla fell getting off the ferry and had to have his pack unloaded.

The river was still high this morning, but we had hopes of it going down sufficiently by midnight to permit our crossing. We waited until five o'clock for all the miscellaneous soldiers here to go on ahead. It was our plan to follow them. But they didn't go. Guess they are being fed too well, or something.

We loaded up Guerrilla and started off by ourselves. But we hadn't gone more that a few miles before it started to rain again. By the time we had reached a place where it was safe (from the Japanese) to cross the river it had swollen again so as to make it impossible to cross. There was nothing to do but to retrace our steps.

Because of the rain the red clay roads were terribly slippery. Poor Guerrilla had a nasty fall. It was going on 10:00 o'clock before we got back to Wu An. But the family that we are staying with gladly took us in again and made us a corn meal soup supper. If it weren't for the peasants we would be in it.

JULY 14 (Sunday)

A clear day caused the river to drop considerably so we decided to make another attempt to get through to Yang Cheng. We found a good guide who promised to lead us the first ten miles. Again we had the problem

Figure 11.9: Japanese propaganda (Left) Mao takes from poor peasants and gives to Russia. (Right) The tree of pan-asian solidarity says "Halt!" to the British, Chiang and the Communists.

of deciding whether to first cross the river and then the Japanese line or whether to first take the enemy line. At the last minute it seemed more favorable to first cross the river as there was a boat put at our disposal by the village elder. The question of using the boat was whether Guerrilla was well disposed to make such a crossing. He did swell getting in the boat, but made a rather awkward landing. Got our baggage wet. It was five thirty when we landed on the west bank of the Cheng river so we moved south without waiting. About seven o'clock we entered the danger region. It wasn't sufficiently dark, so we waited until 9:00 P.M.

During the early part of the night we were blessed by a 3/4 moon. As our route was ever a little used mountain path we were thankful for the help of the moon. But as we drew near the motor road, we wished a cloud would shade the night light. And to grant our wish a cloud plopped between us and the moon just as we were slipping past the danger zone.

JULY 15 (Monday, K'ung Chih) Peasant's home 90 li

All that disturbed the night at the tense moment was the single crack of a rifle.

Our trouble began just south of the motor road. We had been unable to find another guide, and the fellow that started out with us wasn't sure of which path to take. Nor was there anyone of whom to inquire the way. All the villages in that region were deserted ruins. We knew that our direction was due south, so we picked the most likely path and continued. I don't know how we managed to keep on the right path. Luck was with us. About three miles south of the motor road we met two peasants. After considerable

Figure 11.10: (Top Left) Refugee women on the road. (Top Right) Feeding her brother. (Bottom-left) Young women with relief money. (Bottom-right) A refugee mother with many children in temple yard.

persuasion, one of them agreed to lead us to a place of safety. We passed through several villages that the Japanese visit every day. The walls are covered with their posters and propaganda.

Just as dawn broke it started to rain. But we were still in enemy territory, so we had to keep moving. It was ten o'clock before we reached a village where we could sleep without one eye and one ear open.

Slept until late afternoon. Still raining, so we will spend the night here.

JULY 16 (Tuesday, Nuan Chang) 60 li

Distributed relief to several hundred refugees that are living in the Kun Chih temples. Nearly all of them are from Yang Cheng city. They have been away from home for three months now and are having a hard time of it. In the seventy three families that I helped 102 persons had died during this period of three months and there are still 157 sick. It is mostly typhus and relapsing fever.

Passed Hopei Ko at noon. Yin went to the P.O. to see if there was any mail for me. I led Guerrilla and headed direct for Cha Ling. On the way I met 30+ soldiers of the 83rd Division. When they saw me leading a foreign horse, they presumed that I was a Japanese. Every one of them turned tail and ran. Luckily none of them had guns or it might have been dangerous.

No letters, but news! Louis left yesterday for Yuan Chu. I'm just one day behind him. He got the idea some how that I was ahead of him so he tried to catch me.

We are going to spend the night on the floor of a stable. No room in the inn.

JULY 17 (Wednesday, Hsi Hung Hung) Dressing station

From Nuan Chan to Hung Hu Cheng we move along at a good pace. The Japanese are left behind and there are no big rivers ahead.

At the 14th army group we got more information about Louis. He is just one day ahead of me. Dr. Wang says that he has been having some stomach trouble recently so is not feeling so well. The folks at the headquarters are quite interested in the Eighth Route region. They had a lot of questions to ask.

We left Hung Hu for Hsi Hung Hung after lunch. For some reason Guerrilla wasn't of a mind to move. He would stop at every slope. We were only able to make about a mile an hour. Finally I came on ahead to find a place to spend the night and to find straw and grain for Guerrilla. They

didn't get here until 12:00. At the top of the last hill Guerrilla absolutely refused to go. He lay down in the middle of the road and stayed there for three hours.

JULY 18 (Thursday, Tung Shan Chen) Inn

Though joining Louis today I had to part with Guerrilla. He seemed revived sufficiently this morning to start out. But before going one mile he stalled again. Despite all our efforts he refused to go. Being thoroughly disgusted we loaded all our baggage on a carrier and on myself and Yin led him back to Hse Hung Hung and turned him over to the army dressing station. They were mighty pleased to get him despite his ailments.

Arrived at Tung Shan at 5:00 P.M. Good to see Louis again. He is considerably thinner than he was when we separated. The diarrhea has worn him down.

Had a batch of mail, 15 letters. Nothing from Helen yet. I wonder what's up.

Had my first watermelon of the season today.

JULY 19 (Friday, Nan Tsung) Honan 60 li

We have at long last left the messed up Shansi. And I can't say that I am sorry to leave. In fact, it was a pleasure to see the banks of Honan drawing closer as the junk drifted across the Yellow River.

Yü Kao Tsan was not in Yuan Chu when we arrived; he has gone to Loyang. Nieh was on the Honan side of the river with his recently arrived wife and daughter. So instead of spending the night in Yuan Chu we hurried across the River.

Nieh's wife had a hard time getting south from Liao. Lost her little baby on the way.

JULY 20 (Saturday, Mien Chih) 105 li

The weather was on our side. It was a perfect day for travel. No rain, but heavy clouds all day. It was wonderfully cool, so the 100+ li did not amount to much.

About 30 li from Mien Chih, Yin and I went on ahead to inquire about Dohans. We arrived just at dark. Saw Dr. Kao. He told us that Dohan was staying in Loyang. So we decided to make a quick trip to see them. Louis is going to wait in Mien Chih and I will take Yin to Loyang and come back on the evening train.

We hear that Sian has been kept under cover by air alarms for the last few days. It is probably the planes flying from Yuan Cheng to bomb Chungking. Chungking must be all but leveled to the ground.

It is mighty good to know that we are at the railway again and that hoofing it over mountains is about over, I hope.

JULY 21 (Sunday, Loyang) With Jean and Paul in Hotel

It was two o'clock this morning when Yin and I got on the train for Loyang. Had been waiting two hours for the train. We were both as tired as could be having walked 105 li yesterday and getting only 1 hours sleep before we went to the platform. I had hoped to get sleepers, but we were not only unable to get sleepers, we couldn't even find a place to sit down. So when we got to Loyang (5:00 A.M.) we were thoroughly poohed out.

Jean, Paul and Miss Hall were delighted and surprised to see me. Had to tell them all about my stay in Shansi. Miss Hall felt badly that she had not gone along with me.

They took me out to have foreign food for breakfast. Good for a change.

Paul wants to go to Sian so I will wait and go with him tomorrow. Called up Louis to let him know my change in plans.

Visited Ashbury this evening. Jean & Paul are very happy to have Yin!

JULY 22 (Monday, On the train from Loyang to Sian) Slept in until 9:00 o'clock

Jean is not feeling well today — is staying in bed.

Had a good talk with Miss Hall this morning. Told her my experiences in Shansi and of the conditions there. She has decided to go to Shansi to do some epidemic work. We will furnish her with the balance of what funds we have. She plans to take Yin along. [*She did take Yin and headed back towards her base near Wutai Shan (about 80 miles North of Ping Ting). But she also became sick and had to be carried back across the Yellow River by stretcher.*]

Paul and I went out to the Loyang caves (where refugees are staying). Went there to get some things he had stored. Visited the maternity hospital and several of the refugee caves.

Were a bit rushed today in getting ready to leave. Missed lunch and dinner.

The E.R.A. officer paid us a visit and gave us some canned food to eat on the train.

Picked up Louis on Mien Chih about 10:00 P.M. He had a lot of food with him as usual.

JULY 23 (Tuesday, On the train to Sian, Green Express)

Dawn was just breaking when we pulled into Wen Tei Chin. Settled ourselves and baggage on the platform and went to inquire about the handcar. The station master didn't sound very promising but we were persistent. And sure enough, along came a handcar about 11:00 A.M. A General (15th Army) Paul, Louis and I were allowed to enjoy the luxury of a handcar. But soon after we left Wen Tei we were stopped by R.R. guards. They were not going to let us pass. I finally had to go in and see the commander. After that all went well.

Had to walk through the Tung Kwan tunnel and take another car from the other side. Tung Kwan is about the same as before — a complete mass of ruins.

Took the slow train for Sian, but the Green Express overtook us. So to get to Sian on the earliest possible train, we changed over and got on the Green Express. Dr. and crew all the way to Sian. Finished up my can.

JULY 24 (Wednesday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Pulled into Sian at 11:00 last evening. Skipped through the station with hardly any trouble — not even passport inspection.

Arrived at Bergstrom's 12:00 midnight. Every one was abed but Julius got up and fixed us a room.

The first thing upon awakening this morning I found my movie camera — a beauty of a Bell and Howell — on the table beside my bed. Before I had gotten one good look at it, the first air alarm of the morning sounded.

During the day we have had no less than four alarms and one bombing. It has kept us hopping. And here we were anticipating rest and relaxation in Sian.

Spent most of the day by the bomb shelter studying my movie instruction book.

Boy, but it is good to sit down at a table spread with good American food.

Got a swell batch of mail — Helen — Silcock — G.M.B [*General Mission Board*] — Mother — Father +

JULY 25 (Thursday, Sian) Bergstroms.

I was sleeping soundly at 6:00 A.M. this morning when the first air alarm of the day sounded. But I was too sleepy to stir. However, when the urgent sounded ten minutes later I was out of bed and into my clothes like a college boy that waits for the last breakfast bell before stirring.

Two alarms today, but no bombs.

About noon the gateman told me that there was a person by the name of Wang from Shanghai who wanted to see me. I had no idea who I knew in Shanghai that might have come from Shanghai. But I went out to see. It was 21 year old Miss Wang with whom I had dined in Shanghai [*Nov. 26, 1939*]. How delightful to have a charming young lady call on me. But she is a lady in distress and has come to me for help.

I invited her out for dinner, ice cream and watermelon this evening and heard her story. The authorities won't let her carry out her plans of entering the E.R.A. school.

JULY 26 (Friday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Sharply at six A.M. the dammed alarm went off again. And again I was too lazy to move until the urgent shrieked out its warning. That was only the first. There were three more before the day was over, and one bombing in the N.E. section of the city.

Louis and I are only managing to catch a few minutes rest between alarms. We are about of a mind to go to Hua Shan to get a few days relaxation.

Have figured out some statistics on S.E. Shansi. In the S.E. part of Yang Cheng County 29.6% of the refugees were sick with either Typhus or relapsing fever. In one case of 549 refugees investigated, 168 were sick.

JULY 27 (Saturday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Visited Dohan at the Baptist hospital. He is enjoying his rest and the foreign food.

Also got started on our physical exams. Having come out of Shansi we should have about every kind of bug in existence. The exam is just to classify them.

Three more alarms today. We are getting used to them now. Hardly move.

Stockley advises us getting the medical supplies for Miss Hall from or through David Lee, a young Chemist. The list thus far includes 914 for relapsing fever, Sodium Sulphate & Kaolin for Dysentery & quinine, aspirin, & sulphur ointment.

I weighed myself today, 135 lbs. That tells a story in itself. [*His normal weight would have been about 170 lbs.*].

JULY 28 (Sunday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Visited several stores this A.M. to get prices on medical supplies. Then went around to get David Lee's estimate. He can do much better for us.

Took Stockley's introduction around to Banker Li of the Bank of China. He was not in, so our date of leaving is still quite uncertain.

Got the first reports from our physical exams. Louis has amoebic Dysentery. And my blood test, of all things turned out to be positive. I haven't any idea where I caught the stuff unless it was in that dirty Ling Chwan bath house. Well, it's done now.

Bergstroms are spending the night in Shing Ping.

JULY 29 (Monday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Started for David Lee's Chemical Works after breakfast, but only got as far as the Chung Lo (Bell tower) when the damn alarm sounded again. We turned around and ran with the crowd toward the west gate. However we stopped long enough to get several interesting movie shots.

All arrangements are made for getting the medicines through David Lee. 100 lbs of Mag Sulphate, 40 lbs of Kaolin, 200 amps of 914 (7.5) 2000 tablets of quinine sulphate, and a few other small items.

Banker Li got us jumping. We could leave tomorrow from Paoki on a Bank of China truck. We decided to try to make it. Had only four hours in which to catch the train. Louis went immediately home to start the packing. I went the rounds to conclude our business. The hospital, Miss Wang (She can't carry out her plans because of T.B. She had a good cry when I went around to see her.) The Anglican mission to get Miss Hall's money, and home. But we forgot one thing — our passports. The police still had them. And when Louis went for them, he couldn't get them out. Thus all our mad rush was in vain. We couldn't leave without our passports. Spent the evening looking at Bergstrom's colored slides.

JULY 30 (Tuesday, Sian) Bergstroms.

Two more alarms today. The planes are still going over to Chungking and vicinity. The people here are expecting the Japanese to switch their attention to Sian any day. I hope I'm not here then.

Figure 11.11: Fleeing Xian during an air raid.

Louis and I had almost made up our minds to go to Hua Shan on this evening train. But we got a call from Banker Li at three P.M. saying that the trucks leaving Paoki had been delayed, and that we still had a good chance to catch them. It was too late to catch the train today, so we will move on West tomorrow.

Got a few prints of our pictures today. Some of them are quite satisfactory. The bombing pictures from Nuan Chan are not quite what we expected.

Visited the Baptist hospital in time for tea again.

JULY 31(Wednesday, Sian) Bergstroms.

We had definitely made up our mind to start for Paoki today. So started rushing wildly about again. Fortunately a long air alarm in the morning gave us sufficient time to pack — 34 planes went over toward Sechuan.

After lunch I borrowed a bike and started over toward the hospital to give Paul a letter for Miss Hall. I had just gotten inside the East Gate on my way back to Bergstroms when the air alarm went off. It was four miles home,

but I decided to try it. There was such a mass of people running in every direction that it was hard making any headway. Just got to the compound gate when the urgent sounded and I could hear the drone of motors in the distance. No bombs here, just 30 more planes on their way to Sechuan.

Managed to catch our train despite the alarm. Arrived Paoki at 12:30. Plan to sleep in the C.I.M. [*China Inland Mission.*] inns all the way.

AUG. 1 (Thursday, Paoki) Y.M.C.A.

We were awakened this morning after 3 hours sleep by people coming into the chapel for prayer, so we got up and went over to the Bank of China in hopes of catching a truck.

The truck we had planned to go on left yesterday. But there is promise of another day after tomorrow.

It had been our plan to see a bit of Paoki today, but we were both too sleepy. In fact it was 6:30 P.M. before we finally stirred ourselves sufficiently to get out and have a look.

Paoki is a rapidly growing frontier town. Three years ago it was a small interior Hsien city of 5,000 population. Now it is the terminus of the Lung Hai R.R. and the junction of the Kansce – Chungking highway. It has electric power, big industrial plants, and 65,000 more people. There is also a moving picture theater and Y.M.C.A. and all the vice one would expect to find in a frontier war time town.

64 planes passed overhead today on their way to Sechuan.

Sent telegram to Shanghai telling them that we are on our way.

AUG. 2 (Friday, Paoki) Y.M.C.A.

I was up early to catch the express for Shih Lo P'o. Spent the A.M. there visiting the Coop weaving industry and a big cotton mill that had moved up from Hankow.

The Coops are really doing an excellent piece of work. Most of the cloth used in this region is made in their factories. And the people who work in the coops seem well treated. They have an eight hour day compared to a 12 hour day in the cotton mill.

Although I only visited the cloth weaving factories, I also saw many of the other products they are producing — leather goods, toilet articles, clothing, metal accessories, straw hats, etc. I also had several meals in one of their coop restaurants.

The big cotton mill was interesting too. They are putting 20,000 spindles in caves. At present their power is coming from a R.R. locomotive.

Had dinner with the "Y" sec. He comes from Taiyuan and knows Myrep [*?*]. After dinner they took us to see a Chinese picture.

AUG. 3 (Saturday, Hsuang Shih P'ao) Inn

As the banker had requested us to be at the Bank not later than 5:00 A.M. we stirred around early in order to be prompt. But much to our disgust we had to wait around till 8:30 before we finally got started. And then it was only to the godown to load up with cotton. Actually we didn't leave Paoki until 11:30.

Crossed a huge mountain south of Paoki. There is a real grapevine [*winding*] highway — well built too.

There is a tremendous amount of traffic on the highway — mostly cotton going south on rubber tired carts hauled by men and mules. Cars are also quite frequent.

Got into a rain this evening so are having to spend the night short of our goal. Louis and I are in a H— of an inn. Louis is sleeping in a rickety 2X4 room, and I am planning to rest my bones on a board in the hall.

We are three International trucks, 26 bales of cotton, one woman, [*Mrs. Li, the banker's wife went along with them*] and 5 men in the party.

AUG. 4 (Sunday, Pao Cheng, Shensi) Hotel Chow Ti So

Despite threatening rain this morning we pulled out and headed over the big mountains. And fortunately too — for if we had waited much longer the road would have been impassable. As it was we had to push a bit.

At noon we stopped at an old, but beautifully situated temple. It was built in remembrance of the overthrower of the Chin Dynasty who spurned fame and publicity. Got some interesting pictures — I hope.

We spent most of the afternoon going down from the mountains to the Han Chang plain. In the space of several hours you pass from the temperate to the tropical climate. Its too hot for me!

Pao Cheng is also a famous place. Famous because of its fickle women — or woman. It produced one. The wife of an emperor, who for a joke had all the signal fires in the Empire lit. The false alarm disgusted the army, so when an actual alarm was given a few months later, the army did not respond, and the capital was captured by an invader.

AUG. 5 (Monday, Pao Cheng) Chow Ti So (Bank Holiday)

It has been a holiday for us too. The River was too high for us to cross this morning. And on top of that we had another big rain just after noon lunch. At this rate, who knows how many holidays we may have.

I have spent the day sleeping, eating, and investigating the little village below us. The people here are considerably different from the Shansi peasants. Their homes are more tumbled down and temporary here than in Shansi; but the food is better (more balanced).

Second, the men here seem less active and the women more free and aggressive.

AUG. 6 (Tuesday, Pao Cheng) Chow Ti So

It rained all night again, so we are stuck in this hole for another day.

Got our leather bags off the truck this A.M. Thus we have a little more entertainment for ourselves. Changed clothes, played several tables of Chinese chess and got started on accounts.

Louis and I have started to make the rounds of the restaurants in the village.

Breakfast: Rice, eggs-scrambled, eggplant soup, and grapes. Lunch: Fried slivers of lao ping (pancake), chicken and green peppers, liver & eggplant soup. Dinner: Nothing. Not hungry

Spent the evening in conversation with Mr. [*blank*] of the ministry of education. He has been with a group investigating the efficiency of the governments of Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsa and Ching-Hai for the Generalissimo.

Kansu and Ninghsa are much superior to the others.

AUG. 7 (Wednesday, Pao Cheng) Chow Ti So

Rain, Rain, and more Rain! And the river rises higher and higher.

Discovered a delightful breakfast this morning: Hot bean milk, brown sugar and yo t'iao (lady fingers fried in deep oil). It is the breakfast served by a particular restaurant every morning. That's where I take my morning meal from now on.

Got in a good many games of chess this morning in between entering and adding up accounts. Our room boy is particularly fond of the game and pesters me to play with him.

AUG. 8 (Thursday, Han Chung) Chow Ti So

More rain, more chess and more accounts this A.M. The accounts are progressing beautifully. I actually got the cash book to more or less check. Now I shall have to wait and see what the journal produces.

The river is the highest it has been. Went up 1/2 foot during the night. How much longer can this continue?

There was a little break in the down pour this noon, so Lou and I decided to go into Han Chung to have a look around. Had to do considerable pushing before the charcoal burning car would start. But once it started it didn't take us long to get there.

[*In the spring of 1949 after the communists took Shanghai, the cars and buses were converted to wood burning by putting a contraption that was basically a still with a sealed lid and a fire pit underneath. Wood burning in the pit would heat the still and drive flammable gases out of the wood that was loaded into it. These gases would be piped to the engine to power the vehicle. It would make a lot of smoke, but it worked. I guess that Howard's car was something like this.*]

Han Chung is a dilapidated place for a city of its size. Or maybe it is that the central China cities can't be compared with those of North China.

Thought that we would go to a show this evening, but the theater leaks so we had to go home and to bed.

Mosquitoes terrible here.

AUG. 9 (Friday, Pao Cheng) Chow Ti So

It rained the hardest last night that we have experienced yet. There was half a foot of water in the yard of the Chung Chou Ti So when we got up.

Having nothing better to do we each bought a big rain hat — 2 1/2 ft in diameter and walked back to Pao Ching in the rain. It was a good fifteen kilometers.

AUG. 10 (Saturday, Han Chung) Chow Ti So

I was greatly surprised to see Miss Caroline Wang in a restaurant this morning. We seem to meet where ever we go. Louis & I & the Lady took a walk around town, then went to our room for chess.

Invited Caroline and a fellow from the 14 AB, that I had met in Yang Cheng, out to dinner this evening.

No rain today! River is on its way down. But we hear that the road is washed out in several places to the south west. So it may not help much even if we do get across the river tomorrow.

AUG. 11 (Sunday, Pao Cheng) Chow Ti So

Figure 11.12: Loading carts onto a ferry. As usual, it took a lot of manpower. Note how little water such boats draw.

The river has continued going down, but they still refuse to open the ferry service. But if we get no rain, they promise that we can cross tomorrow.

Caroline bothered us most of the day. She couldn't find anything to do so came around to have us entertain her. Guess we didn't do badly; have chess and cards. Then in the evening we got several folks together and had a good sing.

AUG. 12 (Monday, Hsin P'oo, Mie Hsein) Temple school

We were up at 6:00, but not across the river until 11:15. Privileged cars, or people with more face than we had kept stealing in ahead of us. Finally we despaired and hired men on the street to take us across in an empty boat. Had no trouble on the first two crossings. But when we started taking our third truck across, the boss of the river crossing appeared on the scene. Boy was he mad. Guess we should have asked him first.

Passed 11 breaks in the road this afternoon. We were lucky to get past some of them. In one place we slid off the road and it took about 50 man power to get us back on.

Some military folks took us in this evening. There were twenty some of them from all along the northern front. They gave us a room in the temple in which they were staying and two tables apiece. [*I guess to sleep on; one would not have been long enough.*] We also took supper with them, but had to sing for it. They wanted to hear some American songs. And then

of course, I had to give them my opinion of the Sino-Japanese war. Met a sweet young nurse this morning. She has just come from the P.U.M.C. [*Peking Union Medical College*]. Caroline brought her to breakfast. She was decorated very simply by two short braids. Charming!

AUG. 13 (Tuesday, Ling Chang) Inn

We got stuck again; first thing this morning — just outside P'oo. Got in soft sand crossing the river and it took us an hour to jack the old truck out.

Went over an interesting grapevine road today in crossing one of the mountain ranges in this vicinity. There were 13 trees in the biggest 'S' curves. [*?*] It was a beautiful but tough drive.

Near the top of the big mountain mentioned above we passed a Coop truck; and perched high on top was none other than our old friend Mr. Hogg. We shook hands as we passed, but didn't get many words in.

It was raining when we got to Ling Chang this P.M. and the road is reported out ahead, so we are hung up again, I'm afraid.

I notice that there are a good many more tea houses in Central than in North China. They also have a story teller or some other entertainment.

The chickens here are tailess, but I haven't discovered the cause.

AUG. 14 (Wednesday, Ling Chang) Inn

We have now been on our way to Chungking from Sian two weeks. And from the looks of things today we may have another week or so to go.

It rained again all night so we have been sitting here in Ling Chang all day. Had a miserable night of it. My little room leaked in half a dozen spots. No matter where I moved my board bed, the leaks seemed to be overhead. I finally gave up trying to find a dry spot and just pretended that I was laying on a beach taking a nap in the rain. Got a bit of sleep that way, but also got my blanket wet.

Had a long nap this P.M. I made up for the sleep lost last night. I had an oil cloth to cover with, so I just let it drip.

Found bread and milk for breakfast again. This bean milk is a life saver. We took the banker's wife, Mrs. Li along with us. She enjoyed it too.

AUG. 15 (Thursday, Szechwan) In the ditch

We have left Shensi and entered a new province today. But here too fate is against us. We went into a ditch near the border and were three

hours plus in pulling out. Fortunately there was sufficient manpower in the vicinity to help. Without it we would still be there.

Arrived in the middle of the afternoon, but were unable to move on because of the high water. They promise us that the ferries will be open to motor traffic tomorrow.

Visited the Inland mission and had a cup of tea with two ladies from England. A Miss White and Miss [*blank*].

Louis is not feeling well this evening so I went out to supper with a young fellow from the Industrial Coops.

Have prospects for a bad night. Mosquitos are terrific here, and bed bugs not a few.

AUG. 16 (Friday,)

We were down at the river with the trucks at five A.M. But there were already four trucks ahead of us. However, when the ferry service started at 7:00, 12 military cars (which seem to have preference) went ahead of us. Being up in arms about the delay, we went to the manager of the river crossing and got permission to cross in the order in which we arrived. For military trucks not carrying supplies, and these were empty, do not have preference. But still they tried to slip in ahead of us despite orders

To remedy the situation Louis stalled one of their cars by removing an essential part. It caused quite a rumpus, but it kept them in line.

To further delay matters, one of our cars [*truck*] slid off the gang plank into the river. Two hours of labor got it out, but it was 5:00 P.M. by that time.

We were only able to make about 20 km today. Stalled at another river. Boatmen got mad at some drivers just before we arrived and refused to take any more cars across. A total of 118 cars are waiting.

Louis still not feeling well. Slept on the floor tonight.

AUG. 17 (Saturday,) Rolled into the ditch!

We got the ferry moving this morning, but it was 10:00 A.M. before our cars got across.

On the way up the hill, our last car got on a slippery section of road. (It was raining pretty hard at the time). One of the trucks coming from the other direction crowded us so much that our car slid off the road, rolled 3/4 over and lay on its side in a little stream.

It looked pretty discouraging to see our chariot in such a state; but we set to work immediately to get it back on the road. First we hired about 25

man power. Pulled the car back on its feet, unloaded the bales of cotton, and made a bridge across the ditch. At 6:10 P.M. our car was back on the road, loaded and ready to move on. As it was almost dark we stopped for the night in the first large town.

Louis seems to be getting worse instead of better. He took no supper, but went immediately to bed. I had supper with the gang.

We are near the cholera region tonight.

AUG. 18 (Sunday, Han Yang) Chou Ti Lo Wreck!

It was our purpose to drive straight through the cholera region without stopping. We were moving along at a pretty good pace at 2:00 P.M. when a truck coming down a mt. approached us. It seemed to want a good deal of road, so we pulled over to the side to let it pass. Instead it hooked us in the side and nearly tore our truck bed off. And true to good military style, they tried to make a run for it. Not feeling very well today, my ire was immediately aroused. I jumped out of our car and onto the running board of our assailants car. They stopped and tried to push me off. Just then, one of our trucks that was behind appeared around the corner. The driver took the situation in at a glance and blocked the road.

Our military friends were hopping mad because we had been able to stop them. A fight almost resulted; a few of them even drew revolvers on us. But others restrained them. I took several photos of the situation. This frightened them. Two hours later they had our car fixed and were all apologetic.

I fixed Louis a bed on the bales of cotton while the car was being repaired. He is running a temperature of 104 today.

AUG. 19 (Monday, Chengtu) United Church of Canada Mission

Got little sleep last night as I was keeping an eye on Louis. I was thankful when we got an early, 5 o'clock start. Had no serious delays today except that the drivers insisted on stopping at every other tea house for a drink.

Pulled into Chengtu at 4:00 P.M. and went directly to the Bank of China. Made several calls trying to get in touch with the West China U. Hospital, but couldn't get the call through. Then I tried the Friends' Mission, but had no success there either. After putting Louis in a hotel room I started out by rickshaw to the Friends' Mission. Found the Mission but all the Friends are away at the mountains. However, I found a helpful Chinese lad who told me that we could get a car and take him ourselves. So we started out in a

pouring rain to find a car. We found one for $30 and took Louis around to the hospital. Got there by 8:00 o'clock.

Am staying with Dr. Wilford. Dr. Lenox is on Louie's case.

AUG. 20 (Tuesday, Chengtu) United Church of Canada Mission

Got up this morning to hear my first news broadcast in about 8 months. It is really quite a sensation to get up to the minute news from England and America.

Went down town with the young fellow that had helped me get the car last night. Purchased a pair of bedroom slippers for Louis and a pair of shorts for myself. I have quite a different impression of Chengtu than I had last night. It really appearers to be quite a delightful place. Lots and lots of people and lots and lots of stores with almost anything you want to buy if you pay the price for it. I was particularly interested in the little boys in the silk shops doing beautiful embroidery. The delicate embroidery is one of the things Chengtu is important for.

An alarm today, but the planes visited Chungking after failing to get here. 190 planes bombed Chungking yesterday. About 1/3 of the city is reported in flames.

Louis is feeling some better today. Dr. thinks he is ill with either Malaria or one of the Typhoid.

Another Delay!

AUG. 21 (Wednesday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

Louis is feeling a bit better but the Dr. feels quite certain that he has Typhoid fever now.

I took another turn down town this morning to order a pair of wash pants (only $23). [*50 cents U.S.*] Another alarm today. The planes didn't get here so it was probably Chungking again.

Went with Dr. Wilford to the Chengtu Rotary meeting this evening. Had a dandy meal at the home of one of the faculty members of the West China U., Dr. Slocams (?). There were three speakers. Mr. Allen, president of the Wu Han Nat. College. Mr. James Yen of the Mass Education Movement, and Mr. Lu, chairman of the Free China Food Commission. The later is now working on the rice shortage problem in Chengtu. From what he said they are up against it for a feasible plan to get the peasants to sell their surplus. They are apparently having the same problem that the Reds are having in Shansi.

AUG. 22 (Thursday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

Another alarm today, but nothing came of it.

I spent a bit of time today looking over the town and getting a bit of impression of the general appearance of Chengtu.

This city is quite a sizable place. Its circumference, following the City Wall, is 12 English miles. The population now near 1,000,000. Chengtu is also a city that has considerable historic background. During the period of the Three Kingdoms [*AD 220-264*] it was the capital of the most powerful and progressive state, the Kingdom of Yu. Two of China's many dynasties were also born in the Chengtu valley.

The city still posses many of its old imperial landmarks, but they are fast disappearing. The old city wall is being torn down and the material being put into new government buildings and factories. The old imperial city still stands with a wall around. But it can not be compared with either Sian or Peiping.

AUG. 23 (Friday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

A good part of the day was spent sleeping and reading. But it seems that the more I rest the more tired I feel.

Started in my general physical exam this P.M. It is about time I find out why I lost 35 lbs and then to start putting it back on.

Chengtu is still a mixture of "old" and "new" China. In walking down one street, one can see modern stores, hotels, and theaters.

AUG. 24 (Saturday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

Had an X-Ray picture taken of my chest this morning. Just part of my physical exam. At a tea given for me this P.M. by Mrs. Chorlaff I had to lecture before the crowd on my experiences in N. China. They were more interested in the personal aspects than anything else.

I showed them my collection of paper currency from the red territory and a few of my war trophies. I'm sorry that my pictures are not in printed form. I am sure that they would prove quite interesting.

I have made up my mind to attempt a trip to Mt. Omei while Louis is getting over his Typhoid.

We had a bridge party at Dr. Jean Miller's. There was a young couple there that has just arrived from N.Y. They are on their way to the Tibetan border. Sort of a Honeymoon, I guess.

My bridge is improving a bit.

AUG. 25 (Sunday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

Went to the U.C.C.M. Chinese Church service this A.M. They don't have much of an attendance to show for their work here.

Again this evening I delivered a lecture before a group of the University folks at a supper given by Dr. Jean Miller. Most folks here are more interested in the Eighth Route Army than anything else.

OUTLINE OF LECTURE

1. Our organization and place of work.
2. Work among the refugees of S.E. Shansi.
3. Brief Summary of the political and military activities on the N. China front.
4. A few personal experiences.

We had ice cream again this evening. I think I would give a lecture every day if I could get ice cream with it.

AUG. 26 (Monday, Chengtu) U.C.C.M.

Despite heavy rain all last night I went down to the river early in the morning in hopes of getting a boat to Chai Ting. But the river had risen too high. The boats could not get under the bridge.

After returning to the hospital, I went out to the University to browse in the library. I shall have to frequent the campus while I am here to get the feel of the scholastic life before I return to M.C. [*Manchester College*]

Louis is not feeling so hot today, or rather quite hot as the case may be. Temperature 105 degrees.

AUG. 27 (Tuesday, River Boat) S.W. of Chengtu

Again it rained all night, but at Dr. Wilford's suggestion I took a rickshaw down past the the bridge that the boats were unable to get under.

Sure enough there was a boat leaving at noon for Chia Ting. I booked a passage, spread my bedding on the deck and waited for the ship to leave.

Our boat is a river junk of about 60 feet. The center section is covered by an arched matting for protection against sun or rain. It is steered from behind by a rudder and propelled from the open section in front by 8 oarsmen.

What with the swollen water we are making good time. Beautiful country we are passing through too. Rice fields ready for harvest, groves of bamboo, squatly little cottages nestled in the red rolling hills, and often water buffalo wallowing near the banks. There are also frequent series of huge irrigation water wheels that turn slowly as the river flows by.

Meals are included in the passage and are quite a community affair. A big tub of creamy rice is placed in the center of the boat. Every one has to get his or her own bowl and help themselves. If you wait for someone to help you, you find you are left out.

AUG. 28 (Wednesday, Chia Ting Szechwan) River boat

I have not particularly enjoyed the beautiful day and unique scenery because of a slight physical discomfort — headache with probably a bit of fever. I hope that I am not following Louis' example.

It is worth noting how much happiness and pleasure is dependent upon one's physical condition. The moral is easy to see.

I have experienced an interesting side of Sechuan character today. Our boatload of 36 people was held up with little or no complaint for one unimportant person who had a 'wild' night and wasn't in the mood to get up early. In fact, they only went after him when I expressed my restlessness.

It is also worth remarking that the people of Sechuan are by nature very communist. I have a very hard time keeping my bed to myself. Every time I sit up, someone who has not paid for bed space lays down on the space I have paid for and spread my blankets on. Also, when I take some of my lunch out everyone within reach helps himself without invitation, and apparently without embarrassment.

AUG. 29 (Thursday, Omei Hsien) Fu Yin Tang

We arrived in Chai Ting (Kai Ting) early this morning during a light shower. Either my Chinese is useless or the rickshaw pullers here don't know their own language. Anyhow, they took me three places before we ended up at the C.I.M. [*China Inland Mission*].

Two ladies of the C.I.M. had just returned from O'mei last night, so they were able to give me the latest information on travel etc. After breakfast with them I got a rickshaw and started for O'mei Hsien 30 mi away.

Passed through some most interesting territory. It could almost be nicknamed "Red Land". All the rocks and even the soil is red. And as there are a good many trees on the low hills the result is a beautiful landscape in red and green with a little touch of yellow added by the ready to harvest wheat.

O'mei Hsien lies at the foot of the majestic Mount O'mei. It is a small but busy city, up on the trade of visiting pilgrims. I'm spending the night at the C.I.M. Fu Yen Tang.

AUG. 30 (Friday, Mount Omei) The flying bridge pavilion

I am resting this evening in the pavilion between the flying bridges which is immediately above the meeting place of two torrentous mountain streams. The sound of the happy reunion of separated waters is the lullaby to which I shall close my eyes this evening. But it is also the thunderous roar which shall awaken me in the early hours of the morning. This is a spot of great beauty somewhat marred by the pavilion. This criticism applies not only to the Flying Bridge canyon but so far is my general impression of Mt. O'mei. The temples in Sechuan don't seem to have attained the solidarity with the landscape which is found further North.

I'm walking up Mt. O'mei after having lost my mountain chair. The carriers decided they didn't want to carry me any further.

AUG. 31 (Saturday, Mt O'mei) Cave of the nine sages.

Up and up all day and still the "Golden Summit of O'mei" towers above us.

For some purposes this would be considered a miserable day. Non-interrupted rain and mist. The depth of vision was limited to several hundred feet at best. However, being unable to view distant peaks and the plain below, I was better able to concentrate on the remarkable phenomena close at hand. The mist provided peculiar impressions at times. The only reality was the ever ascending stone steps behind and a few in front. All else was a veiled mystery to be explored as I went along.

Had an interesting time feeding the monkeys this evening. They have become quite tame and will even take food out of your hand.

SEP. 1 (Sunday, Mount O'mei) Golden Summit

And today, ascending through the "Gate of Heaven", we have arrived at the "Golden Summit". Arriving at about six thirty, we got the full benefit of the setting sun. With fleecy clouds all about reflecting the golden rays of the sun, this spot was in reality transformed into the "Golden Summit". There were a few moments of breath taking beauty which words can not describe. To the west, through an opening in the glowing clouds, the snow clad peak of one of the highest mountains in the world was visible, also bathed in the

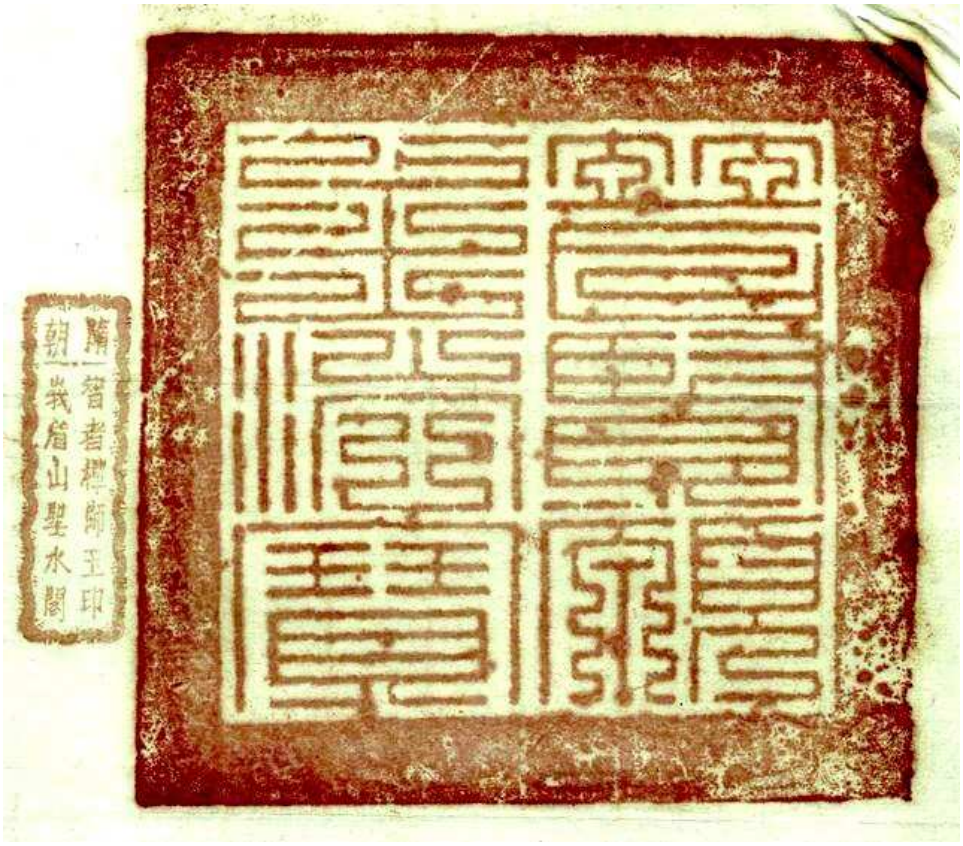


Figure 11.13: The great seal of Buddha at Mt O'mei. Made of jade and brought from India.

golden rays of the sun. And to the south east, eight thousand feet below, a vast network of rivers, canals, and flooded rice fields were also reflecting their share of the lavishly distributed flood of gold.

But as the sun set behind the great snow mountains to the west a heavy wind arose and the temperature suddenly dropped. I went inside and stood around a huge charcoal brazer with a few of the other guests and the chief priest. Our conversation dwelt on the wonders of O'mei, the vast expanse of mountains to the west (Sikiang and Tibet), and on the World situation from which we are far removed. Before going to bed the priest took us out on the balcony to see the "Spirit Lights" that float about in the canyon below us. They look like lanterns.

SEP. 2 (Monday, Mount O'mei) Temple of Ten Thousand Years

I was up early to see a gorgeous sunrise, one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. After it had faded into a normal morning, bright and clear, we went around to the west side of the Golden Summit in hope of getting a view of the Great Snow Mountains of the West. As there were pillars of white fleecy clouds, it was some minutes before we could spot what we were looking for. And then as the clouds moved on there were gradually unveiled before our eyes three magnificent snow clad peaks towering against heaven. As anything in the form of a mountain thrills me, you can imagine my feelings. I stood there watching for two hours with the aid of my X10 monocular. None of the mountains in this region are small, but one of these peaks towered mightily above every other thing in sight. This was truly a vision of "Lost Horizons".

Spent an interesting forenoon watching the pilgrims in their arrival and worship at the "Temple of the Golden Summit". It was remarkable to witness the joy they expressed on reaching their goal and burning incense in the "Heaven of Mt. O'mei".

I got a glimpse of the "Buddhist Glory" just before starting down the hill. It is seen when looking off the cliff to the east when the sun is behind you and there are clouds at your feet. Your shadow cast on the fleecy clouds has a rainbow halo about it. This is the "Glory of Buddha" into which devout Buddhists used to throw themselves. The temple of 10,000 years in which we are spending the night is the oldest temple on the mountain. Some 2,000 years old they say. Its main object of interest is a 33 ft bronze Buddha riding an elephant.

It is worth remembering, in case I should ever want to open a resort hotel or something similar to that, that some of the priests in the temples of

Mount O'mei would make excellent hotel managers. While on the mountain we got excellent service in all of the temples in which we stayed. To make their guests comfortable seemed to please them. It also pleased me!

SEP. 3 (Tuesday O'mei Hsien) China travel Hostel

I was awakened by the sound of morning worship — the rhythmic beating of drums, tingling of cymbals, and ringing of chimes in accompaniment to the chanting of the priests. Usually it would have disgusted me to have been awakened so early. But not this morning. The whole east wall of of my room was open window. So on opening my eyes, I was greeted by the first glow of the rising sun. It developed into an even more beautiful sunrise than we saw yesterday. I have the whole thing recorded on color film. I hope it turns out.

Arrived in O'mei Hsien before noon. There are two busses here. I hope that means that I can get back to Chengtu tomorrow.

There are several foreign families here at China Travel also hoping to get get back to Chengtu tomorrow. We may be able to charter a bus.

SEP. 4 (Wednesday, Chengtu) Wilfords

[*There is no entry on this page except the note that he is at Wilfords in Chengtu. I guess that he got a bus. The entries now become erratic. The next one is Sep. 8.*]

SEP. 8 (Sunday, Chengtu) Wilfords

Louis is quite serious today. I sent another wire to his parents. God, but I hope it doesn't turn out as we are all afraid it will. Lenox said this morning that only a miracle would pull him through.

Lavechech [*?*] didn't get off this evening. Bicycle broken.

Had a sing at Cunninghams this evening. I got a great deal of pleasure from watching Isabel [*Brown*]. She is really a beautiful woman, and so pleasing. It does ones heart good to meet someone like her after coming out of the wilds.

Louis seemed to enjoy a dish of ice cream this P.M. I hope that it is a good sign. But he hasn't recognized me at all today.

SEP. 9 (Monday, Chengtu) Wilfords

Louis passed this morning at 8:15.

I have lost a noble friend. But he having sacrificed his life for the cause which we have both represented, I vow that this sacrifice shall not be in vain.

I am lost. It is hard to believe that this thing is true.

[*Later, different color ink.*]

Mr. Simkin has very kindly agreed to take charge of funeral arrangements. He is letting Louis use the coffin that he had prepared for himself.

They are making an autopsy to verify the cause of Louis' death.

This is a tragic ending to our year of service in Shansi. Strange that this should happen after all we have gone through at the front.

It is most difficult to send the sad news to his parents.

SEP. 10 (Tuesday, Chengtu) Wilfords

There were two funeral services held today. One at 2:30 P.M. at the Canadian Church. Dr. [*blank*] took the service. The coffin was not present, but the chapel had been beautifully decorated by Mrs. Brown and Isabel. The service at the grave was held at 4:30 P.M. Dr. Sparling [*?*] being in charge.

There were many beautiful flowers, sprays and wreaths, given by various members of the foreign community. The interest and sympathy they showed was wonderful. It is only in a missionary community that this could have happened.

Special tribute is due to Mr. Simkin who went to no end of trouble to make and carry out the funeral arrangements. It was a very simple, but nice funeral.

Isabel Brown showed herself to be a person of rare and wonderful qualities. She in a small way was able to replace the sorrow in my heart over the loss of Louis. She spent the entire day helping to decorate the chapel, helping me take pictures, and she even stayed with me at the grave after every one had left. We walked home together.

Isabel, you will never know what you have meant to me today.

SEP. 11 (Wednesday, Chengtu) Wilfords

Had a bad night. Too many thoughts on my mind.

The letter I must write to Louis' parents is most difficult. I started today and then tore it up. After a talk with Isabel I tried again. It went some better.

Had lunch with the Simkins today. They are a grand family.

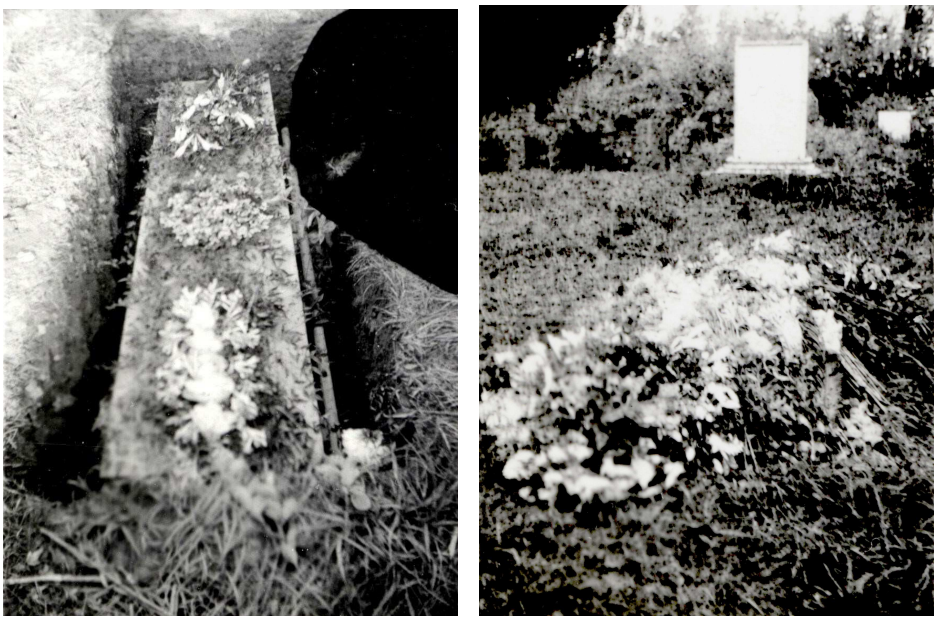


Figure 11.14: Burial of Louis Whitaker

SEP. 12 (Thursday, Chengtu) Wilfords

Spent two hours during the rain talking "tribes people" with Isabel. Boy, she is an angel — beautiful, sincere, kind, enthusiastic and sympathetic. Really a swell girl if ever there was one. Sitting in her presence and listening to her soft sweet voice gives me the most serene relaxation I have experienced during these last two years. Am I a fool? Is it just because she is the first young lady that has crossed my path after my having lived in the wilderness for two years. No, I think (I'm sure) that she has something extraordinary.

Paid Crook a visit this P.M. to talk over our problem child, Caroline Wang. Crook has just received a letter from her. [*Caroline seems to be as stubborn and persistent as Howard!*]

An invitation to Brown's for supper tonight. Wonderful!! Isabel and I showed each other our pictures. Hers from the tribe country and mine from the front. A delightful evening! Why did God ever make so charming, so beautiful a woman? And why should I have met her here and now? I'm in a dream tonight. Isabel — Isabel.

[*Blank pages.*]

SEP. 16 (Monday, Chengtu) Moon Festival 15th of the Eighth month of the Chinese calendar.

My hopes of getting off on a Bank of China truck were blown up today. But now I have made definite arrangements to go by postal truck on the 20th.

And this evening — Ah joy that has been mine. It seems strange that the loss of one good friend should bring me another.

At 3:30 P.M. Isabel and I started out by rickshaw for the Chinese theater outside the north gate. 6:30 we went out for a walk. Waded through muddy paths, through grave yards, got lost, and finally got back to the theater after the show was over. For supper we wandered from street stall to street stall eating whatever took our fancy. Spent half an hour in the park nibbling moon cakes by the light of the moon. [*It would have been full.*] We were sitting on a little mound above a pond. Finished the evening over a Huo Kwa [*fire pot*] in which we cooked our own supper. Was this not happiness?

SEP. 17 (Tuesday, Chengtu)

Gave a short talk to the Chengtu Rotary this evening. E.R.A. [*Eighth Route (Communist) Army*] was the topic as usual.

But more important than the talk at the Rotary was the bridge afterwards. It was hardly the bridge either. Isabel was there. Didn't do so hot in bridge but I enjoyed watching her. She was wearing a dark blue suit this evening. A bit more on the conservative side than the green of last evening. Boy, she has everything plus. Why do I have to leave so soon?

Naturally I wonder what she thinks of me. If anything at all, it is certainly a face value. Even if I wanted to I could not fix up more than just shaving. No clothes or fancy social stuff.

SEP. 20 (Friday, Nuei Chang) M.E.M.

I was at dawn at the Post Office at 5:30, but we didn't get off until seven. We are in a Dodge truck that has been pretty well battered to pieces — but it still goes, thank God. We have a good driver — quiet sort of chap.

Got something of a new angle on West China today. The landscape is considerably different from from what is north of Chengtu. There is a considerable outcropping of sandstone. The knob effects that these outcropings make is most interesting, and particularly in their use as temple locations.

Didn't get much sleep last night so I was continually dropping my head today. Guess I had too much Isabel on my mind. I can't forget, nor do I

want to, how she looked last night during our farewell conversation on the porch.

Howard, are you in love or is it just temporary infatuation? At least we will try a few letters and see how things turn out.

She is a wonderful woman. That true thought I know now. This is getting complicated.

SEP. 21 (Saturday, Chungking) Canadian B.A.

Spirits may put men through all sorts of antics. But it takes more than spirits to keep trucks running. This is the first trip that the postal trucks have made on alcohol. We had a tough time getting started this A.M. And then long before we got to the Postal supply station, we ran out of fuel.

It fell to me to stop passing cars to beg a cup of gas or spirits. Then I sat on the fender and dropped my gift, drop by drop, into the carburetor. In that way we were able to get to the next postal station.

After changing trucks we had the same difficulty getting started. And before we got to Chungking the stars had been shining on us six hours.

Couldn't find the Canadian Business Agency, so went to a Chinese inn for the last few hours of dark.

SEP. 22 (Saturday, Chungking) Vaughts

Before breakfast I had a rickshaw called to help me find the Friend's center at 54 Tsang Ping Kai. An hour later I found Tsang Ping Kai, but there was no number 54. A big hole in the ground was all I could find. I doubt that even a mouse could find shelter there.

After wandering aimlessly about trying to find the Canadian Business Agency, I finally found a young Russian girl who put me on the right track.

Ordered my ticket and military pass from the C.N.A.C. [*China National Air Corp.*] They promise I can go on the DC2 on the twenty eigth.

Went to Vaughts who have moved from Tsang Ping Kai to the hills across the river.

What I have seen of Chungking look about like Wu Hsien [*See Fig. 2.12*]. Ruins, ruins and more ruins. But even then there is a surprising amount left. Business is quite normal and everyone seems content.

SEP. 23 (Saturday, Chungking) Vaughts [*blank page.*]

SEP. 24 (Saturday, Chungking) Drumwrights

Wrote several letters this A.M. One was my first to Isabel. I hope that it is a success! The second was to reserve a place at Philip's House 52 Mody Rd. Kowloon. We apparently will be spending a few days there before I get off for Shanghai.

This P.M. the Chinese secretary of Mr. Vaughts and I went into the city. I had hoped to find Miss Kung, sister of Kung P'ung [*Secretary to Chu Teh, see June 25*] at the Y.W.C.A.. She hasn't arrived yet, but I had a good talk with Alice Yang — a Friend.

Went to Mr. Drumwrights for dinner this evening. He is on the American Embassy staff here. His object, quite openly, was to get some information on the E.R.A. [*Eighth Route Army*]. Our discussion drew out so long that I am spending the night here.

From news received this evening French Indo will apparently soon become part of the Japanese Empire.

SEP. 25 (Saturday, Chungking)

Rotary today. It looks like I am making a habit of Rotary. They don't have as good a group here as they have either in Chengtu or Sian.

SEP. 26 (Saturday, Chungking) Vaughts

Made an early start for the City. Visited the Central Publicity Board which seems miles out of town. Saw Mr. Loh. He claims to have sent my $80 by mail. Strange I haven't received it.

Lunch at Mcherdys. Alice Yang of Y.W.C.A. and Miss Geilack, also of Y.W.C.A invited me to lunch. They wanted information about the E.R.A. as most other people do.

At tea I ran into the old problem child Caroline Wang. She all but had another cry. Why must all these folks treat me as their older brother?

SEP. 27 (Saturday, Chungking) Vaughts

Sitting on the floor this morning among my scattered belongings, I tried to divide the wants from the don't wants, the must have from the wants, and finally the minimum essentials from the must haves. 15 kilos, which is all the C.N.A.C allows is not very much.

At noon I went down town to see if my ticket was ready. It was, but they had postponed my passage to the 30th. They thought that I would prefer to go by DC3 rather than DC2. Oh Yeh! It is more likely that some general wanted to send his concubine out.

Spent the afternoon in conversation with Mr. Peck, author and painter. (E.R.A.) Then walked out to the central publicity Board to inquire about photos. They advise smuggling. Permits take too much time and red tape.

SEP. 30 (Monday, Hongkong) Philip's House Flying

Got down to the airfield in the river at the appointed time — 1:00 P.M. But there was no plane. Finally got word from Lasho (on the Burma boarder) that Kungming was having an air raid and our plane would be delayed. But at 5:00 P.M. our DC3 suddenly dipped out of the clouds.

Baggage and passport formalities over we took our places in the 21 passenger plane and at 6:00 P.M. were whisked away toward Hongkong as on the magic carpet.

We were unable to see much of China below us as it was covered by a heavy veil of clouds. The clouds and sunset, however were gorgeous.

4 1/2 hours of plane travel almost gets monotonous unless you have a good stewardess. We did!

My, but it seems strange to drop into Hongkong after having been in interior China such a short time ago. It's a dream!

OCT. 1 (Tuesday, Kowloon) Philip's House

And this has been my first day back in civilization. What have I done? Very little. Went across to Hongkong to make reservations for Shanghai that include getting a smallpox vaccination and a cholera inoculation. They promise me that I can leave Friday on the Empress of Russia.

Visiting an ice cream parlor was also a very important event. I indulged in a pineapple sunday and a butter scotch malted milk. It was worth going without for a year just to get the enjoyment out of eating one today. Chocolate was also on my menu today.

OCT. 4 (Friday, Hongkong) Empress of Russia

Went aboard the Empress of Russia today noon. Great to be at sea again and to feel that you are actually on your way home at last. For some reason or other the boat gives me the feeling of 'Homeward Bound'.

I have a cabin with a young Frenchman described by one word "Imperialist". Says he, "I want to have my life in a country where there are coolies. We can be kings in such places while we are only slaves in our own country." I see where we shall not be too congenial.

There is a young British girl, just graduated from Chufoo. She is going to Canada to enter college. She promises to be somewhat interesting. Likes deck tennis but can talk seriously. Miss Mary Kirk.

OCT. 6 (Sunday, Shanghai) Receiving Home

Back in China again this evening. Silcock was down at the boat to meet me. Instead of going to the Y.M.C.A. as I had planned and even hoped, I was taken to the Friends Receiving home way out in the bad lands on Yu Yuen Rd.

A Mr. and Mrs. Lee — Kenith and Hope — recently come from England, are in charge of the home. It is for lost, strayed and problem children picked up by the S.M.C. police. But I got in without having to go through police hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee seem to be a most likeable couple. They have been married only a year. I can see already that I am going to be well taken care of while I am in Shanghai.

It is grand to be back, but I wish that Louis could have come with me.

OCT. 29 (Tuesday, Shanghai)

Lectured to a Chinese student group at the M.E. Church this noon. They are a most keen and interested group. I spoke in Chinese as it seems easier to put my ideas across to a Chinese group in that way. The fact that I can make myself understood in Chinese gives what I have to say considerable more weight than if I said my piece in English.

After this lecture I was immediately given four more invitations. One was for the Shanghai Bankers and Finance organization. I was sorry that I could not accept them. There are a few things that I would like to tell those boys about their own country.

NOV. 1 (Friday, Shanghai) All Saints Day

Memorial service for Louis at the Chinese Y. Dr. Lie's few words about the meaning of such a sacrifice to the Chinese were beautiful. Alice Gregg in representing the parents mentioned his representing his family attitude in his work and sacrifice.

(A letter, dated Sep. 23, 1940 from Rev. Minor Myers to C.D. Bonsack, Secretary of the Brethren General Mission Board, describes a memorial service for Louis in Peking:

"We were deeply saddened by the death of Louis Whitaker at Chengtu just as he and Howard were on their way out. We do not have details, but heard that a funeral service was held in a Canadian Chapel and his body was laid away in a cemetery there. His parents came from Shantung to be with their daughter who is in Tungchow school. A memorial service was held here in Peking Union Church which was very fitting. His parents were marvelously brave. We did not see a tear shed by them. They are very fine people and Mrs. Whitaker said that they had prepared their minds for anything that might happen, at least had tried to prepare their minds for it. I think they did a good job of it. From what little we heard, the boys must have had a bad time when they were caught between high water streams and, with the Chinese, almost starved, or at least had far from sufficient food, which left them mostly skin and bones. At Chengtu we heard that they were planning to stay there awhile to put more meat on their bones before going further on their trip out. You will get this in detail sooner or later. But we are not likely to unless our representatives should go to Shanghai."

NOV. 2 (Saturday, Shanghai)

Lunch at Perry's. They enjoyed my pictures.

Dinner with Herbert, Boyson, and a German doctor. Spent the evening discussing the World and Far Eastern situation.

Boyson showed us his pictures from Java, and Bali. Boy, those young maidens down there are most attractive.

NOV. 3 (Sunday, Shanghai) S.S. Monterey

All packing was left until today, so from 8:00 A.M until 2:00 P.M. I was rushing wildly about trying to make my things fit into my one small wardrobe trunk and three suitcases. It is always a most trying experience.

After meeting Mr. Silcock, Hubert, Kenneth, Hope, Evelyn, Mary, and I had a meal of Chinese noodles at the Sincere Co. My last meal in China, and it was a good one.

Left on the 9:00 P.M. tender for the Monterey. The whole crowd was down to see me off.

On board the Monterey, as she steamed out of port, I could not but breath a prayer for China. I have given two years for China and it makes me feel a bit uncomfortable running off on this luxury liner while China is still fighting for her existence.

Figure 11.15: Louis with General Lui Su-ling (see the entries for early May, 1940.)

"To remember that in the name "Friend" the people called Quaker have an ideal set before them, to believe that if one will speak without fear to the good inherent in every other there will be response; to address noble and common people in plainess, and to treat the occupant of palace and cottage on the same human level, to avoid running into words, either in speech or with pen — to form no hasty conclusions — these are the precepts a Quaker learns — " Nora Waln

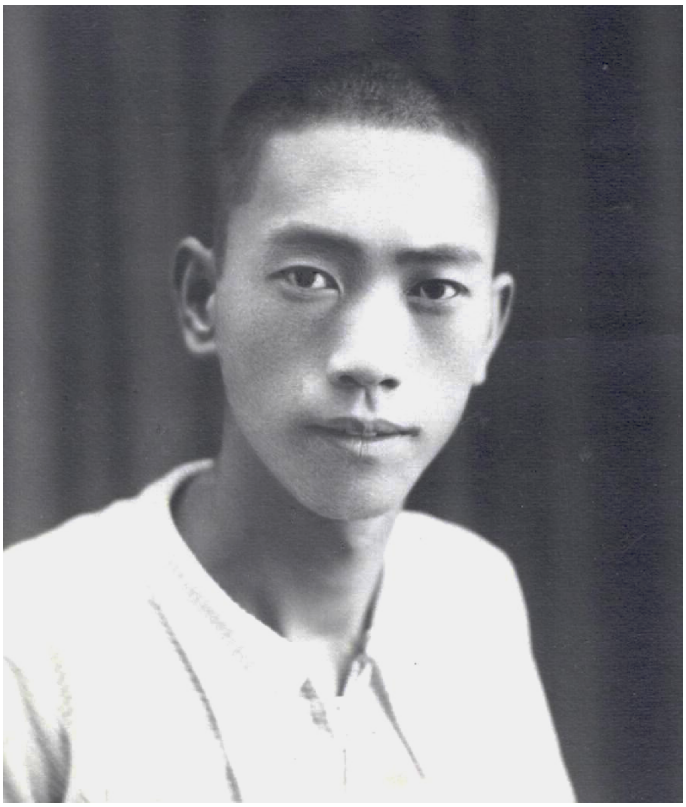


Figure 11.16: Lui Chun-jung, who worked with Howard distributing relief in Ho Hsien and Liao Hsien in 1939 (Third Relief Expedition, see Figure 3.12). Accused of being a Communist spy, he and his sister was executed by the Japanese on October 19, 1940. In all, 13 Chinese Brethren mission workers at the Liao Chou mission were executed by the Japanese in October and November 1940.

"To have the name 'Brethren' is to have inherited the precepts of being to every man a brother whether he be nobleman or commoner, whether his skin be light or dark; to believe that good is inherent in every other and that kindred appeal will bring response; of being as good as ones word in every contact, and in living a simple life, avoiding excessive luxury."

Appendices

Appendix A: Ticket for crossing the Yellow River into Shansi & soldier note.

Appendix B: Map of Nuan Chan village bombing raid.

Appendix C: Seal of the Magistrate from Yang Cheng; location of the "Inn of the Eight Happinesses".

Appendix D: P'ung Dehuai's manuscript

Appendix E: Lee Kun Po's Inscription

Appendix F: Po I-Poa's letter

Appendix G: General Huang's note of appreciation.

Appendix H: Nationalist Political Organization

Appendix I: Communist Programs

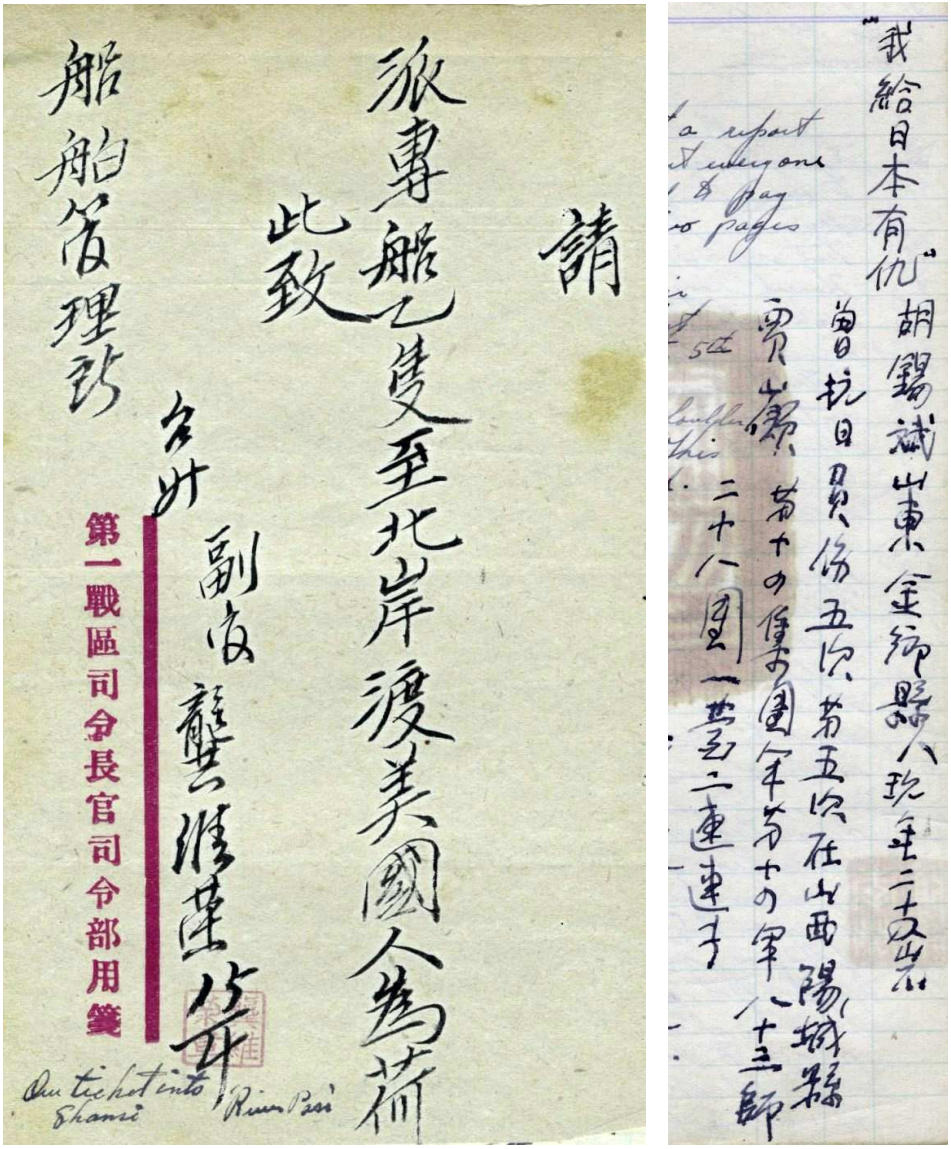


Figure 17: (Left) The "ticket" that gave Louis and Howard permission to cross the Yellow River into Shansi on April 15, 1940. (Right) The note that the 5-times wounded soldier wrote in Howard's journal. It gives his name, rank and unit and says that he wants to get back to the front line.

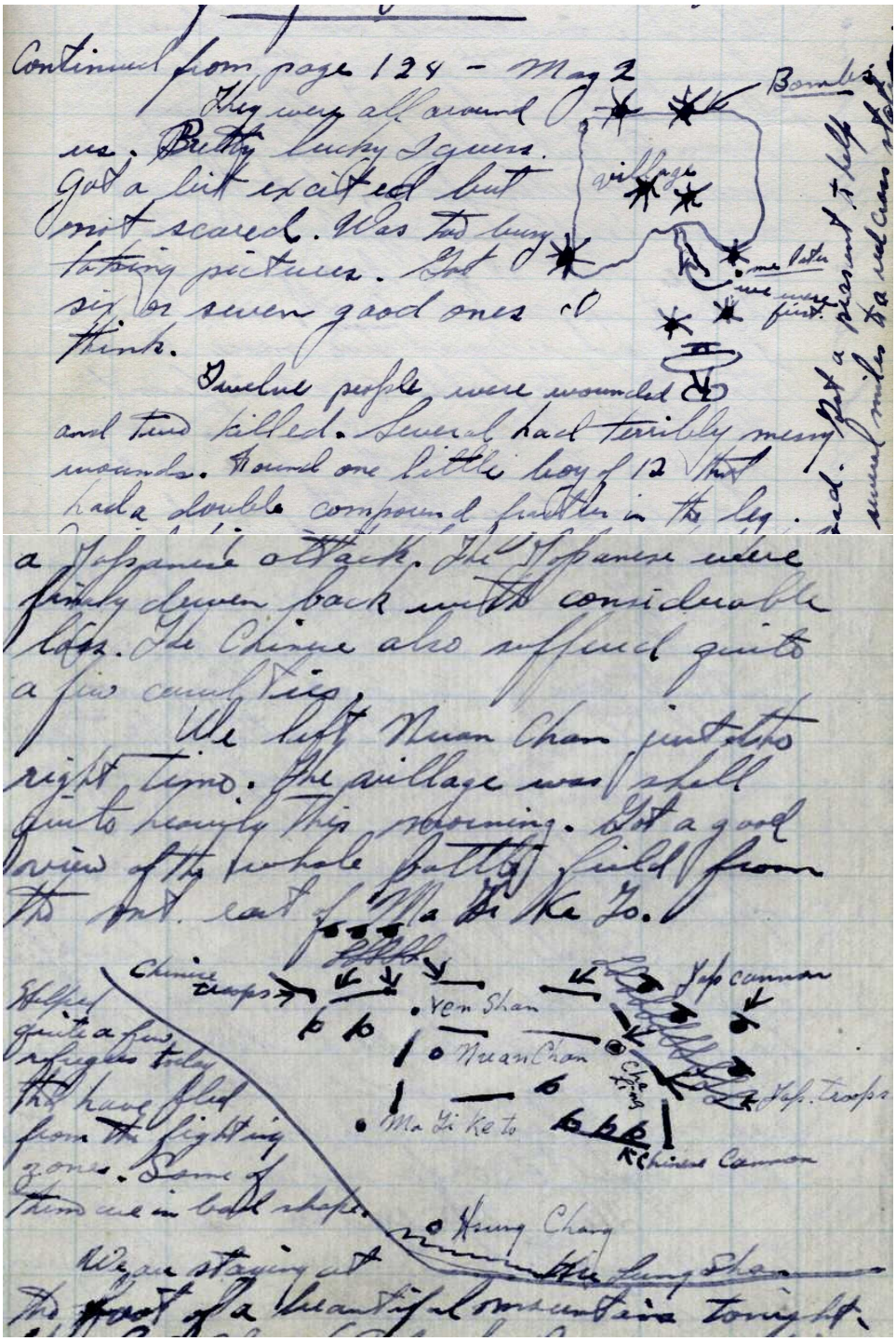
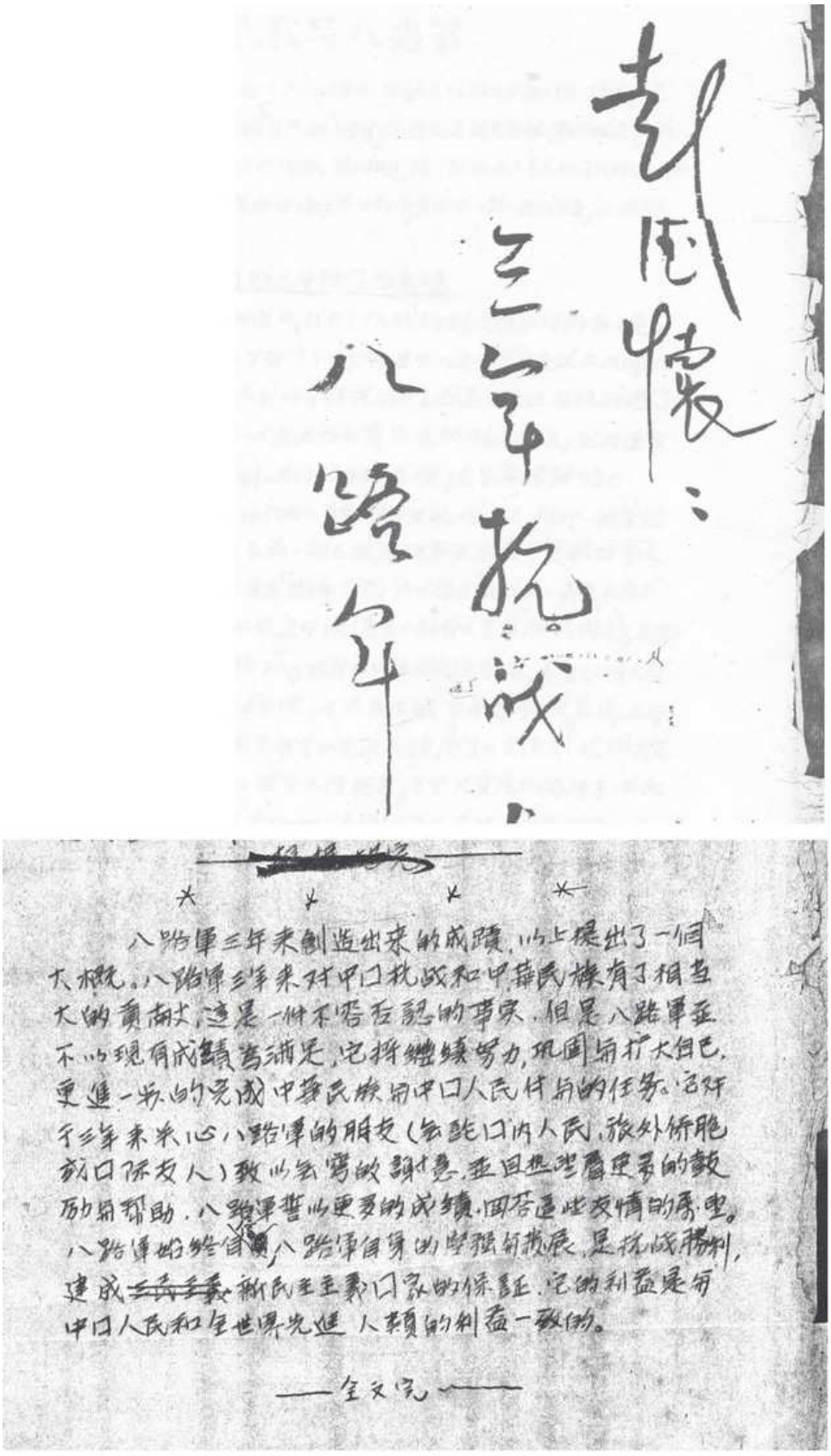

Continued from page 124 - May 2
They were all around us. Pretty lucky I guess. Got a bit excited but not scared. Was too busy taking pictures. Got six or seven good ones I think.
Twelve people were wounded and two killed. Several had terribly messy wounds. Found one little boy of 12 that had a double compound fracture in the leg.
a Japanese attack. The Japanese were finally driven back with considerable loss. The Chinese also suffered quite a few casualties.
We left Nuan Chan just in the right time. The village was shelled quite heavily this morning. Got a good view of the whole battle field from the East. east of Ma Yi Ke To.
Chinese troops
Yen Shan
Nuan Chan
Ma Yi Ke to
Jap. troops
Chinese Cannon
Helped quite a few refugees today. They have fled from the fighting zones. Some of them are in bad shape.
Hsing Chang
We are staying at the foot of a beautiful mountain tonight.

Figure 18: (Top) The map that Howard drew of the bombing raid on Nuan Chan on May 2, 1940.(Bottom) The battle of May 3, 1940 at Nuan Chan.

Figure 19: The great seal of Yang Cheng county and the personal seal of the Magistrate



八路軍三年來創造出來的成蹟，以上提出了一個大概。八路軍三年來对中国抗战和中華民族有了相当大的貢献，這是一件不容否認的事实，但是八路軍並不以現有成績為滿足，它將繼續努力，巩固与扩大自己，更進一步的完成中華民族与中国人民付与的任务。它对于三年來关心八路軍的朋友（会詑国内人民，旅外侨胞或国际友人）致以会寫的謝意，並且热望看更多的鼓励与帮助，八路軍誓以更多的成績，回答這些友情的厚望。八路軍始終自信，八路軍自身的堅强与發展，是抗战勝利，建成~~三民主義~~新民主主義国家的保証，它的利益是与中国人民和全世界先進人類的利益一致的。

——全文完——

Figure 20: The title page and last paragraph of P'ung De-huai's draft manuscript, "Three Years of War".

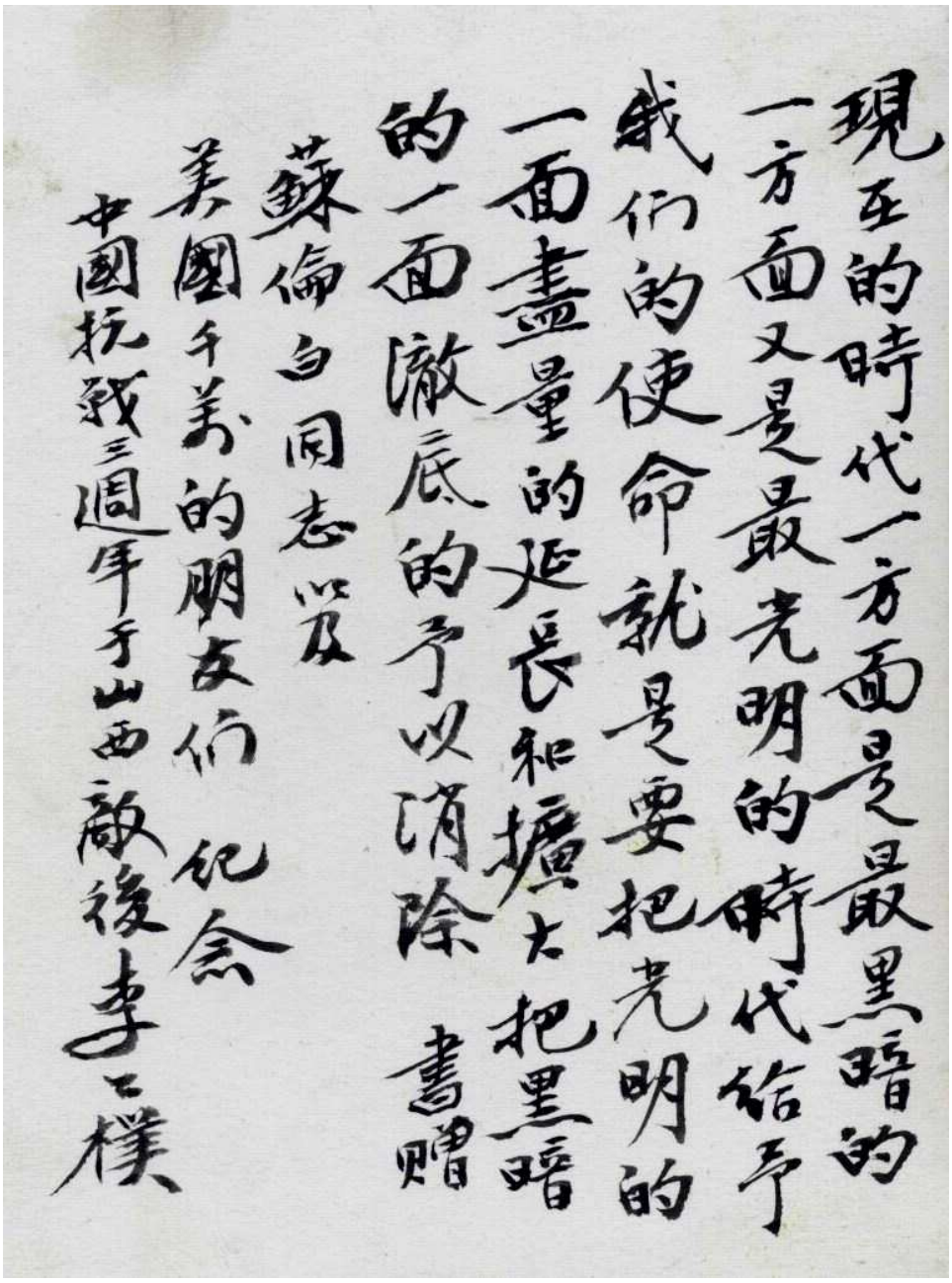


Figure 21: Inscription on the back of Lee Kun-Po's studio photograph that he gave to Howard. He says that they are living in dark times and that he and Howard are fighting the darkness together. He adds that the times are also bright because the old feudal structures are breaking down and China should have a bright future. (See Figure 11.3).

Figure 22: The Chinese text of the 3-page letter that Po I-Poa sent to Howard asking for continued relief help. (See page 8 for an indication of Howard's contact with Po I-Poa.)

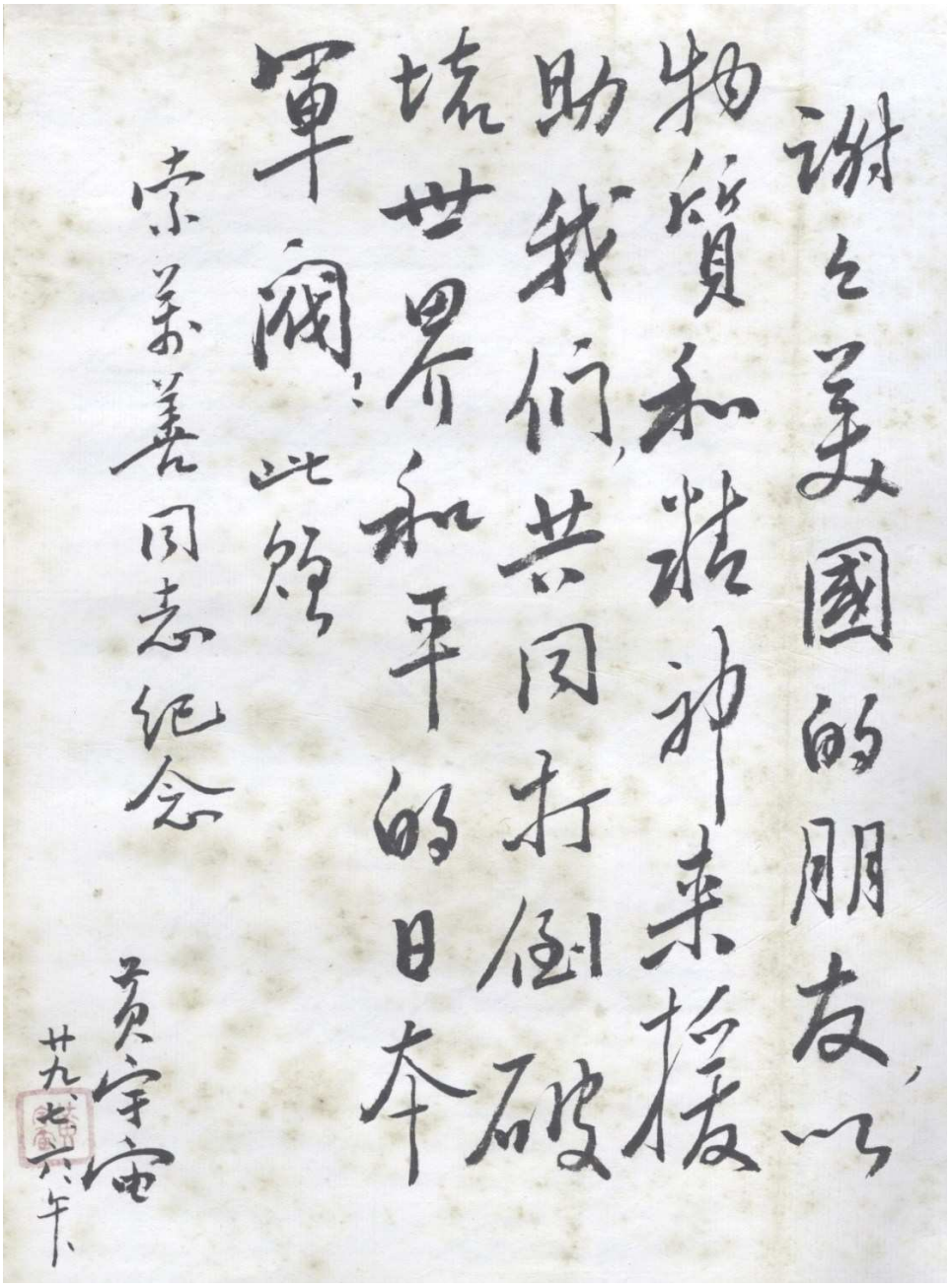


Figure 23: The note of appreciation that General Huang gave Howard (see July 6, 1940).

Pao-Chia system of group responsibility

Chai (Lowest unit of organization) composed of ten families. **Pao** is composed of ten Chai. **Hsiang** is a borough composed of a cluster of Chai. **Ch'u** is a county district. **Hsien** is the county.

Hsien Chiang presides over the county as the appointed magistrate. He was the government, and so far as the people were concerned almost the ultimate power — a little bureaucratic dictator. The divisions of County Administration were:

1. Civil Affairs
2. Public safety
3. Finance
4. Reconstruction
5. Vital Statistics
6. Conscription (Not only for the army, but also for public works).

Ch'u Chiang is an appointed county district deputy who carries out the orders of the Hsien Chiang.

The Hsiang, Pao and Chai representatives are nominally selected by common consent. But they were frequently appointed by the local gentry because of the almost total control by the gentry over the lives of the tenant farmers who composed the bulk of the population.

Taxes: The collectors of revenue were not usually employees of the government. Rather, they were private individuals who had inherited their jobs and lived on the margin of what they could collect from the people and what the Ya-men [*county office*] forced them to turn over to the State. (In fact they were often beaten by the Ya-men to get taxes.) The landed gentry who maintained the tax collectors in their positions were usually able to avoid taxes for this service. But the tenants, who under law were not required to pay taxes on the land that they did not own were often forced to pay taxes that should have been paid by the owner.

COMMUNIST SOLDIERS DIRECTED TO BE SERVANTS AND NOT MASTERS OF THE PEOPLE. THE COMMUNIST EIGHT RULES OF BEHAVIOR:

1. Replace all doors when you leave a house.
2. Return and roll up the straw matting on which you slept.
3. Be courteous and polite to the people, and help them whenever possible.
4. Return all borrowed articles.
5. Replace all damaged articles.
6. Be honest in all transactions with peasants.
7. Pay for all articles purchased.
8. Be sanitary, establish latrines at a safe distance from public houses.

ARMY TACTICS.

1. When the enemy advances retreat.
2. When the enemy halts and encamps, we trouble them.
3. When the enemy seeks to avoid battle, we attack.
4. When the enemy retreats, we pursue.

"The Eighth Route Army is like a fish in water. The people are the water. Without them the army could not exist." P'ung De-huai.

THE BORDER REGIONS GOVERNMENT.

Purpose:

1. To strengthen and develop a military base in which to resist Japan.
2. Coordination of military, economic and administrative organs.
3. Destroy political influence of Japanese sponsored puppet government.

Program:

1. Arm and mobilize the people.
2. Create a better livelihood for the people.
3. Create Democracy.
4. Exterminate traitors.
5. Develop emerging economy.